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WIDE AWAKE

VOLUME U



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PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

(American Series.)

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

I.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LET us suppose," as that charming story-teller, Annie Keary, used to begin, "let us suppose" that these young people have never read Washington Irving, or never read him except in school-book "exercises." There they may have had a page or two out of Rip Van Winkle; perhaps the ludicrous description of Ichabod Crane, his school and his horse; possibly a mutilated chapter from the *Alhambra*—just enough to give a taste, yet just enough to spoil the subject.

But do they really know Rip, and his dog Wolf? Poor vagabond Rip with his twenty years' sleep! If not, they have missed one of the masterpieces of English prose, not a sentence of which could be spared. Some things are simply perfect, complete, all right just as they stand, so that

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Would half impair the nameless grace,

and this is of the happy number—an inspiration.

Nor is there anything to be taken from or added to the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. Have you, my young people, read it as it stands—all about the perturbations and whimsicalities of pedagogue Ichabod, and that distracting piece of naughtiness, Katrina Van Tassel? Have you ever tried to imagine Sleepy Hollow, that drowsy place, immortal valley on the Hudson that will be famous as long as American literature lasts? or, in your "mind's eye" have you seen the queer, gabled Dutch houses of old Knickerbocker New York, in the days of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller? where the burgher used to sit "on the bench at the door of his white-washed house," under the sycamore or willow, and smoke the sultry afternoon through, "listening to the clucking of his hens, the cackling of his geese, and the sonorous grunting of his swine," where "the grass grew quietly in the highway—the bleating sheep and frolicsome calves sported about the

verdant ridge where now the Broadway loungers take their morning stroll."

And have you been in the Alhambra, and heard the drip of the fountain in the court of that beautiful Morisco palace, while you listened to legends of Granada till the streets seemed alive with Moorish warriors, and the past of five centuries ago came back? If not, you do not know Irving; for it is



WASHINGTON IRVING.

Dutch life on the Hudson and in New Amsterdam, and the stories of Moorish ascendancy and of conquest in Spain, which most truly represent him.

Irving's subjects can be put easily into groups, with few exceptions; and any one who would thoroughly read him can take his books in that way. It would hardly be worth your while to spare the time for the *Salmagundi* papers, which were the earliest he wrote; and you could make a long skip over years and space, as well as titles, to Spain,

and begin there. So you come at once to some of his best work, to be sure; but what better starting place, for there you have several volumes which belong together and make a brilliant period in romantic history.

So Spain be it then; and first, *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*, then, in this order, although it is not the one in which they were written, *Moorish Chronicles*, *Tales of the Alhambra*, *Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada*. By that time you will be steeped in romantic adventure by land, and will be ready for the *Life of Columbus*, and then for *Spanish Voyages of Discovery*, which come right along chronologically.

Of the Spanish books, the *Columbus* was the first written. The author had already won fame when in 1826 he made his temporary home in Madrid, and with abundance of public documents and private manuscripts at hand, including the archives of the Columbus family, prepared the life of the great navigator, making the only full account there is in English, with all the charm of Irving's incomparable style.

This book hath kinship with the epic old,
That sings of Ithacus, the searcher bold:
The Homer touch — the purple light is here,
That makes men heroes, heroes gods appear!

What a happy inspiration was that which came to him of writing it! for out of it grew all the others. He had a great deal of sentiment and romance about him, and that was the country of all the world to fascinate him; and the more he wrote of Spain, the more the witchery of the subject took hold of him. Happy inspiration in its results to us and to all future readers and travellers. He enriched our literature with the treasures he brought forth, and cast such a spell over the country itself that people from all lands where his name is known visit the Alhambra, because by the magic of his genius that old castelated palace has become consecrated with

The light that never was on sea or land.

He chose a period rich in romantic episodes and brilliant deeds, when "every man lived with sword in hand," and there was "scarcely a commanding cliff or hill-top but had its castle," and gave us the chronicles of the *Conquest of Granada*, which he is said to have himself regarded as almost the best of all he had written, when in the maturity of his powers and before the fire of enthusiasm had begun to die out; he was aglow with his subject, as a writer should be, full of it, living while he wrote "in a world of dreams." It is a picturesque book; one for boys to revel in, with its alarms and tumults, its cavalcades of Moorish warriors, its drums and trumpets, banners and glitter of arms; the clang of weapons, the tramp of mailed men, the

neighing and clattering of steeds, the sounds of war, of triumph, are heard along its pages; one sees the mountain defiles, the city with its Moorish architecture, the plains where armies meet, Ferdinand and Isabella in royal state, the last Moorish king, Saracen and Christian, cavalier and monk — what pageants, what splendor and stir, what pictures, what an unfolding of events!

I come now, by this arrangement (which you understand is purely arbitrary, but which seems to me a convenient one for you), to the chief biographies: *Mahomet and his Successors*, which does not profess to do anything more than put into handy volume shape the facts and legends about the prophet; the *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, one of the most captivating of books, to which Irving gave "as graphic a style," he said, as he could command, being himself in love with his subject — a rarely attractive subject, too, was warm-hearted, homely, ungainly, thriftless, amiable "Goldy," poor Goldy! with his buoyancy, his haps and mishaps, his improvidence, his irresponsibility, his wandering life, his impulses that were often right but as likely to be wrong — was there ever such another, such a luckless man, but thrice fortunate in the gentle and genial humorist who wrote his life; and third, Irving's last work, on which he was engaged for years, broken by many interruptions of ill-health and a long absence in Europe, the *Life of Washington*, full of incident, and altogether a good thing, though without the flashes of genius of some of his earlier productions.

Still another group — his western books, made, says some one, "for the market," but capital reading for all that: *A Tour on the Prairies*, *Astoria*, and *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville*. It was in 1832 that he took his trip, and wrote about it graphically — he could not have done otherwise — then, under the second title, a history of the fur trade which has all the elements for a story, and last, the adventures of a French soldier, Bonneville, who became a famous hunter and trapper and spent three years among or beyond the Rocky Mountains prior to 1835.

But he might have written all these and yet would not have been in the sense that he now is, *our* Irving, but for the Mynheers, Rip, Ichabod, Sleepy Hollow, Communipan, Mannahata, Wolfert's Roost and the Dutch traditions belonging to them. Here he is purely American, without an imitator, for after his Knickerbocker and kindred papers, who so presumptuous as to attempt to follow? Full of "local color," as artists say, he has made that one portion of our country classic ground. The Hudson River valley is so full of Irving that not a traveller can pass that way without being reminded of him.

Next after the *Salmagundi Papers* (which have that admirable sketch, "The Little Man in Black"), he published in 1809, being then twenty-six years

old, that masterly piece of humorous writing, as original as it is whimsical, Diedrich Knickerbocker's *History of New York*. It is too wordy, and the humor is sometimes broad, but irresistibly droll and full of merriment from beginning to end. Fancy the wicked enjoyment Irving must have had in describing those old Dutch worthies, like Wouter Van Twiller, who "conceived every object on so comprehensive a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it, so that he always remained in doubt, merely in consequence of the magnitude of his ideas," who had lived in the world for years "without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun." Over the queer doings and thunderings, the rollicking life of those smoking, eating, drinking, dozing Dutch founders of New Amsterdam, Sir Walter Scott said he laughed till his sides ached.

Ten years later came into print the first part of *The Sketch-Book*, made up of refined essays, which at once brought him fame in England, but "floated," as one writer says, by "Rip Van Winkle," and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." He further says that if in the changes that may come "the bulk of Irving's works shall go out of print, a volume made up of his Knickerbocker history and the legends relating to the region of New York and the Hudson would survive as long as anything that has been produced in this country."

For aught we know, that story of Rip is, in some form, as old as the world; for similar traditions of long sleep and awakening to strangest of surprises are in oriental and in classic literature and may be in the folk-lore of all nations — but what a use he made of it! And you know how Joe Jefferson has personated the character — I hardly dare venture to guess how many times. Several years after the death of Irving, it was dramatized by Dion Boucicault, who said to the actor, "I would prefer to start him in the play as a young scamp — thoughtless, gay, just such a curly-headed fellow as all the village girls would love and the children and dogs would run after;" and he did, though at first Jefferson "threw up his hands in despair" at the new idea. Boucicault did not call it much of a literary production and said when it was done, "It is a poor thing, Joe." He replied, "Well, it is good enough for me." And it was a hit. What houses have laughed and wept over it, and how many hearts have been thrilled by that one question, "Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?"

Before Washington Irving we had no American literature; writers, it is true, but he was the first to make it known abroad if he may not indeed be said to have begun to create it. His style had a quality which at once commanded attention. To see in what that literary excellence consisted let us take at random a passage out of Rip Van Winkle; this:

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glossy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

It is a bit of simple description, nothing more, but it tells a great deal in few words and fitting. Take it apart, analyze it, define the words, mark well the construction and relations, and see if it could be improved, if anything could be spared. It looks like an easy thing to do to write in that style, but try it, and you will find that you are baffled, that there is a subtle something which will elude you; the words and sentences will, under your hand, become provokingly unmanageable; you will find it exceedingly difficult to say just what you wish to in just the right words, no others, no more, and no less.

There is a fitness, grace, dignity, refinement and elegance about the style of Washington Irving which have always been recognized and admired. It is true that it lacks in nerve and virile force when brought into comparison with some modern writers; one page of Carlyle has more brawn and muscle, more "attack" in it, so to speak, than the longest essay that Irving ever wrote; nevertheless, it is not without power of its own — as in Bryant's highly finished verse, the polishing has not worn it away to insipidity; no one feels the lack of vigor, and all do feel its charm. It is the language of a cultivated gentleman whose habit of thought was that of a gentleman, of one accustomed to think in pure, good English as well as speak and write it — indeed the latter would follow as a matter of course. In 1835 the *North American Review* pronounced him "the best living writer of English prose."

You will notice another thing, and that is that he likes to leave a pleasant impression; unlike some authors, who make you uncomfortable, he pleases and entertains. Yet he was never sanguine about the result of his writing, being so sensitive that a word of adverse criticism "upset" him for days; he was always inclined to depreciate himself, was capricious about his fits of working, and had long periods of feeling incompetent to do anything. When *The Sketch-Book* came into print, it met with such success that he was fairly overpowered and was afraid he could never do so well again; and yet that was almost at the beginning of his literary career, and besides all the books named above, he afterwards wrote of the essay-ish or story kind, *The Tales of a Traveller*, *Wolfert's Roost*, *Abbotsford* and *Newstead Abbey*, the collection called *Crayon*

Miscellany, and those flattering impressions of English life in a country home, *Bracebridge Hall*, told in a manner which constantly reminds one of Addison and the Sir Roger de Coverley papers.

Washington Irving was born in New York City, April 3, 1783, and as a boy is described as "handsome, tender-hearted, truthful, susceptible," a "dawdler in routine studies," but, boy-like, fond of *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Sinbad*, *Orlando Furioso*, and a devourer of "books of voyages and travels," growing up so delicate that at twenty-one he was sent for his health to Europe, where he picked up much general information and knowledge of the world, all of which came into use when he began to write. He became a great favorite in society, had eyes that laughed and a smile which no one could resist; and his winning qualities stayed by him through life.

He was away two years, went abroad again in 1815 for a short sojourn, but remained seventeen, then came home to settle down as he hoped, but in 1842 was appointed Minister to Spain and spent the next four years at the court of Madrid. The story of his life is too well known to need telling.

Home once more, and for good, with his house full of nieces and other near relatives, at his "dear, little Sunnyside," the Dutch stone house over-run with ivy from a slip brought from fair Melrose, a poet's retreat, now hallowed and historic, where

honored and beloved he spent his remaining years; going down now and then to New York, where George William Curtis says he used to see him, a "quaint figure in the little Talma cloak," with a "springing step and cheery twinkle of the eye as he passed along Broadway." (You will find about him in one of the "Easy Chair" papers, and see how he looked in his old age with his "chirping, cheery, old school air.")

He died on the 28th of November, 1859, and was buried near his favorite Sleepy Hollow.

NOTE.—A nearly complete list of his works is as follows: *Salmagundi*, *History of New York*, *Sketch-Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, *Tales of a Traveller*, *Life of Columbus*, *Conquest of Granada*, *Tales of the Alhambra*, *Moorish Chronicles*, *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*, *Spanish Voyages*, *Tour on the Prairies*, *Astoria*, *Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, *Life of Margaret Davidson*, *Life of Goldsmith*, *Life of Campbell*, *Life of Mahomet*, *Wolfert's Roost*, *Crayon Papers*, *Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey*, *Life of Washington*. (It is not practicable to give each title with exactness, as they vary in different editions, and collections have been published with varying titles.) Pierre M. Irving, a nephew, edited his *Life and Letters*, and Charles Dudley Warner has lately edited a *Life of Washington Irving*, for the "American Men of Letters" Series. A sketch of "Sunnyside and its Proprietor" may be found in Tuckerman's *Homes of American Authors*; and, finally, the "Irving Centenary Number" of *The Critic* gives several personal reminiscences and criticisms and a bibliography. Recently there has been published a luxurious book, by A. E. P. Searing, with more than fifty engravings of scenery, entitled *The Land of Rip Van Winkle*.

MY GARDEN PETS.

BY MARY TREAT.

I.

THE ORB-WEAVERS.

THE most skilful orb-weaving spiders belong to the genus *Epeira*. The almost endless differences of form and color, and the diverse habits of the various species of which this genus consists, make the study of these little creatures, their works and ways, one of the most absorbing and fascinating amidst the infinite variety of insect life.

No study in nature is so full of illustrations of mimicry, cunning, and strategy, with indications of reason and forethought. All these qualities are manifested by these curious weavers; and we need only open our eyes to find our subjects—they are here, there, everywhere, all interesting, not one but will reveal some trait unlike that of his neighbor.

In this and following chapters I shall resort

constantly to my note-book, to facts jotted down while making my observations, showing the habits and cunning ways of several species.

Epeira Thaddeus is one of our most beautiful orb-weavers. It is found throughout the Northern and Southern States, but it lived through the centuries unnoticed until the naturalist, N. M. Hentz, figured, described, and named it in honor of his life-long friend, Thaddeus W. Harris of Massachusetts, whose book, *Injurious Insects*, still holds the first place among works of this kind.

The prevailing color of most specimens is green, with a dark band each side of the abdomen, but we occasionally find one almost white. During the past summer one of these dainty pale specimens constructed her domicile in my garden amid the foliage of our most beautiful rose, *Perle Des Jardins*. It was thimble-shaped, with a pure white satiny luster, looking itself like a pearl, partly concealed by the foliage which the proprietress had arranged with a view to shelter and protection.

Below her silken castle was the beautiful geometric snare, upon which she depended for a livelihood as much as the fisherman upon his net, or the hunter upon his gun and traps; with this difference, however—she never captured more than she needed to satisfy her appetite. When not hungry the snare was not kept in order.

Madame Thaddeus was not the only occupant of the rose-bush. She had neighbors who were cognizant of all her proceedings. One of these, *Thomisus celer*, lived in the hearts of these magnificent roses, and she was nearly the same shade of color as the flower, making it quite difficult to see her. When the rose began to wither she took her position on a fresh one.

I first observed her in July, and she remained on the same bush about three weeks, and then moved to a bright red tea-rose, the stamens of which are more conspicuous and much more numerous than in the other, and it is visited by a greater number of insects. She went to the centre of one of the flowers, but the stamens were a deeper yellow than her body, and the surrounding petals made her easy to be seen. She seemed to know this as well as the looker-on; and although more game visited these red roses, she did not stay long. She knew her safety depended upon resemblance, and she was soon back in her old home ensconced among the petals of the light-colored

are quite long; so when our little Celer is waiting for prey she cuddles down in the centre of the flower and erects her legs, when it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the imperfect



THOMISUS CELER AND PREY.



NEST OF EPEIRA THADDEUS.

rose. I was careful not to disturb her. I never cut a rose upon which she was resting.

She made no web to entrap prey, but depended wholly upon strategy and muscular strength. In this genus (*Thomisus*), the first two pairs of legs

scattering stamens. If a wasp or humblebee alight near her, she drops her stamen-like legs and crouches down and conceals herself as much as possible; but when they depart on their airy mission she resumes her expectant attitude. And now a pretty butterfly comes flitting down all unconscious of the danger. Madame is perfectly motionless. Her bright eyes glisten. The butterfly is soon between the outstretched arms in a fatal embrace. Its struggles are all in vain and soon over. These humane little creatures never torture their victims unnecessarily.

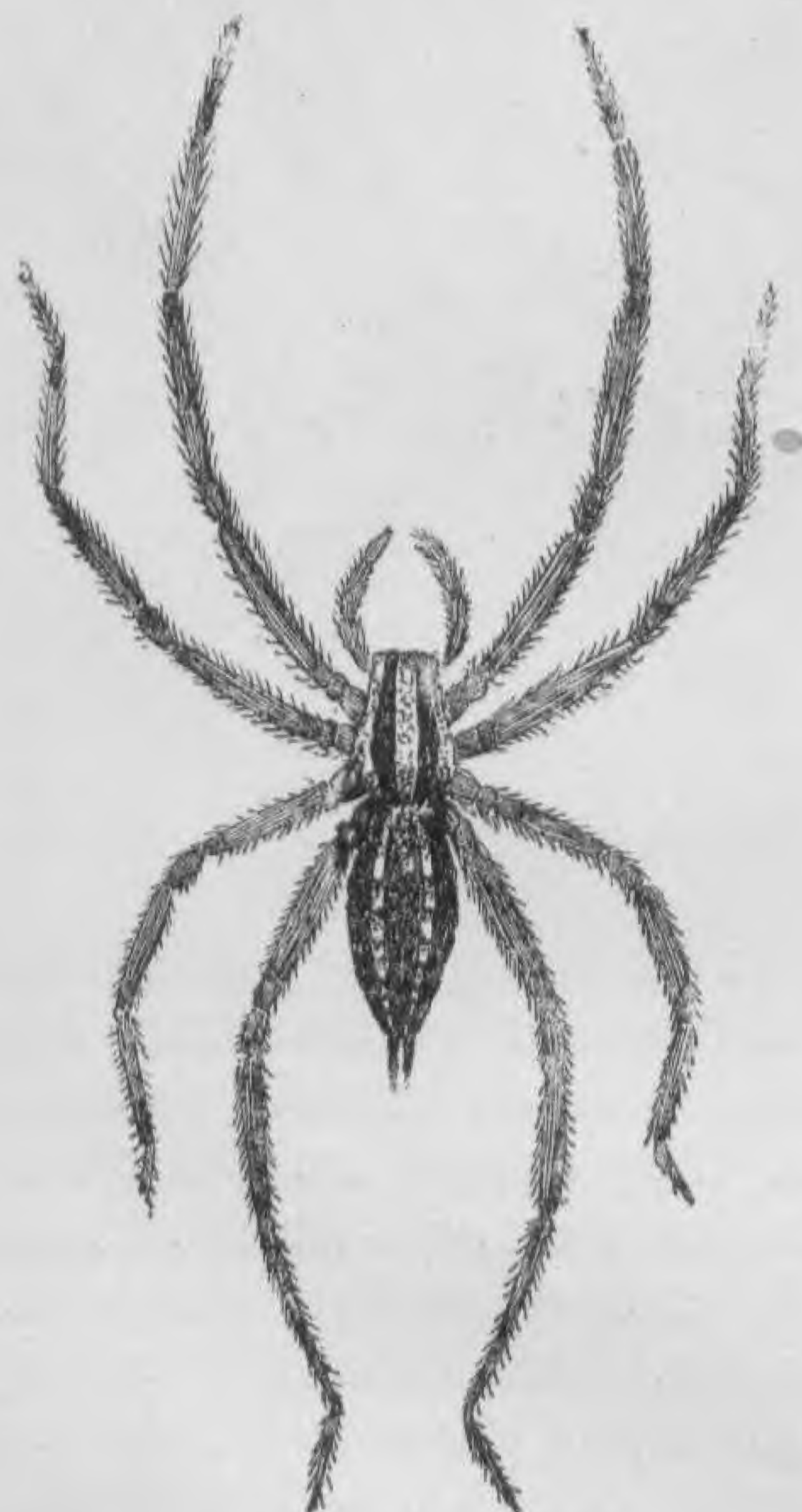
The butterfly is often four or five times her own weight. How she manages to hold it is a mystery. Possibly she fastens her hind feet to the flower to prevent her victim from mounting with her into the air. I have often noticed the remains of night-flying moths scattered near her, which she had evidently captured during the night. But her most frequent game was the dipterous or two-winged flies.

Agelena nævia was another neighbor. She made her home in the empty flower-pot in which had grown the rose-bush that Thaddeus and Celer occupied. When it was transplanted the pot was turned upside down beside the bush. A few days thereafter I noticed a fine large *Agelena* had taken possession. So it remained all summer for her accommodation. She was full-grown and may have been quite elderly, as this species lives several years. She had probably never occupied such a nice roomy mansion as this before, yet evi-

dently she at once saw there was now no necessity for constructing the long tube which this species invariably make for protection and concealment.

Agelena usually makes a tube on one side of the great flat web; it is from six to eight inches in length, running down among the stems of the plants on which she has spread her snare. The tube is constructed of closely-woven web, and is so dense that the spider is entirely concealed while in it; and she seems to be endowed with sufficient forethought to leave a back door where she can escape if some enemy should follow her through the front entrance.

The occupant of the flower-pot also had a back door which a little inequality in the ground had made ready for her use in case of emergency. The hole in the bottom of the pot made a capital front door, etc., and Madame spread a large strong net, which commenced from this front door and ran down in a slanting direction until it reached the low-growing border plants that surrounded the rose-bed, where it was made fast. The net was a foot or more in diameter. In pleasant weather,



AGELENA NAEVIA.

and when there was nothing to alarm her, she usually sat in her doorway.

For a long time she looked upon me as an enemy to be shunned. However cautiously I approached she immediately retreated. But before the summer was over she had full confidence, and no longer ran away; and if she was out of sight and I tapped lightly on her roof she would come to the door and take a fly from my fingers.

Thaddeus's perpendicular snare hung over Agelena's, and from her pretty castle in the air she could look down upon her neighbor and her captured game, but it had no perceptible effect upon her. Not so, however, with Agelena. When Thaddeus captured a buzzing fly she was as much excited as if it had been caught in her own trap.

She ran back and forth over her snare, stopping now and then apparently to listen. At last satisfied that it was her neighbor's legitimate game, and that she could not reach it, she returned to her door. After that the fly might buzz and struggle; it could not tempt her out again.

In September I missed her. She no longer came for the most tempting buzzing fly, and after several days had elapsed my curiosity prompted me to raise the pot, although by so doing I should destroy her closely-woven fabric upon which she depended for all her market supplies.

I found her standing over a fine large cocoon of eggs which she had firmly plastered to the side of the pot. The maternal instinct was stronger than hunger or fear. No menacing danger would induce her to leave her eggs. She would yield her life sooner than forsake her future progeny.

I replaced the pot and left her in quiet several days longer. Upon again raising it I found she had made a second cocoon, and was now covering it with bits of stick and the remains of insects, and other *debris* which she gathered from the ground. After she had completed her work she spread another net for the capture of insects.

When frost came I placed the pot in the cellar near a window. I often raised it during the winter, and always found her standing over one or the other cocoon.

Thomisus celer was also a most devoted parent. She hung a neat little cocoon beneath a leaf of the rose-bush and remained near by, watching it with untiring patience until the young were hatched. In a few days the little ones followed the mother to see the outside world, and soon after dispersed, no longer dependent upon her loving care.

Several sharp frosts had greatly reduced the insect world, but still Madame Thaddeus remained at home and spread her net every pleasant day. Her appearance indicated that she had made no cocoon, so I cut the twig on which she was located and brought it to my study and placed it among the plants in the window. She was not at all disconcerted by the removal and soon hung her symmetrical net among the plants where she remained several days. One morning she was gone, and when I found her she looked greatly emaciated. She had wandered to a bracket which held a vase of ferns where she had suspended a pretty cocoon from the tips of two fronds. It looked like a miniature purse hung up by two strong cords. She soon left it and paid no further attention to it. The young would not leave the cocoon until spring, when they would be fully competent to take care of themselves.

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.

(Foreign Series.)

BY MRS. JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT.

I.

A QUEEN'S "DRAWING ROOM."

MY first visit to the old world was in thorough contrast to the strange and rough journeys into the newest part of our country; even its accidents turned to unexpected pleasures for us.

To avoid the winter crossing from New York, we had taken passage direct to England by the West India mail line. This made some days' delay in Panama, but we congratulated ourselves on not being in the rush of our late fellow travellers who had to catch their steamer at Chagres before the following night. It was a most fatiguing journey before the railroad; on mules half the way, then in open canoes down the Chagres river. The hot sun was dangerous, the night damp equally so; and the alert robbers, who had every advantage among defiles and woods they knew well, made another danger for any small party. We were to go over with the English mails and treasure from the South Pacific—we should have good mules and reliable Indians and leisurely travel. Meantime we would see our kind Panama friends. With this programme we settled to a "shore breakfast" at the French restaurant, where we were amusing ourselves with the characteristic self-confidence of its *chef*, who only answered to all our questions and preferences:

"*Soyez, tranquilles; je suis là, vous aurez un bon déjeuner.*"

But we did not get his good breakfast.

Mr. Frémont's man came in hurriedly: "Colonel, there's a bad report, our steamer is burned."

We quickly learned this was true; the *Amazon* had been burned in the Bay of Biscay.

Here was a rush for us now; we were off immediately with such poor mules as were left, carrying ourselves and our baggage, and such provisions as the lamenting Frenchman had ready.

My baby, a boy not a year old, was carried off on an Indian's back in a hammock improvised from a tablecloth, with a provision of chicken bones and crackers and a canteen of water. That Indian travelled faster than our lean little mules, and to my fright disappeared after we entered the hills; but when we got off our miserable mules at Gorgona there was my baby, happy, and quite at home with a group of native women. The good creatures had refreshed him with a bath, and made me comprehend they would have dressed him but

he would not let them put on his clothes again.

With the earliest light we were in the canoe hurrying down the river as fast as possible, but it was night-fall before we reached Chagres. There was no need to ask anything; the answer was there in a man with a lantern (and a grin) on the muddy bank:

"Did you calculate to take a New York steamer?" A faint "Yes" from us. "Well, the last one went out at four o'clock."

This meant waiting ten days! ten days in a place so unhealthy that if any person slept on shore they forfeited their life insurance.

We took a day to rest and decide about returning to Panama. That second night one of the Englishmen who came over with us died. A healthy man, who went to sleep well, and was buried at sunrise.

You can fancy our relief when we saw, that morning, a trail of brown smoke on the horizon—lovely coal smoke—and soon a large steamer came to anchor.

Mr. George Law was visiting the ports of his steamer line, and took us off with him; and this ended all rough chances and brought us back to settled order and comfort in all things. Although we had to cross the Atlantic from New York in March, after our care to avoid it, that proved good for us. Short as our stay on the Isthmus had been we were all touched with its fever, and the bracing cold was its best remedy. And never have I known such charming comfort at sea as on that rolling old *Africa*. As there was no other lady on board, Captain Harrison put the lady's parlor entirely at our service. It was the library also, and had an open fireplace, and the wind being right for a fire we had that luxury all the way over. Our table was served there and altogether, with the cheerful fire, the books, and the children, it was like a fine yacht.

Everything else "rolled on velvet." At Liverpool we were met by a friend who took charge of everything, and we had only to let ourselves enjoy the pleasure and repose of all we found prepared for us.

The Marchioness of Wellesley, who was one of the three beautiful Miss Catons of Maryland—sisters who married great names in England—had been kind enough to take trouble that my rooms at the Clarendon should please me. She knew of our coming through a mutual friend, and my Virginia family was known to her. One room of the suite I found so bright and fresh with its new chintz and flowers and wood fire that it added to my pleasure in it to know I owed this to her

suggestion. She said the heavy dark hangings would seem gloomy after the brightness of America, and herself chose the chintz for slip covers for the curtains and furniture — asking first if I were dark or fair, that a becoming color should prevail.

We were fortunate in having home friends in the American minister and Mrs. Abbott Lawrence who had been at both my homes in Virginia and Washington. They made our stay delightful from the first day. A young friend, who was much in Paris with her sister, took charge of the important matter of my dress; two years of California at that date put one out of civilization as to dress. A few visits to the authorities of the toilette, just to be inspected and fitted, and I was quickly arrayed like the lilies of the field and with no more trouble on my part. All my pretty things grew without thought from me while I dined and breakfasted with people it was a pleasure to know, and drove in the Park with some one who told me who was who.

So much seemed familiar to me from the English atmosphere of my earlier days as well as from books. My experienced friends would not allow of any sight-seeing, not even a look into Westminster Abbey. They were wise to keep me from fatigue, for "people pass away while monuments remain." (It was reserved for the Parisians to contradict this when they destroyed their grandest historical monuments.)

I did meet many persons, now gone, of honored and distinguished names.

My first evening was at the town residence of the Dukes of Northumberland, Sion House, now taken down and the space built over in modern houses. Its grounds sloped to the Thames and the extent and magnificence of the building were possible only to hereditary and entailed rank and wealth.

At the entrance of the first of many noble rooms stood the duchess, young and slender, but not beautiful, as she should have been for such beautiful surroundings. I am afraid it is only in fairy tales that everything comes out all right. Just by the duchess was a familiar face, that of Lady Bulwer, whom I had known well when Sir Henry was minister to the United States. Mrs. Lawrence had already introduced me, but Lady Bulwer said some nice things of me to the duchess which made the difference between a merely formal introduction and one that was kind and personal. Lady Bulwer also took me about the rooms, making occasional introductions and more often pointing out, and telling me of persons, in the way only women of society know each other.

Moving about by himself, silent and abstracted, was a very elderly man, never tall and now bent by age. "That is my uncle, the Duke of Wellington," she said. Going to him and taking his hand she spoke my name distinctly — it was but a few months before his death and he was failing — he bowed mechanically, and then, as a slow wave of memory

brought back some meaning to it, "I know that name," he said, and put out his hand to me.

Modern training does not permit any expression of feeling, but before I slept that night I wrote this to my father; of all I could tell him he would care most to know that the hand that had proved the hand of fate to Napoleon had touched mine.

It was the Duke's habit to dine on his birthday with Miss Burdett-Coutts, he naming the persons to be invited. He did us the honor to include us this year, but a death in my immediate family prevented my going, and shortly after his own death occurred.

That was a bad habit I had of writing home when I should be sleeping, for I needed all there was of me for each day's engagements, as my list for one day will show:

"To be presented to the Queen. Then, from the drawing-room to the Duchess of Bedford for four o'clock tea.

"To dine with Mr. and Mrs. Bates (the great banker), and after that the evening at Sir Roderick Murchison's."

He was President of the Royal Geographical Society and had invited its members to meet Mr. Frémont at his house.

Mrs. Lawrence had rehearsed me in all the etiquette of the ceremonial, and was satisfied with the ease and depth of my courtesy; the result of much early drill and my mother's fastidious aversion to seeing a lady "bow like a man, or duck like a servant." And my court dress was also approved of. Here every properly constituted girl will ask, "What was it?" Because I was thinned and almost pale from constant travel — four crossings of the Isthmus in as many years — I had to abandon my favorite color, violet, and avoid blues or greens. The brides and debutantes had the right to white; yellow was impossible, for California was then only connected with its first idea of gold mines and I could not go, like Miss Kilmansegg, "clad in a robe of auriferous hue."

The result was what to-day would be named "a symphony in roses"; we did not have the name, but the gown was "perfectly sweet." The petticoat of palest pink satin, with its tremendously long train of the same shade of moiré (then a new thing). Quantities of rich blonde lace bordered the train and softened the petticoat, and French skill had placed, everywhere, nestling among the lace, roses in all shades from red to white, as lovely and nearly as natural as those in my bouquet. The regulation three long plumes of earlier days had come now to shorter ostrich tips, worn high and joining the lace lapels which fell over the back of the neck. With some pearls, the whole was harmoniously rich and had successfully avoided being "shiny."

Writing for young people I may remind them

the Queen only uses the old Palace of St. James for state receptions, her town residence being at Buckingham Palace. Mrs. Lawrence went early that I might see the Queen drive up, and secured a good place for me in one of the deep windows of the great room next the Throne-room where the ladies of the diplomatic corps and many great ladies were assembled.

A lovely woman of middle age came to this window and was turning away after a look in the direction the Queen should appear when with a sweet smile, and the very sweetest of voices, she said to me, "If you stand here" (where she had been) "you will get the best look — Her Majesty is punctual and will soon be here now."

Then, as I thanked her, she turned again and remained by me, and when I had a look of surprise at the Queen's horses, she asked smiling, "What is it?" I told her that I had not known horses of that color could be so honored.

"Only for state-occasions," she said. "It was always so."

"Because," I asked, "of the Spanish ideas that governed England so long?" To which she agreed that it well might be, but she had never heard it questioned.

They were cream-colored with long silvery manes and tails — we know such chiefly as circus horses. You who are fresh in your histories will remember that queen of Spain, an Isabella, but not our Columbus-Isabella, who made a vow during a siege not to change her linen until the siege ended. It lasted three years. All her court had to follow her example and the deep tan-yellow to which their linen had changed was adopted as the royal color; known as "*Couleur Isabelle*" in French as well as Spanish.

I liked this as an evidence of the unchanging usage so precious to the English mind — "it has been, therefore it is, and must continue to be;" that is the Chinese-wall of English conservatives, and the barrier to larger, more modern thought.

This sweet-voiced woman was Lady Clarendon. "Of course you found her charming," Mrs. Lawrence said; "when Lord Clarendon was made Viceroy to Ireland her sweet nature and manners were counted on to help his work there."

There was so much to see I could not take in all, but I had seen the agitation of the diplomatic ladies who had gathered in little whispering groups and were evidently offended. A young and most lovely woman was as evidently the offending one. She stood apart and, though she could not avoid being conscious of the feeling surrounding her, bore it beautifully. She was exquisitely dressed in pink and silver brocade with row after row of wonderful pearls covering her alabaster-white neck — her fairness was remarkable — and with her golden hair and blue eyes she was absolutely beautiful.

Just as marked was their courtesy and attention to another lady who was also somewhat apart — these were evidently the chief figures in the little drama.

This lady was handsome but not young, her train was of gold brocade embroidered with great bunches of flowers in their natural colors; the head-dress I recognized as Russian — the high velvet coronet covered with precious stones and the long veil of gold lace. She was the wife of the Russian Minister; the longest resident at that court and therefore having right to the first place. Only an ambassadress could outrank her. And only an Empire sends ambassadors, and these only on unusual occasions.

But the husband of the lovely little pink and silver lady who was wearing the famous pearls of the Empress Josephine, had just been raised from minister to full ambassador; expressly that his country, France, might take the first place at this the Queen's first Drawing Room of the season.

Count Walewski was not only cousin to Louis Napoleon, but he was the exact portrait of the old Emperor. This was while France was just beginning to lift from the revolution of 1848 which had overthrown monarchy and, as yet, Louis Napoleon was only President. This forcing of all the representatives of European monarchies to recognize him as their full equal, even to making his minister take precedence of them all, *was* a serious matter. And the first brunt of their resentment was being met by the Countess Walewski. Though so very fair she was Italian, of the noble old house of Colonna, and she did not flinch.

But the doors of the Throne-room opened, and all things gave way to the ceremony of the day.

First of all, passed in the Ambassadress of France.

After her! Russia.

America came fourth.

After Mrs. Lawrence had made her courtesy, she presented me. I knew I must not look openly at the Queen, only notice her bend of the head in return for my low courtesy; then I was to make another, less low, as I passed before Prince Albert; and to the Queen's mother, and her cousin the Princess Mary, the courtesy was again to be slightly less deep. "Remember this," I had been cautioned, "Her Majesty is very tenacious of all marks of deference due to Prince Albert."

I remembered; Mrs. Lawrence gave me a look of approval as I took my place by her in the line of diplomatic ladies where I was to remain; and now there was nothing to interfere with my enjoyment as a looker-on. For two hours I watched that beautiful procession of English noblewomen as they made their obeisance, kissed the Queen's hand, and then backed out from the royal presence. You could not turn the back to the Queen nor could you speak. It was all a splendid dumb-show.

It added much to the impression to have no sound; and as those stately figures glided along one after the other, advancing, courtesying, and backing, in the unbroken silence the effect became dream-like.

In the open space between our line of ladies and the picture-covered wall, softly pacing up and down was the Duke of Wellington; perhaps he should not have moved but he was not only privileged but no longer fully himself. Immediately back of Madame Walewski was a full-length portrait of George IV. If "those lips had language" they would have asked the Duke, "How came these Bonapartes here? You defeated and overthrew him at Waterloo, and I imprisoned him on St. Helena." But the mere shadow of that mighty name proved enough to govern France again for almost twenty years.

At dinner that evening at the Bates, I came on another page of French history; the family of Louis Phillippe had taken refuge in their house when they escaped to London and it was deeply interesting to hear of that time from Mrs. Bates.

Mrs. Lawrence occasionally directed my attention to some special person — a look, a touch of her bouquet, or a name spoken low and, as school-girls know how, without moving the lips.

"The Duchess of Bedford," she murmured.

I had seen the Queen bend forward in friendly greeting to the little old lady whose look and even whose dress expressed weariness of such things, and yet a yielding to obligation. You could read her indifference in the old skimp train of purple velvet "freshened up" by beautiful old lace — but the lace was just basted on flat, and her hair was not dressed, but screwed up on top of her head. But around the scanty twist of gray hair was a ducal coronet with enormous diamonds, and the three heron feathers for her three Dukedoms. A comfortable high-necked and long-sleeved under-waist of white silk protected her arms and neck—it looked queer projecting from the short-sleeved and low-cut body of the purple dress, but over it were fastened several splendid necklaces—diamond, stones

of color, pearls, without grace or arrangement; you could see they were only put on because she had them and it was the thing to do, but she had no interest in them or her appearance. This greatly pleased me, it was in its way so English, so disdainful of appearances, so tenacious of fact.

The Queen made a beautiful picture. Standing above the level gave her an effect of height which was added to by an artistic arrangement of the royal robes. The velvet and gold hangings of the throne made a rich red background for her dress of white satin and lace. Her immensely long velvet train of royal-red lined with white satin was so disposed as to fall in large straight folds to the step below her where its rich mass was added to the length of the figure. The broad blue ribbon of the Garter crossed her breast, and diamonds covered her neck and arms, and gave out their light from the crown on her small and graceful head.

The Queen's countenance and manner showed she entered fully into each presentation. would move forward toward women of advanced age — as the Duchess of Bedford — and her pleasure in the swan-like white-robed brides was evident; while her eyes followed kindly a blushing embarrassed girl too overawed to remember all her courtesies.

Prince Albert, tall and much handsomer than a man need be, dressed in some white and gold uniform, made the completed and truly royal picture. I saw them both, to even better advantage, some evenings later. Each time the Queen made the same impression of womanly goodness combined with a look of power — a simple and unconscious manner, but that of unquestioned habitual authority. This was softened by her air of content — there is no beautifier like happiness and the Queen was seeing her best days; her marriage was exceptionally happy and her children were in the sweet baby-time; she had become accustomed to the cares of governing, and England was at peace. The Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny were near, but no shadow was on this time.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

BY MARGARET LAKE.

XXXI.

THE DARK CHAMBER.

MANY years ago, before photographs were ever heard of, even before the days of daguerreotypes, a country lad received for a birthday present a small square volume in yellow

covers, bearing the magic title of *The Boy's Own Book*. Probably it would be hard to find a copy now.

In those times there were few books for children compared to the present; but whether then or now, it was a treasure-house crammed full of good things — out-of-door and in-door games in great number were described, arithmetical, chemical and

optical amusements, tricks of legerdemain — there was everything, and to complete one's pleasure, conundrums and things of the riddle-kind, paradoxes and puzzles. It was indeed a wonder-book; and the house where it was owned was the resort of all the children around, who experimented with chemicals, tried tricks with eggs, propounded conundrums, played checkers according to rules, lighted a candle by a glass of water, satisfied themselves that they could lift a bottle with a straw and balance two pen-knives in a piece of wood on the tip of a finger — in a word, who ventured everything, and got untold delight out of those pages.

In time this incomparable book passed on into the hands of the next generation, and the highest enjoyment they owed to it was the "camera obscura." There were directions for several ways laid down in it, but they practised the simplest one. Some of them remember well those Saturday afternoons (half-holidays), when they would go by themselves into a little up-stairs bedroom looking right on the street, where people were continually passing, and what rare fun they had.

All that was needed by way of preparation was to have a dark room with a circular hole at the window through which light could come. They hung heavy dark blankets or coverlets over the window, doubled so as to be as dark as possible. Then a strip of board (they used a clapboard), in which a large auger-hole had been bored, was fitted upright against the window, and the covering pinned back just enough to let the light come in through the opening.

Over this opening was held a spectacle-glass. They took turns holding the glass, not seeming to have had forethought or ingenuity enough to devise a way of securing it to the wood permanently — you think any boy or girl of average sense ought to know enough to be able to do that, and right you are, and will act accordingly.

Their glass, by the way, had a handle; the bow of a pair of immense, old-fashioned iron-bound spectacles having been broken short off, they were wonderfully provided for; but probably most any house can (unfortunately for wearer, fortunately for experimenter), furnish a disabled pair.

Given then a dark room, a hole, with a lens, or convex glass (they did not know what "lens" meant, or in what being "convex" consisted, but came out all right with this half of their great-grandfather's old spectacles), and you have your equipment.

What happens next is, that you will see your opposite neighbor's house painted on your opposite wall, his garden flowers blooming there, the trees waving; and all the town that goes by while your arrangements are in condition, will walk, trot, run, ride, in their very own shape and colors, right along your wall. You have the panorama moving by,

painted without your aid, acting without your manipulation; and you do not know what will pass next, or who.

And part of the fun is that they are all walking feet upwards, everything is inverted; everybody is all right, only wrong side up. There goes the doctor in his gig, the white horse jogging on, the red-rimmed wheels rolling along leisurely, all as natural as life, and the dog trotting after with his legs where the air ought to be. There go a dozen children, racing and chasing — it is as if a company of "jumping-jacks" had come alive, they are so droll.

Those little people with their great-"grandsir's" part of a spectacle-glass, their woollen coverlids, and auger-hole in a clapboard, who did not know even the definition of "camera obscura" or anything about the laws of optics — the "refraction of light," what a "focus" was, or the why or wherefore of the result — those ignorant but happy youngsters were like to smother with suppressed laughter over their neighbors, who were unconsciously painting themselves with their peculiarities of gait on the wall up in that little room. One day it was a bevy of women going home from a society meeting who met two others and stood and talked just within range of that wicked glass eye. The way they shook their heads, and nodded, and smiled, and half-turned to go, and came back, and unconsciously posed, the way those ribbons fluttered, those artificial roses came into sight and retreated, the way the whole group was pictured, the laughable pantomime, the "mum" show, the tableaux that did everything but speak, the painting of scarlet shawl and pea-green dress and blue bonnet strings — O, the pantomime was too funny for words; and those suffering children declared that they couldn't suppress themselves much longer, they should "die-o'-laughing."

But this is not all. The purpose was not just to see the picture on the wall, but on paper. A large sheet of plain white paper, a sort of drawing or map paper, had been procured and laid on pasteboard where it was held by a binding of black cambric (the black to keep the light on the picture distinct where it should be), and this was held at suitable distance from the hole and so received the impression instead of the wall.

Now if any object remained immovable in the street it could be accurately drawn on the paper; and *this* was one of the original uses of this "camera obscura." Most beautiful results can be produced by so doing, for the objects are in perfect regularity.

But all well-informed children who are studying "optics" understand that there are ways by which these inverted pictures can be presented upright, such as placing a mirror at the proper angle. But that would be telling something you ought to find out for yourselves. Your philosophy that you study

at school lays down certain principles for your information; and after you have enjoyed your "camera obscura" with people wrong side up, you can apply what you have learned, make experiments and see how they can come right. Then you will understand just how the thing is done; how the pencils of light cross in the aperture they pass through; all about the converging of those rays; why this inversion happens, and all the rest.

First you can have the amusement, and then you will be glad to know the reason for the phenomena, the philosophy of it. You who are amateur photographers understand these things already, but perhaps you may not know that while photography was, as some one says, "born yesterday," the "camera" is an old idea, invented in the sixteenth century, and was used in the beginning as an amusement, and then for the purpose of

sketching outlines. It was the "dark chamber" of Baptista Porta, the inventor, who saw how the beams of light could be intercepted by holding a sheet of paper at a small distance, that the picture grew sharper or was blurred according to the distance. That, too, you can ascertain by trying.

Probably children played at this before Daguerre was born; and in some of the old-style dictionaries of the sciences and arts, and in cyclopædias of long ago, you will perhaps find minute descriptions, with the reasons given; and antique cuts to show the exact thing, the inverted houses and trees, and people and animals with their feet in air. But one thing which adds so much to your pictures — color — will be wanting. You can hardly imagine, until you have had actual proof, how beautiful and how entertaining this kind of "camera obscura" amusement is.

SOME ITALIAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IF we are to believe our orators, our commencement speakers, and our graduating misses with their dainty manuscripts, we must be convinced that this is an age of progress; and although hurrying on to the goal of perfection with such rapid strides, we have time enough to pause for a moment and congratulate ourselves on the progress already made. It would be hard to say whether we take greater pride in learning new truth, or in proving false the old truths which have been accepted by our worthy predecessors. With a smile of what superior wisdom, not unmingled with pity, does the young pupil of to-day read about the ancient theories of a "flat world," supported by a series of marvellous creatures, each of which merely postpones the inevitable poser, "What does the last one stand on?"

Not only in science, but in history as well, has the spirit of critical investigation made havoc with cherished tradition. During the latter part of the last century a German historian, Niebuhr, published a work in which he attacked the then generally accepted facts of early Roman history in a way that alarmed the credulous, and ever since men have busied themselves in proving the Roman historians a very questionable class of people. In this new order of things, the friendly wolf which so

carefully tended the infants, Romulus and Remus, is sent off to the nursery to sport with Mother Hubbard's hungry dog and the "cow that jumped over the moon." The seven kings of Rome, who once held their historic sceptres as firmly as any monarch of England, are now very mythical persons indeed, and we may regard them as at best pretenders of doubtful claims and characters.

Whatever the real historic value of the early Roman legends — and to determine this is as interesting as it is difficult a task — a knowledge of them is necessary to the student of Latin letters. Every Roman author refers constantly to these half-mythical traditions, which have an important influence on the whole range of Latin literature. The Roman conception of the Gods and their relations to men had much to do with the character of the people, many of their ideas concerning these deities having developed during the hazy period which embraces the building of the city Rome.

So like an iron key, comparatively worthless in itself, but valuable as it gives access to the treasure-box, the Roman myths open to the lover of Latin literature a wealth of beautifully coined ideas, and golden principles that are still current the world over.

The literature of a people is a mirror of the national life and character, and like other mirrors, does not appear until a certain stage of culture and refinement has been reached. While the Romans were building their city, and struggling with

their warlike neighbors for very existence, they had neither time nor inclination for luxury and learning. But when, at the close of the first Punic war, 240 B.C., Rome found herself the firmly established mistress of Italy, and powerful on the Mediterranean, she began to have other thoughts than those of war. Oral songs and ballads had been the only form of literature up to this time, and in this field Livius Andronicus, an actor and author, appears as the first Latin poet. He was quickly followed by several writers, the most prominent of whom was Ennius, the founder of the so-called Greek School.

This "Greek School" suggests the most characteristic feature of Latin literature. From first to last Roman writers imitated more or less closely Greek models. For five hundred years before the time of Ennius, Greece had possessed a literature as rich and varied as any the world has ever known, and when the duller, less imaginative Romans abandoned the battle-ground for the field of letters, those they had just vanquished in the one, they found victorious in the other. Some one has said that Greece produced ideas, Rome diffused them.

Indeed, Greek was to the early Romans very much what Norman-French was to the fathers of English literature, although the latter sooner freed themselves from foreign influence. An early English prose author, Roger Ascham, writing a book in English, prefaced it with an apology, and it remained for the stern patriotic Cato to first write Latin prose. Yet in him as in every Latin writer we shall find traces of Greek influence, and our studies in Rome will cause us many a short trip across the Ionian sea to Athens, "the eye of Greece."

Bearing in mind this imitative quality, we pass from the general character of Latin literature to the Latin authors themselves. And first of all it is important to realize that the classic authors and their fellows were men, and were influenced by much the same motives as are prevalent to-day. As boys they played foot-ball on the *Campus Martius*, or passed the hand-ball in the city streets, where, for all we know, they had exciting encounters with that common enemy of small boys and criminals—the policeman. They must have looked forward to wearing the *toga pretexta*,* very much as the urchin of the present anticipates the

* The toga pretexta was the first man's robe which the Roman youths were allowed to wear. It was assumed about the sixteenth year.

donning of his first long trousers, and when they grew to manhood, the senate and rostrum must have been as attractive to them as to modern statesmen and orators.

In thinking of ancient Rome we are but too likely to picture to ourselves long vistas of stately temples, majestic buildings, marble-covered hills, and lines of magnificent monuments and tombs. In this ideal city there seems no place for ordinary human existence. With such surroundings the men must be demi-gods, and stand in statuesque groups at the street corners and in the forum, or sit an assembly of marble heroes in the senate-house. We must hasten to rid ourselves of this exalted idea. Rome was a magnificent city, but, like all other cities, it harbored both rich and poor. If there was luxury and refinement, there was poverty and vice as well. As there is no perfection now, still less was there perfection then. From Juvenal's description of a night in a city tenement, we may safely conclude that Rome was far from being an ideal abode.

The sooner then we turn our marble statues into living flesh and blood, the more quickly shall we make their acquaintance. We will saunter with Horace on his afternoon stroll along the *Via Sacra*,* the Roman Fifth Avenue, and perhaps call with him on his great friend Mæcenas. Again in the street, our companion will perhaps invite us out to his villa for a quiet evening, and a chat with his literary friends. At all events let us make ourselves at home, forgetting the many intervening centuries, and remembering only that our shadowy hosts are human like ourselves, and that we have many things in common with them.

Now as we meet one after another of these men, let us try to know each, not as a great character in history alone, but as a man, and as a friend. Each had his peculiar character, for Rome abounded in men of striking individuality. All had weaknesses, almost all had strong and noble traits. While we learn to know these men of long ago, we shall find much to imitate, much to avoid. They have passed away but all that was noble then is as immortal as their fabled gods.

The first man to whom we shall seek an introduction is Cato, the farmer, lawyer and author. We may well anticipate with pleasure meeting one of the strongest and most famous characters of Roman history.

* *Sacred Way*, a prominent Roman street lined with temples.

STRANGE TEAS, DINNERS, WEDDINGS AND FÊTES.

By M. M.

I.

MY TEA TO MEHEMET ALI AND FAREEDIE.

WHEN I lived in Syria, Midhat Pasha was appointed governor of the Pashalic in which I resided, and came with great pomp and ceremony to assume the duties of his position. His retinue consisted of a great many guards, servants and soldiers, and, as they passed through the street just below my balcony, I looked at them all with a great deal of interest.

The Pasha rode a fine bay horse and was dressed in European costume, excepting that he wore a turban instead of a hat. He was short and stout, well bronzed by the sun, and had that air of command which so much distinguishes a soldier if he possesses it. He seemed to be about fifty years in age, although I have heard he was much older.

Just here I shall tell you that I never saw a tall and slender Turk, though I have seen many handsome ones. They all seemed to shew in their features and frame their Tartar origin.

Damascus is the capital of the Pashalic, and Midhat went there to live in the palace of the Governors, which is near the famous Mosque of the Sultan Selim. Damascus is about ninety miles from Beirût and the road that connects the two cities is an excellent one. It was built by the French after the terrible massacres in the Lebanon Mountains in 1860.

We soon heard the new Pasha was very much disliked in Damascus. He tried to reform several abuses in the administration of affairs and gave great offence to all classes of the people; so he brought his family with him and came to live in Beirût.

The Turks are Orthodox Mohammedans, you know, and are polygamists. In his youth Midhat married a lady who was remarkable for her goodness, and he esteemed her very much. But this lady had a great sorrow, for no little children were hers. After awhile she asked Midhat to marry a lady she knew, and he did so.

These ladies were very fond of one another; the elder was the adviser and counselor of her husband, interested in politics and business; the other was very industrious, made beautiful fancy-work and embroidery, and was always busy with her needle, so neither one became a horrible scold, nor a lazy, fat animal, as almost all Mohammedan

women become because they are so idle and have nothing to think about.

I knew the two dear little children of the second wife. The boy, Mehemet Ali, was seven years old, and the little girl, Fareedie, was five. I became acquainted with them in this way.

Midhat wished the children to be well educated, and he engaged an English lady, named Mrs. Smith, to be their governess, with the distinct understanding that she was never in any way to mention any of the doctrines of our Christian religion to them. This was a hard thing for her to promise, but she did so and assumed the charge of the children. They slept in a room opening from hers and she watched over them night and day with loving care. I knew Mrs. Smith very well, and through her knew the children and their mother.

The little ones could speak French very well (French is the favorite language of all Orientals), but not any English.

I seem to be a long time in reaching my story, but I had to tell you all this, else how would you have known who Mehemet Ali and Fareedie were, or how extraordinary it was for the children of a Turkish Pasha to go anywhere to tea?

I invited them to take luncheon with me, but Mrs. Smith said that would interfere with their morning lessons, so the invitation was changed, and I asked them to come to tea.

It was a beautiful November afternoon (November in Syria is warm and is the perfection of weather), and I sent a carriage for them at half-past three o'clock. They soon came, no one with them but Mrs. Smith.

Mehemet Ali wore a light gray suit made like an American boy's, only his trousers were long and he had a red tarboosh on his head. He had worn a hat, but this gave offence to the Turks and was one of the charges made against his father by the people of Damascus, so it had been discarded.

Fareedie wore a dark blue velvet frock with a frill of lace around the neck, and on her feet were little red Turkish slippers. She was very beautiful, eager and quick—nay, passionate in all her feelings—and from the time she entered my house until she left it in a quiver of excitement. When she came in, she kissed me on the cheek and gave me some white jasmine blossoms strung like beads upon a fine wire, something little Syrian children are very fond of. Her first astonishment was the long mirror in my wardrobe; she never had seen one before, and when she caught sight of herself

in it, she cried breathlessly: "Oh! *très jolie! très jolie!*" and turned herself in every direction to see the effect, then ran to me and gave me another kiss and called me, "*chère Madame.*"

She darted hither and thither, looking at every thing and chattering; but Mehemet Ali was very grave, although his little beady black eyes were looking at everything also, and showed the interest he felt but wished to conceal.

Now, Fareedie was on the balcony looking down on the fountain below and some shrubs covered with wonderful large blue flowers (like morning-glories, only ever so much larger) — "trees of flowers," she called the shrubs; then, she spied a little rocking-chair, something that was a wonderful curiosity to her, and, when told that she might sit in it, she rocked back and forth furiously, till I really feared she would break her pretty little neck.

I said to Mrs. Smith, "This will never do; I will take her on my lap and show her pictures."

"Yes," said she, "that will be a great treat, for she has never seen any."

"It is not possible!" I exclaimed.

"Indeed it is. You forget the Mohammedans do not allow pictures anywhere in their houses, and the little books I have to teach the children from are French ones without illustrations."

By this time I had gotten a book of Natural History, and, taking the little girl on my knees, I said I would shew her something. I opened the book at random, and I shall never forget the look upon Fareedie's face, nor the quiver that ran through her little body, when she saw the picture and screamed out, "*Tigre! Tigre!*"

At this Ali ran to us and the two turned over the pages hurriedly, mentioning the names of each animal they knew, with a delight I cannot describe to you.

Then Ali said, "Perhaps, Madame, it may be you have a picture of an engine of a ship — is it so?"

(This sentence of Ali's I have translated for fear it would be hard for you, if I gave it in French. You remember he did not know English.)

"Now what shall I do!" I thought, "for I don't know anything about engines, and I don't know where to find any pictures of them;" but the black eyes helped in the search, and before I could think where to look the boy seized upon a copy of the *Scientific American*, and there, fortunately, were several pictures of engines and boilers. He did not move for a long time afterward, except to say, "It is a regret that I do not know the English to read." He sat as still as a statue, perfectly absorbed, even pale, so intense were his feelings.

Soon Prexea, my slender Syrian maid, came in and announced that tea was served. Prexea was a Greek in religion and hated the Turks, so she was not in a good humor, as I knew very well by the

way she opened the door and the way she spoke.

Fareedie ran into the dining-room, but Ali evidently did not wish to lay down his paper, till Mrs. Smith gently told him he must; then he obeyed.

"A table! Chairs! How droll! How droll!" cried Fareedie.

And now a great difficulty presented itself. They had never sat at a table, and I had no high chairs for them. They always sat on the floor, on a rug, to eat, and had a low Arabic table put in front of each of them. Their tables are about eighteen inches high, made of olive wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl and silver — or perhaps all silver. As to dishes, the children seldom had even a bowl.

Arabic bread is very peculiar. It is baked in thin flat cakes, about the size of a dinner plate, and does not look in the least like bread, more like leather. The children usually had one of these cakes for the dish, and all that they were to have to eat would be put on it, then another cake would be given to them which they would break in pieces, using them as spoons, and last of all, eating spoons and dish, too.

So you can imagine how surprised they were when they saw my table. But what about chairs for them! A brilliant idea struck me. I ran to the book case and got two dictionaries, which I put on the chairs they were to occupy, and with Ali on Webster's and Fareedie on Worcester's, we began our meal.

Ali had been very serious during these proceedings and, as soon as we were seated, he pointed to my sideboard and the silver on it, and said impressively, "*Très magnifique!*"

The knives and forks were too much for them. They sawed away with the one and speared the food with the other so ineffectively that we told them they might eat with their fingers, which they did very nicely.

I had tea and coffee, sandwiches, cold chicken, blackberry jam, and other sweets and cake. The sandwiches were of eggs, not ham, of course; for it would have been an insult to their parents to have let them taste pork, which is held in great abhorrence by all Mohammedans. Why, many of them will not wear European shoes, for fear the bristles of swine may have been used in sewing them.

Both children asked for coffee "*à la Frank*," as they called it. They had never seen it with cream in it, nor served in anything but a tiny Oriental cup. I gave it to them in our own coffee cups, with plenty of cream in, and they stirred it with their spoons and said it was "very grand."

Fareedie was a little sloppy, I must confess, but otherwise they behaved very politely.

But the questions they asked! Fareedie was an animated interrogation point, I thought, and after tea Ali lost his impassiveness, and went round the

house examining everything with curiosity, especially anything that could be moved, or had casters on it.

At last the visit was over. My tall "cawass" came in and announced the carriage was at the door to take them home. With many promises to come again, they went away, kissing me lovingly, Ali with the coveted *Scientific American* under his arm, and Fareedie with a cup and saucer her little heart had longed for.

But they never did come, and I never saw them anywhere again. For Wasif Effendi, the Secretary of the Pasha, hated Mrs. Smith, and by some underhand means contrived to have her dismissed. Then Midhat was transferred to Smyrna, and my

little friends left Beirût, never to return, I fear. Perhaps you know the Pasha was ordered to Constantinople and tried for the murder of the Sultan Abdul Aziz. It was proved that he had been an accomplice, and he was exiled for life, to a place called Jeddah.

And there on the shores of the terrible Red Sea, near Mecca, and far from all civilizing and good influences, my dear little friends are forced to live. Their father is dead, but his family are still at Jeddah.

You would be surprised to know how often I think of them, and how sad it makes me. Their future is full of peril. I wonder if they ever think of me!

SEARCH-QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

I.

LITERARY NAMES AND NICKNAMES.

1. To what author was applied the epithet "Soapy Sam"?
2. Who was called "The Inspired Tinker"?
3. Who was "The Ettrick Shepherd"?
4. What literary woman was called "The Swan of Lichfield"?
5. To what author has been given the title "The Sweet Singer of the Temple"?
6. What writer is known as "The Morning Star of the Reformation"?
7. Who has been called "The Prince of Gossips"?
8. What author was termed "The Philosopher of Malmesbury"?
9. Who was "The Corn-Law Rhymmer"?
10. What seventeenth century poet was called "The Silurist"?
11. Who was "The Bristol Boy"?

12. Upon what writer was conferred by one of the popes the title "The Defender of the Faith"?

13. What poets have been known by the following titles? (a.) "The Bard of Avon"; (b.) "The Bard of Hope"; (c.) "The Bard of Memory"; (d.) "The Bard of Olney"; (e.) "The Ayrshire Bard"; (f.) "The Bard of Rydal Mount"; (g.) "The Bard of the Imagination"; (h.) "The Bard of Twickenham."

14. Who was called "The Manchester Poet"?

15. Who was styled "The Great Unknown"?

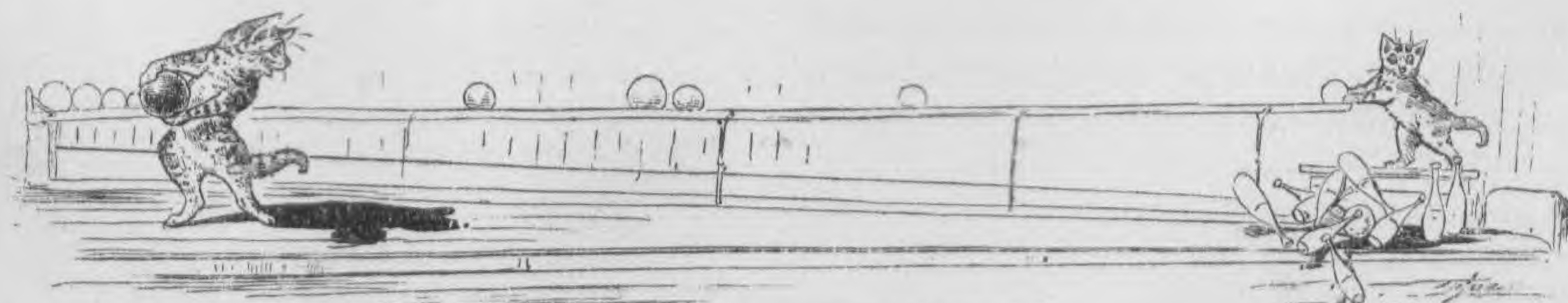
16. What writer is sometimes alluded to as "The Father of Angling"?

17. What early philosopher has been called "The Admirable Doctor," and "The Wonderful Doctor"?

18. What poetical friend of Milton was sometimes called "The British Aristides"?

19. What well-known modern writer has sometimes been styled "The Sage of Chelsea"?

20. What writer is frequently referred to as "The English Opium Eater"?



RECREATION.

C. Y. F. R. U.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., AND REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENTS.
MISS K. F. KIMBALL, PLAINFIELD, N. J., SECRETARY.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' READING UNION, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in WIDE AWAKE and the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL; a few added books form the Supplementary Readings. The Union is under the direction of REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., and REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *ten cents* in postage stamps to the Secretary, Miss KATE F. KIMBALL, Plainfield, N. J., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

FIFTH ANNUAL COURSE.

REQUIRED READINGS (SERIAL).

I. PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS (*American Series*). By Amanda B. Harris, author of *Pleasant Authors* (*English Series*). 12 papers. With portraits. Young people and their counselors, who have accepted Miss Harris as a wise and discriminating guide to the most entertaining English literature, will welcome this series relating to what is most pleasurable in standard American literature.

II. MY GARDEN PETS. By Mary Treat, author of *Home Studies in Nature*. 12 papers. With many illustrations. The writer is a practical naturalist of high standing. These entertaining chapters comprise her observations and experiments with spiders, ants, wasps and beetles.

III. SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME (*Foreign Series*). By Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont. 12 papers. Graphic old world pictures and interesting personal reminiscences of famous people.

IV. SOME ITALIAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK. By George E. Vincent (son of Chancellor Vincent). 12 papers. A pleasant introduction to future classical reading.

V. WAYS TO DO THINGS. By Various Authors. 12 papers. With illustrations. This popular feature of the Readings includes many pleasures and helps.

VI. STRANGE TEAS, DINNERS, WEDDINGS AND FETES. By their Guests and Givers. 12 papers. With illustrations. I. A Syrian Tea (Mehemet Ali and Fareedie); II. A Japanese Dinner; III. A Roman Christmas; IV. Sylvester-Abend. V. A Coptic Wedding; VI. With the French Children. (Others to be announced.)

VII. SEARCH-QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Oscar Fay Adams. 12 sets. *With Prizes*. This feature of the Reading Course last year (*Search-Questions in American Literature*) won the general praise of parents, teachers, the young folks themselves, and the community at large.

REQUIRED READINGS (BOOKS).

I. A FAMILY FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE, GERMANY, NORWAY AND SWITZERLAND. By Rev. E. E. Hale and Miss Susan Hale. Part I. A vivid picturesque story of

travel, full of incident and information, and of high literary merit. With many fine illustrations.

II. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. The scholarly Hudson-Lamb edition of this favorite drama by Shakespeare.

III. UNDERFOOT. By Laura D. Nichols. The story of what a wide awake boy and girl learned of the earthly treasures—a charming volume of natural science for young people. Very fully illustrated.

PRICE LIST:

I.

WIDE AWAKE (\$3.00 to all not members of the Union)	\$2.50
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The books only, to those joining the C. Y. F. R. U. who are already subscribers to WIDE AWAKE or the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL, \$1.75. Postage on books, 25 cents extra.

WIDE AWAKE, the JOURNAL and the books are supplied by D. LOTHROP & Co., 32 Franklin St., Boston, and by the CHAUTAUQUA PRESS, 117 Franklin St., Boston, and book sellers everywhere.

Special! A pretty illustrated eight-page circular containing full particulars about the Fifth Annual Course, and much matter of interest to members of the C. Y. F. R. U., has been prepared for distribution. Members of the Union are requested to distribute among their friends this eight-page circular, which will be mailed free to them in such numbers as they can use to advantage.

Now is the right time to form Local Circles for social reading, discussion and experiment. All members taking the course for the fifth year will forward their names, with the annual fee of ten cents for postage, etc., to Miss Kate F. Kimball, Recording Sec., Plainfield, N. J.

The beautiful Certificate of Membership is mailed free to all new members. It is an exquisite albertype, embodying the light-bearing spirit of the Union, and suited to framing for the home.

A portrait of Washington Irving, which is given with Miss Harris' "Pleasant Authors" in this month's Readings, is a pen etching based on the portrait which appears in Washington Irving's Works, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

At some October meeting of C. Y. F. R. U. Circles, each member may select and bring a Five-Minutes Reading from Washington Irving. At another of the October meetings each may contribute some interesting fact regarding this beloved author. Portraits of him at different periods of his life, and views of his home at Sunnyside will contribute to the general entertainment. It may interest Circles to know that the guide who was with Irving at the Alhambra still lives at Granada. He rejoices in his title, "the Washington Irving Guide," and it is good capital for him, as he is naturally employed on account of this association, and his fund of interesting reminiscences. There is a hotel in Granada named for Irving, and his name is a household word in that romantic city.

The Superintendents of the Union hope that while the members are reading Mrs. Treat's "Garden Pets," they will carefully look for the little creatures she describes, and notice their ways and habits. If they see any new or curious trait they are invited to write a letter about it to either Mrs. Treat, Vineland, New Jersey, or to the Editors of the JOURNAL and the WIDE AWAKE, and also to report it at the next meeting of the Circle to which they belong. Every Circle, in fact every member, ought to own a good microscope. Mrs. Treat will name any specimen of spider, wasp, ant or beetle which members of the Union may choose to send her.

In this connection we may mention that our 32-page Illustrated Premium List includes microscopes just suited to the examination of insects.

In the "Search-Questions in English Literature," which begin in this number, Mr. Adams opens a new field to the Union. While not so familiar as the realm of American Literature, the habits of investigation have now been formed by our searchers, and paths will soon be made among the new nooks. If acquaintance with the names of standard English authors and the titles of their works shall be the only actual acquisition made by our searchers in this work, the reward to them for their labor will still be great and lasting and constantly of use during life.

THE SEARCH-QUESTION PRIZES:

Each Local Circle, or member of the Union, that answers correctly all the questions in one or more of the Twelve Sets, shall be held entitled, for each complete set of answers, to one volume from the following list of D. Lothrop & Co.'s Popular Biographies (Standard \$1.50 books): *Abraham Lincoln, Bayard Taylor, Charles Dickens, Henry W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Horace Greeley, David Livingstone, George Peabody, John G. Whittier, Charles Sumner, George Washington, James A. Garfield*; or the following

books: *Life of Pizarro, Life of Cortez, Life of Columbus, Paul and Virginia, Vicar of Wakefield, Robinson Crusoe.*

As an early edition of the October Readings had necessarily to be printed for use at the Chautauqua and Framingham Assemblies, the Answers to the August "Search-Questions in American Literature" had to be omitted, together with lists of the answerers. This matter will appear in the November issues of the JOURNAL and WIDE AWAKE, together with the answers to the September Questions.

MR. YAN PHOU LEE, a young Chinese scholar at Yale College, New Haven, Conn., will, with his assistants, answer all questions which members of the C. Y. F. R. U. may desire to ask about different countries, their people, their laws and customs, education and domestic life. All inquiries should be sent to him at the above address.

ALL THE WORLD AROUND.

"Will you please tell me about the Suez Canal?"

I will tell you as much as I know of it by actual experience. The Canal, as all know, joins the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, is eighty-six miles long, but varies in width. Half of the time it barely allows one ship to pass through. It is not unusual to see a ship "getting stuck." In order that steamers from opposite directions may pass, there have been made switches, where steamers haul alongside to let another coming from the opposite direction pass, and after this has gone, the waiting steamer steams off rejoicing. There are numerous telegraph stations along the bank which keep track of the movements of a vessel and notify one another of the approach of a ship. In consequence of this arrangement, steamers go slowly, at the rate of only four miles per hour, and then only permitted to run in the daytime, while sailing vessels are forbidden to go through at all.

It took the ship in which I came to America the last time three days to make a distance of eighty-six miles. It was a most tedious ride and the frequent stoppages were annoying. There was little else to see along the route but sand and water, water and sand. It was desert on either hand as far as your eye could see. In spite of its dryness, for no rain falls there, a prickly shrub has managed to flourish — food for camels and donkeys. I saw quite a number of camels employed in carrying the accumulated sand from the banks. On account of this shifting sand, dredging machines are in constant demand for deepening the channel. Once in a great while, we came upon some huts of the ill-favored Arabs, but besides these and the few foreigners at the stations, no human beings could be seen. A silence still as death broods over this barren spot, famous in Bible history. It is a spot sacred to the memory of Abraham and Jacob and Joseph and Moses. I must not forget to mention the lakes which intersect the canal. In them there is plenty of room for manœuvres and greater speed is allowed. The town of Ismaïlia is on one of these lakes. As we passed by we could see the white walls of the Khedive's palace. Not far off was the field where a battle was fought between Arabi Pasha and the English some three years ago.

THE WIDE AWAKE POST-OFFICE.

RENO, Nev.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have had you for five years, and always read you with a great deal of pleasure; I am a little Sage-brush girl eleven years old. I was born in Gold Hill, and now I live in Reno, the pleasantest town in the State. There are a great many Indians in Nevada; Piutes, Washoes and Shoshones; but they are not very friendly with each other.

I have written a little story about something which happened at our house one day, which I should like to see in the Post-office, if you think it worth printing, for I don't suppose many of your readers know as much about Indians and their ways as I do, and it may interest them.

OUR TROUBLE WITH A WASHOE SQUAW.

One day shortly after we had arrived in Reno we saw an old squaw coming into the yard. She looked like an old ragbag, she was so ragged and dirty. She came right up on to the porch and looked into the window. We opened the door, invited her in and asked her what her name was. She hesitated a moment and then said, "Me got no name, but white woman call me, Miley." She then informed us that she was "heap hogady," which means very hungry. We fed her and then had her do a little washing to pay for it. After that she honored us with many visits. One day she was washing for us when grandma unfortunately happened to speak of how much we liked the Piutes. Miley fired up in a minute.

"You likey Piutee! me go, me no wash!"

Grandma tried to persuade her to stay and finish her washing, but she was very mad and went away as fast as she could go and we have never seen her since.

BESSIE TAHOE DOTEN.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have taken you since '84 and like your stories very much, especially the Post-office. This is my first letter to you so I hope it will be a success. I am very fond of roller and ice-skating, also, bicycle riding. I am saving up my money so to buy one, but I think it will be a long time before I get forty-two dollars. If you can give me the addresses of some bicycle stores in the city, I will be very much obliged. I am eleven years old and I have a little sister nine years. Please print my letter for I want to surprise papa.

EDWARD ANDERSON.

If Master Edward will buy a number of the *Outing* magazine at the newsdealers, he will find in the advertising pages the addresses of many manufacturers of bicycles, and will learn a great many interesting things about bicycling.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

DEAR GIRL READERS OF WIDE AWAKE IN EUROPE:

As I expect to go abroad next summer, I thought it would be very pleasant to have correspondents in some of the places where I intend going. So if any of you in London, Paris, Rome, or any other places where travellers are apt to go, wish to correspond with me (and I should like to write to some of you who live where I may not go, too,) please address,

KATE L. BRADLEY.

Lock Box 833.

COWLESVILLE.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have taken you for three years and I am ashamed to say I have not written once, but you must not blame me for I did not know your address until just this morning when mamma told me. I think that "The Bubbling Teapot" and its continuation "The Child's Paradise," is perfectly splendid, and I wish it would never end; but I suppose it is of no use to wish. We are now out in the country to spend the summer, and of course we (my sister Emily and myself) expect to have a lovely time, there being no one in the house except our own family and Mr. and Mrs. Cushman, the farmer and his wife, whom we are staying with. I would like to let Laura Seem know that in mamma's room out here there is an emery of the same kind that she put in the July Post-office except that it is made of two sea shells instead of walnut shells. Mamma and grandma have lent us each a leather belt, but before mine came out I wore a red ribbon so that the baby called that a bustle, and Emily's leather one a wooden bustle. Wasn't that funny?

JULIA COIT.

TO THE READERS OF THE WIDE AWAKE:

I would like to address to the young readers of the WIDE AWAKE a few words concerning my own idea and conception of the right course of reading. Readers are to be classified into two orders; the intellectual reader, and the unintellectual or careless reader. The first will profit by reading. That is, his capacity of knowledge will have been increased and his logic sharpened. The other will have gained nothing but amusement to while away an idle hour; what he has read, be it of high merit or low, will have no more added to his knowledge than if it had never been known to him. The intelligent reader is the counterpart of him that sets himself down to a meal and knows what he eats. He will eat that which is most beneficial to his health or tend to strengthen him; that which has the opposite effect he wisely lets alone. The unintelligent reader is the counterpart of him that will set himself down to his meal and eat anything to his taste without regard to its beneficial or injurious effect. He will eat a bit of this, and a bit of that,

and at the close of his meal he will have filled himself with an assortment of dishes that are at once indigestible and injurious. It is the same with his reading. He will take up a book or magazine, read an article, at the end of which he will turn to another, forgetting all about the former one. At the end he will have but a confused idea of what he had been reading. Now take the case of the intelligent reader. He will ask himself, "Will the reading of this repay me for the time spent on it?" "Will it be of benefit?" If so he will not only read it but will study it — that is, he will exercise his judgment as to the correctness or incorrectness of the statements made. If he sees their wisdom, he will accept them and make the best use of them. But if on the contrary he finds them erroneous, he will reject them. He will in the words of Lord Bacon: "Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider." Before closing my letter, I would like to warn the readers of the WIDE AWAKE against one of the greatest errors that is common among readers, the overlooking of a word in course of reading of which we have no knowledge; that is a word we know not how to pronounce, much less know the meaning of. This is a great hindrance to the advancement of intellectual reading. By skipping a word of this kind the whole meaning or idea of an author may be lost. For words of this kind which are not generally known to the young reader often take the place of a more elaborate sentence. One of the best rules whereby the reader may master these words is the following: first, furnish yourself with a small note-book the size of your upper vest pocket (this is for convenience). Second, whenever you come across words of this kind, after looking them up in the dictionary, enter them into your note-book in alphabetical order with pronunciation and meaning annexed; also the way in which the words are used, if as a noun, verb, adverb, etc. Over these spend about a quarter of an hour each day in study. In a short time you will have mastered them.

An Old Boy, C. J. M.

The Postmistress knows that the Old Boy's advice in regard to keeping a note-book for new words, especially descriptive words in natural history, is excellent advice.

STAUNTON, Va.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have taken you only two years. I like to take you ever so much. I am very much interested in the stories, "How The Middies Set up Shop," "The Bubbling Teapot," and its sequel "The Child's Paradise," and the story in last year's WIDE AWAKE called "No-Man's Land."

Nellie Osborn asks how to transfer pictures. Dip them in a little lukewarm water, place the picture the right side on what you wish to decorate, press it tightly for a few moments, then draw it gently away.

AMY HART.

FARIBAULT, Minn.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

This is the second year I have taken you, and I think you are splendid. My auntie gave you to me for a Christmas present. She also sends my two brothers *Youth's Companion* and *Harper's Young People*. I am very fond of music and am taking two lessons a week. I have never seen any letters from here, though I know of several who take you.

My papa is a farmer but we live in town. I often go out to the farm, and then what fun I have hunting for the secret nests of the hens and pigeons, and rolling and tumbling on the hay. I hope this letter is good enough to print, for I want to surprise my mamma and a friend.

MAMIE CHAFFEE.

FARIBAULT, Minn.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

In reading over your June number to-day — it was so interesting that I have read it over at least four times — I came to the letter department and was very much interested. It set me to thinking that as I am interested in other people's letters, other people might be interested in mine; and considering it as the second year I have taken you I felt it my duty to write. I tried Matty Jenk's recipe for candy and it was so nice that the children were begging for some before it was done. I like the letter from F. M. W. very much. My teacher tells me I have a talent for writing, and I hope I have. I never sent anything for print before, but when I do send anything I hope it will not be refused as Loto's novel was. I am twelve years old and am in the Third Intermediate Grade at school. I have never seen any letters from Minnesota. If I were to attempt to name my favorite stories in WIDE AWAKE I should name every one. I think it is a splendid magazine and am never tired of reading it. Perhaps some one who will read this letter will like to puzzle over these riddles: Who was the straightest man in the Bible and why was he so straight? What is the difference between twenty-four quart bottles and four and twenty quart bottles? In "The Bubbling Teapot" and "The Child's Paradise" I think that Flossy Tangleskein will find that *home* is the true "Child's Paradise." It need not necessarily be America, for other children that are contented and happy might think that their country was just as much of a Paradise. I, like L. H., was much interested in the story entitled "The Rich Man of the Mountains." Although I do not live anywhere near the gulch referred to, I think the proverb "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched" would apply to the men who thought they were going to make a fortune.

If any one is going to send for a book or so from "The Young Folks' Library," I will recommend *Margie's Mission* and *Tip Lewis and His Lamp*. We have them in our family and think they are splendid. Can any one tell me how to take a small brown spot off the skin without leaving a mark? It is not a freckle. I am going to induce my friend Mary Chaffee who takes the WIDE AWAKE to write to it. I do not belong to any club, but hope to some day.

OLIVE N. HALLOCK.



PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

(American Series.)

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

II.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

THE second writer to show to the world that we in America were to have a literature of our own, was the man whose name stands above. Irving was just beginning to be famous when Cooper began. It is a fact worth remembering, too, that it was about the period when Walter Scott was at the height of his popularity, and that this new American novelist who was destined to similar popularity among his own countrymen, launched his first book in the same year (1820) that *Ivanhoe* appeared.

It was from no purpose, from no following a natural bent, but the result of an impulse, an unexpected coming true of what was spoken in sportive boast, that made Cooper an author. Nothing in his past had turned him in that direction; he was thirty years old, and having no special profession, had apparently settled down as a sort of gentleman farmer, engaged in looking after his estate, planting trees and living the country life he was always so fond of. That this should have been broken in upon the way it was, and that he should have written more than thirty novels besides other books during the next thirty years, were circumstances that must have seemed to him as extraordinary as they do to us.

He happened one day to be reading to his wife an English society novel, and not being pleased with it, he laid it down, saying, "I believe I could write a better story myself," and set to work and wrote *Precaution*; whether as good or not, tradition does not tell, but probably quite equal to any of its class — which is not saying that it is in the least attractive. He had a poor opinion of it, and perhaps there his authorship might have ended but for some of his friends, who said as he had done fairly well with a subject he knew nothing about — English society — he must try his hand at something he was acquainted with.

The result was *The Spy*, in which he created one

of his best-known characters from humble life, Harvey Birch. The scene where the story was laid was the battle-ground of a great deal of partisan warfare during the Revolution, and some of the incidents he worked up he had heard from the lips of survivors. The pictures of country life and hospitality at the Westchester home were no doubt true to the life; and who can doubt, while he laughs over it, that the good cheer at the grand dinner-party at the Locusts had some foundation in fact? — when "the formal procession from the kitchen to the parlor commenced," and Cæsar led the van, supporting a turkey on the palms of his hands, the servant of Captain Lawton following with a Virginia ham, next the valet of Colonel Wellmere with fricasseed chickens and oyster patties, after him the attendant of Doctor Sitgreaves with an enormous tureen of soup, next another trooper with a pair of roasted ducks, followed by a white servant boy groaning under a load of vegetables; all these things having been deposited on the table, Cæsar led the march back to the kitchen, soon returning again, at the head of the procession, conveying "whole flocks of pigeons, certain bebies of quails, shoals of flat-fish, bass, and sundry woodcock; and the third attack brought potatoes, onions, beets, cold-slaw, rice, and all the other minutiae of a goodly dinner."

The next subject chosen was the frontier life which he had been familiar with in his childhood in the valley of the Otsego, and he wrote *The Pioneers*. It has been complained of it that the descriptions clog the story, but therein, and in the introduction of Natty Bumppo, lies the charm of the book. Every chapter shows that it was written with love and how happy he was in bringing out of the past all those events and scenes of a backwoodsman's life. The aspects of winter scenery, the wood-chopping, the maple-sugar making, the fishing and woodcraft, the hunting, and the spear- ing of bass by torchlight, are some of its best points; and the free-hand touch in that wilderness story was never surpassed in the later and more artistic novels of the "Leather Stocking Series,"

of which this was pioneer in fact as well as title.

Just here you may need to be reminded that Cooper was one of the first to describe natural scenery, and mark the changes of the sylvan year; not with the fine analysis and discrimination of such later writers as Thoreau and John Burroughs, but with broad sweeps, which served well their purpose since we were made to feel that we were there, in the forest, that the freshness of the primitive wilderness was ours, the aroma of the pines and hemlocks in every breath of the air, that any moment a deer might bound across our path, that civilization was away behind — we had left it and come joyfully into this new, green, rustling, balsam-scented world where Leather Stocking roamed with all the freedom of Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest, without Robin's outlaw doings.

No sooner had Cooper begun on this line of fiction, than a circumstance occurred which directed him into another, and he wrote a sea story. At a dinner party where he was present, the conversation turned on *The Pirate* of Sir Walter Scott, just published, in which the eye of one skilled in nautical affairs could discern some errors that none but a landsman would have fallen into. Our author, who in his youth had spent a year before the mast in a merchant vessel, and been midshipman three years, attempted to convince the company that if Scott had been a seaman he could have made a more effectual use of his materials; and so thinking, "I must write one more book — a sea tale — to see what can be done in that way by a sailor," he said to his wife.

Thus *The Pilot* had its origin, with John Paul Jones for the leading personage, though the true hero was another of his strong characters out of humble life. Long Tom Coffin of Nantucket, who was born on the ocean and chose to die there, who could not find his way when he was put on shore, who believed it was a "rank lie" those men had told him, that there "was as much arth as water in the world;" for, said he:

I've sailed with a blowing sheet months an-end without falling in with as much land or rock as would answer a gull to lay its eggs on. . . . Give me a plenty of sea-room and good canvas, where there is no occasion for pilots at all, sir. For my part, I was born on board a chibacco-man, and never could see the use of more land than here and there a small island to raise a few vegetables and to dry your fish on.

Cooper meant to have "resuscitated" him in later stories, as he did Natty Bumppo; but it is perhaps quite as well that our last look of the simple-hearted old cockswain was on the morning after that night of terror, when he went down, alone, with the vessel he loved so well, sinking with the wreck of the *Ariel* in the overwhelming sea. In the later sea-stories, of more or less excellence, more skilfully constructed, he never surpassed in thrilling power two or three scenes in this.

In the succession of novels, he varied from land

to ocean, the sea-stories coming along at intervals, being written at different places. *The Red Rover* came into life at a little hamlet near Paris (during a long residence of himself and family in Europe), whence his imagination transported him to the scene of the opening chapters, Newport, Rhode Island, where we make the acquaintance of the vessels and men who are to be concerned in those exciting events, pursuit, sea-fight, wreck, heightened by the terrors of a tornado — so rapid, so vivid, so well managed that we half incline to place it second in merit. *The Water Witch*, written two years later, has a jaunty, foreign air, and can more properly be called a romance. *The Wing and Wing* was a favorite with him, though just why one can hardly see; the vessel is a French privateer in the Mediterranean, and the sailors and other characters are of several nationalities, chief among them Ithuriel Bolt, one of the New Englanders whom Cooper had little love for, usually making them hypocrites, or coarse and vulgar. In the same year with the last, was written *The Two Admirals*, one of the most spirited, narrating the evolutions of fleets instead of single ships.

He composed and wrote rapidly, and no sooner was one off his hands than he planned another, sometimes carrying along two together, as in the case of *Jack Tier* and *The Crater*, neither of which ranks with his best, while both have a good deal of power in certain chapters and keep their interest nearly to the end. The time of the first is the Mexican War, and the action takes place near the Dry Tortugas and neighboring reefs; thus Cooper takes advantage of many localities, and uses mutiny, abandonment, all thrilling episodes on board ship and war of elements, and puts a seaman's knowledge and resources to severest test. There is not one of the sea-stories without brilliant and commanding passages. In *Jack Tier* is drawn with a bold hand one type of captain, that cruel, coarse "old sea-dog, Stephen Spike, skipper of the *Molly Swash*," and the escape from the sharks, the occurrences at the lighthouse and the firing at the supposed ghost of the man Spike had abandoned to his fate are in the author's best manner. As for *The Crater* it is like Jules Verne in preposterous improbability, but the details of life there and at Rancocus Island are Robinson Crusoe-ish in their fascination.

Another which tells how *The Sea Lions*, two ships of the same name, go down to the southern seas in search of seals, has some strong chapters where the men are ice-bound and experience the awful rigors of an antarctic winter; and probably no such picture of the appalling desolation of Cape Horn and the loneliness of the infinite ocean can be found in any other writing:

Directly ahead of the schooner rose a sort of pyramid of broken rocks, which occupying a small island stood isolated in a measure, and some distance in advance of other and equally ragged ranges of mountains, which belonged also to

islands detached from the mainland thousands of years before, under some violent convulsion of nature.

"You know the spot, do you, Stephen?" demanded Boswell Gardner, with interest.

"Yes, sir, there's no mistake. That's the Horn. Eleven times have I doubled it, and this is the third time that I've been so close in as to get a fair sight of it. Once I went inside as I've told you, sir."

"I have doubled it six times myself," said Gardner, "but never saw it before. Most navigators give it a wide berth. 'Tis said to be the stormiest place on the known earth."

The men had climbed it, and saw the limitless world of water:—

The earth probably does not contain a more remarkable sentinel than this pyramid on which our hero had now taken his station. There it stood, actually the Ultima Thule of this vast continent. . . . The eye saw to the right, the Pacific; in front was the Southern or Antarctic ocean, and to the left was the great Atlantic.

True or imaginary, Cooper never drew a more vivid picture than in that thirteenth chapter, of which a few extracts give only a faint idea.

Afloat and Ashore again takes him on the sea; this, his first book in autobiographic form, leaves the hero drowning, but the sequel, *Miles Wallingford*, picks him up. *Satanstoe*, also an autobiography, has a sequel, *The Chainbearer*. The four have much to do with colonial life in New York; doubtless "Clawbonny," the home of Miles, is a fair representation, with its one-story, gabled stone house, "to which had been added until the whole structure got to resemble a cluster of cottages thrown together without the least attention to order or regularity," orchards, meadows, ploughed fields all around, barns, granaries of solid stone, a comfortable, cosey country place. Lucy Harding in the two stories, and Anneke Mordaunt in *Satanstoe*, are Cooper's most clearly defined heroines. Usually they are so vague and tame there is nothing to remember them by; there is hardly so much stamina in them all as would furnish one Jane Eyre, or Jeanie Deans, or Dinah Morris. You cannot even tell in what story Alice was, or what Cora did, or keep Ellen separate in your mind from Elizabeth or Mabel. They are lovely, or they would not be heroines, and for the same reason they are loved; they journey into the wilderness and have adventures, but the pattern is much the same wherever found.

Satanstoe is a neck of land, a farm, the home of the Littlepage family, from which the young heir goes forth, seeing the world up towards the frontier, Albany way, at a period of which Mrs. Grant wrote in her *American Lady*, which Cooper often refers to and would have advised one to take in collateral reading, as he would Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*, if it had then been written. In this spirited and fine novel, the heir, Corny, sees Dutch life, has experiences in Albany, goes coasting in the streets and engages in the mad pranks of the young men, makes the acquaintance of that vigorously drawn roysterer, Guert Ten Eyck, and is one of the party who have the sleighride on the Hudson on the eve

when the ice is breaking up—one of the most curdling passages in modern fiction. *The Chainbearer* continues the narrative, with less spirit, however, till you come to the episode of the squatters, Thousandacres, his gaunt wife, his half-savage sons and the girl, Lowina, which is drawn with a masterly hand.

It is not practicable in one short paper to run over the whole of Cooper's novels. He was a very uneven writer; a few of the books are poor and tiresome, others, like *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish* and *Wyandotté*, are of medium quality, while certain of the sea-stories and the Leather-Stocking Tales are



J. Fenimore Cooper

of superlative excellence. These need no exposition, no commendation. He was master of that kind of fiction which owes its interest to incident and adventures; swift in movement, picturesque in treatment. How fresh and exhilarating after the staple novels of mediæval life, castles, knight-errantry, kings and courts, society in foreign capitals, artificiality, must have been *The Pioneers* and those that followed in the series! He had created a new kind of romance. These stories of life on the frontier, of the backwoodsmen, Indians, the wilderness, were a novelty. We have to thank him for and give him the honor of the true American novel in literature; and at this late day no one need feel called upon to find fault with him for not being

artistic, or for not developing character. Later writers may and do excel in those respects, but we have only one Cooper, and his best books hold the ground, always popular with a large class; wholesome, too, as the breath of the wilderness.

The question has been asked if he ever really knew the man, "Natty Bumppo." It does not matter. Was he real? Every schoolboy believes in him, almost from the moment when he appears, standing six feet in his stockings, tall, wiry, sandy-haired, with gray eyes under shaggy brows, in fox-skin cap, in coat and leggings and moccasins of deer-skin, with leathern pouch, powder horn, rifle, and the old hound, Hector. He refuses to be made a myth of. Leather Stocking has a foothold on the soil, and he will keep it.

The author had an intimate fondness for him at any rate. Clearly to Cooper he was real. See how careful a study he makes of his character in the ninth chapter of *The Pathfinder*; if it had been George Washington, he would not have done it more faithfully: and in *Home as Found*, Eve Effingham says:

There, near the small house that is erected over a spring of delicious water, stood the hut of Natty Bumppo, once known throughout all these mountains as a renowned hunter; a man who had the simplicity of a woodsman, the heroism of a savage, the faith of a Christian, and the feelings of a poet. A better than he, after his fashion, seldom lived.

In the preface to *The Pathfinder* is an explanation of the order in which the five stories of The Leather Stocking series naturally come. The latest of Cooper's critics, Professor Lounsbury, says:

"The life of Leather Stocking was now a complete drama in five acts; beginning with the first war-path in *The Deerslayer*, followed by his career of activity and love in *The Last of the Mohicans* and *The Pathfinder*, and his old age and death in *The Pioneers* and *The Prairie*."

Of Cooper's Indians, he says:

"But whether his representation be true or false, it has from that time to this profoundly affected public opinion. Throughout the whole civilized world the conception of the Indian character, as Cooper drew it in *The Last of the Mohicans*, and still further elaborated it in the later Leather-Stocking Tales, has taken permanent hold of the imaginations of men."

For yourselves, you must bring your own judgment to bear on the question after you have read *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, and *Montcalm and Wolfe* by Parkman — history set against romance.

From the "Introductions," by the author's

daughter, Susan Fenimore Cooper, in a late edition of the novels, many facts about his life may be gathered, and at the end are notes about the ancestral home on Otsego Lake. Especially valuable are the description and notes in *The Pioneers*. In scenes of *The Deerslayer* he closely describes the Otsego prior to the time when the first rude settlement was begun on its banks. The rock of the rendezvous is still known as Otsego Rock. In the ninth and eleventh chapters of *Home as Found*, the mountain called "The Vision" and the village of Templeton (before described in *The Pioneers*) show us the Cooper home. It is interesting to trace Cooper and his pursuits in this way.

He was born in Burlington, N. J., September 15, 1790, and two months later the family moved up into the new country near the head-waters of the Susquehanna on Otsego Lake, where he spent his childhood and his later years. It was the place dearest on earth to him; he loved every inch of its soil, and the Lake (the Glimmerglass of his novels), was a perpetual delight to him. He enjoyed a farm he had up among the hills, called the "Chalet," and was fond of all domestic animals, had a favorite cat which sat on his shoulder while he wrote, and when he visited the barn quarters a whole procession of poultry, cows, oxen, horses, dogs, cats, would gather about him and follow him.

He died in Cooperstown, September 14, 1851. The town, whose name is a memorial of him, keeps a reminder of his novels in the names given to picturesque spots he had already made the world familiar with; the little steamer that plies on the lake is called the *Natty Bumppo*, and a marble statue of Natty, rifle in hand and hound looking up into his face, has been placed on a point overlooking the cemetery where Cooper is buried.

NOTE.—A list of Cooper's novels is as follows: *The Spy*, *The Pioneers*, *The Pilot*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Red Rover*, *The Prairie*, *The Water Witch*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Deerslayer*, *The Two Admirals*, *The Wing-and-Wing*, *Afloat and Ashore*, *Miles Wallingford*, *Satanstoe*, *The Chainbearer*, *The Sea-Lions*, *The Bravo*, *Jack Tier*, *The Crater*, *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*, *Wyandotte*, *Homeward Bound*, *Home as Found*, *Lionel Lincoln*, *The Headsman*, *Mercedes of Castile*, *The Heidenmauer*, *The Red-Skins*, *The Monikins*, *Precaution*, *The Oak Openings*, *The Ways of the Hour*. The six last named are poor, and the four next preceding are of comparatively small value. It is better to read the best ones twice than spend time on the others. He wrote several volumes of travels, other miscellaneous works, and a history of the navy of the United States, and biographies of distinguished American naval officers. As it was his request that no "authorized account of his life" be written, there is no biography of importance except that in the American "Men of Letters" Series, by Professor Lounsbury — which gives a fine critical estimate of his writings.

MY GARDEN PETS.

BY MARY TREAT.

II.

OTHER ORB-WEAVERS.

EPEIRA TRIFOLIUM is the most elegant orb-weaver with which I am acquainted. It is quite common in New England, but not so often met in the Middle States. I do not know whether it lives in the South; but I am inclined to think, however, that it is wholly a Northern species.

In color some individuals of the species are a dark purple-brown with several yellow spots and undulating bands; others are a light yellow, variously mottled with darker shades. When full grown—which occurs in the autumn—the female is large, her body being about two thirds of an inch in length, or, as the naturalists would say, sixteen mm; all measurement in natural history is now made by the metric system.

In New Hampshire Madame Trifolium almost invariably selects her home among graceful ferns which grow along the side of little rivulets, or in springy, swampy places, where she makes her domicile in such a cunning way that it takes keen eyes to find it. It would be almost impossible to see one if she did not hang out her great round snare which always leads to her door. She takes the tops of three or four ferns and brings them together in the shape of a cone; and this is done so neatly that no web shows externally. The outside of the ferns remain green and fresh; but the inside has a white silken lining. In this dainty nest the shade-loving creature spends the day secure against her greatest enemies, the birds, as no bird would think of trying to alight on these delicate ferns.

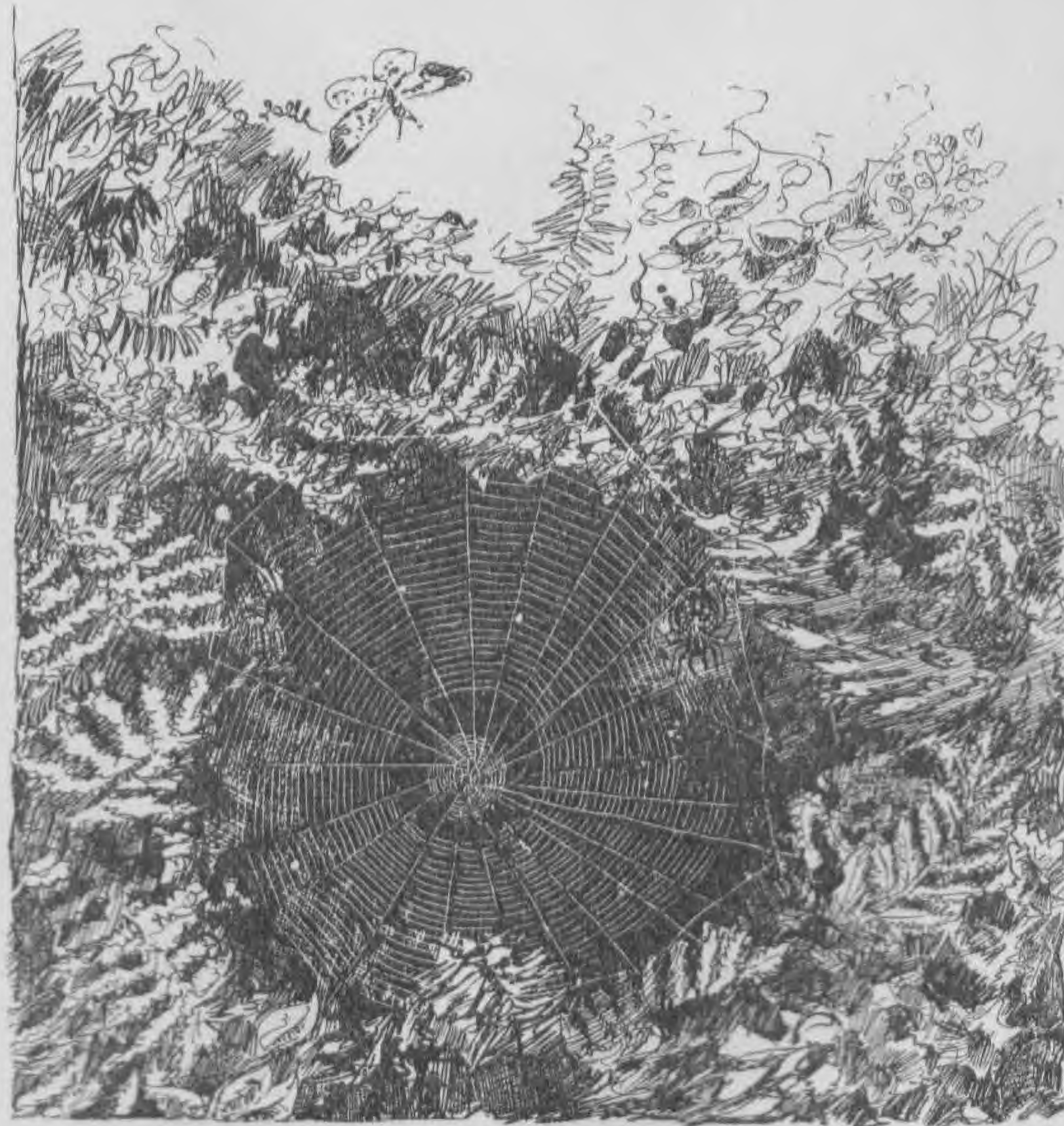
But Madame is no idler in this snug cool retreat. She invariably has a telephone or telegraph line connected with her pretty snare outside which tells her when an unlucky moth, or grasshopper, or fly, has been entrapped in its meshes. As I approach the snare I often frighten a great many neighboring insects that are hidden among the ferns, and many of the distracted creatures fly into it. At once Madame leaves her house. She hastens along the line until she reaches them. She finds more business on her hands than she can well attend to. She hurries from one to another and winds silken threads around them, making them secure prisoners. When she has tied them all, she takes one with her and returns along the line that leads to her castle and goes within to make a meal.

But now that her larder is so well supplied she is not as saving as when she has but little; in fact she is quite wasteful. She does not half suck the

juices of a fly before she throws it away and goes out after another victim. This, surely, indicates memory, a sense of numbers perhaps, also a desire to try the different kinds of game.

Madame Trifolium is particularly fond of grasshoppers. One day, thinking I would help her to her favorite food, I caught an agile young grasshopper and threw it into her snare. She at once came rushing along the line and on into the snare until she reached it. But to my surprise, instead of tying it up, she cut the silken threads which held it and let it go. I repeated the experiment several times, and always with the same result. Was this because I had held the grasshopper in my hand? Was her sense of taste so delicate as to be offended by some foreign flavor imparted by my touch?

This sensitive Madame Trifolium had a stately neighbor by the name of Dolomedes Scriptus, in



MADAME TRIFOLIUM AND HER SNARE.

some of whose traits I was also much interested. She measured over two inches from the first pair of feet to the fourth pair. When I first observed her she was carrying a cocoon of eggs about the size of a small cherry. Apparently she built no house for herself—though I afterward found she could do so if she chose—and spun no snare to entrap insects, but sprang upon her prey like a cat or tiger.

Although she had no house, she claimed a particu-

lar domain for her home. For more than two weeks while she was carrying her cocoon her favorite resting-place was on the top of Madame Trifolium's castle; and often when Madame went out to look after her game Scriptus would stealthily slip inside. But she always knew when Trifolium was returning and would quickly emerge and take her place on the outside, as if she had a very human shame and would not like to have her neighbor find her rummaging through her house.

One morning I missed Dolomedes from her accustomed place. Upon searching among the ferns near by, I found as fine a domicile as ever spider made.



THE SUSPENDED CASTLE.

a — castle; *b* — trap-line; *c* — foundation-line to which the snare is attached, and also the lower part of castle.

It was three or four inches in length and from two to three in breadth. The ferns were bent over and fastened together, but several openings or windows were left through which I could look, and there I saw the cocoon suspended from the ceiling, but Madame herself was nowhere in sight. Possibly she had become tired of carrying the cocoon and concluded to hang it up, or she may have been hungry and gone off on a hunting expedition.

I had reason to suppose that she had been fasting a long time, for she had carried the cocoon beneath the jaws, clasped by the mandibulæ, which would preclude the possibility of her catching any game.

In two or three days after this fine domicile was made the young spiders were hatched and swarming all over the outside of the cocoon; and when I touched the house ever so lightly they would come running down the lines in the direction of my finger as if they expected something. They reminded me of very young birds which when we go to the nest always open their mouths to be fed, not having yet learned to recognize the parents. So I now resolved to keep close watch for Mother Scriptus. I had never heard that she fed her young ones. But from their behavior I was quite

sure that she did so, and one evening not long afterward my patience was rewarded. I saw the mother with a large fly in her mandibles taking long strides in the direction of her home. She was soon inside of the house and the little ones thronged around her and sucked the juices of the fly while she held it — she had previously thoroughly crushed it with her strong jaws.

For several days the young would run down the lines whenever I touched the nest; but after awhile they would shrink back instead of coming to meet me. With age had come wisdom. They had learned there were other creatures in the world than spiders; but how the wisdom came I never knew.

I observed that a great many silken lines were strung through the house and that on these the little ones hung their old tattered clothes, which made it look like a spider's rag fair; and that the little creatures from time to time came out in new suits of a different pattern.

All spiders moult some four or five times. Each time they appear in different colors, or have undergone some change in the markings — a fact which is apt to make confusion about recognizing the species.

When Madame Trifolium lives in Southern New Jersey she does not find such charming mountain rivulets and cool nooks among delicate ferns to build her house among as she does in New Hampshire. But she is no fault-finder. Wherever she is she makes the most of her surroundings. When her domicile was among low-growing ferns it was always below the snare; the snare being made fast to the tallest weeds or bushes in her vicinity. In other situations this is reversed; then the snare is lower than the house. Especially is this true when she builds in vineyards. I kept watch upon one that had her home in a grapevine near the house. She took a grape leaf and folded and fashioned it in a way to make a neat little room lined with white silk. But grape leaves begin to fall quite early in the autumn — this time long before she was ready to give up her snug domicile; and when Madame's house fell did she vacate it? By no means. Arachne's descendant is equal to any emergency. In this case she showed her engineering skill. The width of the house was two and a half inches, its depth about two inches, and it had fallen almost to the ground, nearly five feet from where it grew, and was caught and held by some of the lines which sustained the snare. The leaf though dry and light was quite bulky; yet she managed to haul it up with a silken cable until she got it back to within a few inches of the twig on which it grew, where she moored it with seven strong cables. The length of each cable depended upon the point of attachment. The longest was eleven inches, the shortest about four inches. It was now swinging above her snare. She then ran lines from the lower part of the house and fastened them to the cable that held the snare. And here she lived in her suspended castle quite secure from winds and storms.

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.

(Foreign Series.)

BY MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

II.

QUEEN MARIE-AMELIE.

WE had a most reposing dinner that evening at Mr. Bates for, as Mrs. Bates kindly thought, I was tired from the long ceremonial of the Drawing Room. Two diplomats of distinction, who were also great travellers, had wished to meet Mr. Frémont quietly and talk travel, so we were but six at table.

When it is a large dinner, you meet, practically, but the one person assigned to you — this may prove a pleasure, but sometimes that one person may be stupid enough.

This time the conversation was in common, and charming from the wide experience and high position of some present, and the harmony of tastes in all. The table had a shaded light as for a home dinner, and in the space of a big English dining-room the wax lights on the distant buffets did not tell on this quieting effect. I think I was at every variety of dinner in London: the heavy old-fashioned four hours of time and thirty guests; the completely fashionable, of many people but over in the hour and a half to which modern ideas have mercifully reduced the sitting; dinners, where the ladies "withdrew to the drawing room leaving the gentlemen over their wine," a solemn proceeding familiar to me in Virginia; and the later usage also familiar to me in Washington of all leaving the table together; delightful meetings with specially agreeable men, travellers, officers and pleasant people generally at "bachelor quarters" because I could not go to a club dinner; but none pleased me so entirely as the subdued luxury of this little dinner of six, where everything was subordinated to the idea of repose and friendly intimacy. No tall candlesticks and vases and heavy silver things to block one's sight of the opposite person, but a large bowl of exquisite roses covered the centre of the table and let us all see and hear in comfort. But each appointment was an art-study; the salt cellar by me quite charmed me — a silver statuette by Froment-Meurice, eight or ten inches high, of Venus rising from the sea. The foam on the waves was real salt, just enough to excuse its being called a salt cellar, but the beautiful figure of chased silver with its burnished silver masses of wetted hair was a thing of beauty. Another was a Neptune reining in his fiery half-horses; these had to have more salt as they had lashed the waves to more foam than could the gentle Venus — "Born of the sea

to show air and water are necessary to make beauty," some one says.

Inevitably they spoke first of the event of the morning. This assertion of imperial power by France, still in name a Republic with a President, was discussed calmly but with full comprehension by men who had taken their part in other political upheavals — and in their downfalls.

Mrs. Bates told me that after dinner she would show me her souvenirs of the stay made at her house by the Queen of France (the wife of Louis Phillippe), when she escaped to England from the Revolution of 1848.

In a small boudoir at the end of the suite of large drawing rooms was a deep arm-chair in the chimney corner with a white satin ribbon tied from arm to arm, and fastened to its high back the inscription that there sat Queen Marie-Amelie during the days of dreadful suspense while she waited to know the fate of the king, of her sons, of her very dear orphan grandsons the Count de Paris and the Duc de Chartres who you know came over and served in our war. Only some of her daughters and daughters-in-law escaped with her — they too, anxious and most unhappy.

Imagine this poor mother's anguish. She was a good and a proud woman, and brought to the French throne a family life of affection, of personal example and insistence on an honorable atmosphere, never known in France before her time. She was of the house of Savoy which is simple, direct, brave, and true to its duty. Her grandson, the King of Belgium, shows the good of this blood in his sensible uses of power to develop commerce; and another near relative, the fine young King Humbert, showed himself as brave as his father Victor Emanuel, in his conduct during the cholera in Italy. When the mob was howling about the Tuileries and sacking the palace, it was hard to get the queen away. "We will be murdered — we must fly," said Louis Phillippe.

"Where else should a king die than in defending his throne?" she said.

Then they were rushed off, not to know for days what had become of each other.

The Bates family was out of town and there were only some servants in the house. The little Duchess of Montpensier, hardly fifteen, sister to Queen Isabella of Spain and, like her brought up purposely in childish ignorance, could not feel the vastness of their misfortune. The royal ladies had of course only the clothes in which they escaped and, needing pocket handkerchiefs, gave one of the

servants money to get them some and the woman told Mrs. Bates, the little Duchess slipped some money into her hand asking her to bring her also some chocolate bonbons — which naturally made the woman pity still more the unconscious young thing who had no idea of all she had lost.

There was an album of the Queen's letters, which was not shown, and photographs and portraits; and when we came out of that pretty room I felt we had left a tomb.

After the shocking sudden death of the Duke of Orleans his mother had adopted as her own charge those whom her son had pensioned. Now, with diminished resources she carried out that son's wishes. An officer had been killed in Algiers in defending the Duke. The Queen gathered up this family again in England where the daughter (who herself told me this but a few years since) grew to be reader and singer to the Queen, and by her was suitably endowed when she married. The husband, an Italian sculptor, had vague dreams of great fortune in California. They came there, soon lost their capital in bad investments, "and at twenty I was alone in a mining camp with my baby while my husband was searching for employment in San Francisco."

One evening in almost despair she was singing her child to sleep with one of the grand Latin Hymns of the Catholic Church when one and another man drew near, listening. To show she was not alarmed she sang to the end. Then one advancing told her they knew her husband was out of luck, but there was something for the baby until he came — a generous "something." With her delicate honor she could not take this without return and said so; the way opened when they told her if she would sing for them sometimes "it would be square." After that all went well for her. Her miner friends arranged for her to give neighborhood concerts that gathered in money. And since then as a teacher of music and singing she has long had independence. And the husband had also congenial and profitable art-work, so that California was good to them and they have kept it their home. She has kept also the high mark of the lofty and gentle training which fitted her by both example and education to meet reverses with dignity and courage.

At the house of Sir Roderick Murchison we came into another world. Here were men who had been to the uttermost parts of the earth, to whom privations and dangers in the pursuit of science and knowledge were so familiar, so matter-of-course that they thought no more of them than the good soldier does of his battle scars. And there were also men of letters and distinction in art — a clear-eyed manly set of men who bore the fine impress of an animating purpose.

Coming together as they did to meet Mr. Fremont, there was naturally a more demonstrative

outspoken manner than is usual; but when an Englishman of sense and good manners does not feel the need for reserve he is as open as a boy. We had a delightful evening leading to many pleasant things, and some acquaintances which have never dropped.

The expedition Lady Franklin was sending to search for her husband was about ready to start and we were asked by some of its officers to go the next day to Woolwich and visit their ships.

How doomed they seemed! Everything was so prepared for danger and loss. In the small cabin of the captain where a few books and some few pictures were to make his companions in the years of lonely absence from home and the busy life of the world, we had the great pleasure to find he had included the reports of Mr. Frémont's explorations, and an engraved portrait. Under which on my card I wrote:

"Footprints" — "that another,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

From the small strong little Arctic ship we were taken over one of the largest men-of-war just ready to be launched. She looked immense, high on the dock; but the most interesting part of her, to me, was the diamond-shaped bit of wood inserted in her upper deck with its brass rim bearing an inscription to tell it was a piece of one of Nelson's old ships on which he had commanded, and for which the new one was named.

Years after when I was in Copenhagen we were taken out to the sea-forts on the islands that defend the city and where part of their defence is made by the ships sunk by Nelson in the "Battle of the Baltic" to block the channel; and a Danish friend gave me a rare old engraving of that naval engagement because of my pronounced admiration for Nelson. Through my Virginia side I was up in my Southey and Campbell and all they said of Nelson found echo in me which took life when I saw his old ships and the scenes of his battles — *not* from seeing his Trafalgar monument though Landseer did model the lions. Monuments rarely are satisfactory, especially where they go into allegory. When Landseer was left to himself no one could better express the feelings of deer and dogs. His dogs became at once household treasures. He was among the men of brains I was glad to meet at Sir Roderick Murchison's and I was fortunate in pleasing him enough to have quite a dog-talk with him, from a criticism he found good.

After so many people and places and exciting thoughts it was a good change to have a passive evening, dining at home and going early to the theatre.

But the theatre, too, roused a lot of thinking, for the acting was by the company of the Theatre Français and the Queen, who was to be there, had

bespoken the play, *Pailliasse*—the best character of the old and famous Frederic Lemaitre.

I had taken my little girl that she might see the Queen, and as our box was facing that of Her Majesty we combined many satisfactions. There can be no acting equal to that of this professionally perfected company where no detail is considered trifling but each part filled with truthful exactness, and an ease belonging with thorough training, and the feeling that it is their life-profession; for after a certain time a pension is given, and the surplus receipts are divided among the members of this company. Every form of brain-work is better rewarded in France than in any other country.

Early as we went the play had begun, and the

Queen was absorbed in watching its action. At the moment it was only action, for the principal figure was silent, though his countenance and movements told the story: a hard-worked tired man past middle age was tending a sick boy who lay on a straw pallet on the floor of a poor cottage; while he was also making ready the evening meal of the family—that *soupe du soir* of the French poor—cutting into the big bowl slices of bread from the long tough looking loaf on which the soup will be poured when the rest come in.

His troubled grieved face—his gentle lifting of the boy who moans as the change brings only fresh pain—this was the simple scene that was holding in watchful sympathy the Queen of England.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

BY MRS. HELEN MILLER.

XXXIII.

HOW TO TAME BIRDS.

I WISH I could make my birds as tame as yours," said a visitor one morning.

She was looking upon a pleasant sight—four large cages with doors all open: one bird—an English goldfinch—was bathing in a pan on the table, making a great splashing, not in the least disturbed by spectators; another—a thrush—stood on the knee of his mistress and friend, waiting patiently for a bit of bread; the third—a gayly colored cardinal—perched on the side of his dish, eating his breakfast of rice, with not the slightest intention of taking advantage of his open door, and the fourth—a redwing blackbird—varying the cracking of seeds with a meditative "Cluck! cluck!" or a louder, stirring "Konk-a-ree!" also indifferent to the open door, satisfied to stay at home.

The remark was not forgotten when the guest had gone, and out of it grew this paper; for these four birds always interest people, old and young, and I thought many would like to know how to make their birds as much at home as themselves.

The secret may be told in a few words: Make each one so happy and contented that he will have no wish to leave you. That is all there is about it; but to accomplish this requires study, loving care, patience, gentleness, and common sense.

To make a bird contented you must supply all his wants; to make him happy you must either provide variety in his life, society of other birds, or objects of interest to him for his amusement, or attach him to yourself personally.

The first thing to do after attending to his needs of food, etc. (of which I will speak later) is to gain his confidence, to make him feel sure you will never hurt him. For this reason you must let him learn none but pleasant experiences at your hand. Never tease him; never laugh loud, or shout, or scuffle, or make sudden movements in the room; never catch him—unless in a case of necessity, and above all *never let his door slam*. I have a bird who so confides in my good will towards him that when I wish to drive him away from the cage of another bird whose "bit of green" he likes to carry off, throwing things at him does not startle him in the least. Even though he is hit he regards it as a joke, stands still and looks at me to see what I will do next, or else takes the missile up and examines it. The idea that I can wish to scare him, never occurs to him.

Begin by giving your bird a name, short and easy for him to learn, and call him by it when you speak to him. Always talk to him when you go near, and hang his cage close to you, so that he will get used to seeing you move about, and not be startled if you lift your hand.

When he has enough confidence not to flutter wildly when you approach him, offer him some dainty which he never gets except from your hand. If he is an insect-eater, like a robin or mockingbird, a worm is best for this. Offer it through the wires from your fingers or a pair of tweezers (those used by printers to pick out type are best for this). If, after a few moments he does not take it, do not drop it on the floor for him. Let him learn that if he refuses it from the fingers, he does not get it. He will soon learn, and in a few days, at most, he will take it eagerly.

If your bird is a seed-eater a hemp seed is a suitable dainty to tempt him. You should keep a stock within reach of your usual seat, and when he comes near — after you let him out — always offer him a tid-bit as reward for his confidence.

If you dislike handling worms you can teach an insect-eater to eat raw beef quite as readily. Cut it with scissors into tiny pieces, about twice the size of a pin-head, and do not give him more than a cubic half-inch in a day. Some press these morsels into a little burr, and give it all at once. The bird beats it out and eats it piece by piece, but by giving each bit yourself you tame him more rapidly.

As soon as he is used to his cage, and has learned that it is his home, where he is safe and food and water are plenty, you may begin to let him out. I warn you, however, that you better never do it, unless you are willing to take a good deal of trouble, and be inconvenienced; for once accustomed a bird to the freedom of a room, and he will be unhappy shut up. Letting him out simply turns the room into a big bird cage, of which doors and windows must always be guarded.

Many people think they are doing the kindest by their pet to let him go free; but if he has for years been attended to as a captive should be, he may — to begin with — not be able to find his proper food; and having become tender by living in a house, will readily take colds and suffer, or perish even, from exposure. Moreover he has lost, in a measure, the instinct of self-preservation, and will probably be caught by the first boy or cat who sees him. Above all, a tame bird going among his wild relations rarely receives a welcome, and is sometimes pecked to death by them. Giving liberty to a caged bird is far from a mercy in general. Never let one go which has been caged more than one year, unless, in spite of all your efforts, he mopes and is unhappy. To a discontented bird open the window by all means.

If you have a room you can give to birds alone, the matter of letting them out is much simplified; but if you have to share the room with them you must be prepared for some annoyances. You should have matting or oil-cloth on your floor; you must cover up books and bric-à-brac, upholstered chairs, and dainty bureau covers; everything must be washable, or at least sponge-able. You will have to look out for small articles like threads, pins, buttons, bits of string, long hairs, and especially rubber bands. Your pet will probably amuse himself eating everything he can swallow; for though birds may have instinct to guide them in the woods and fields, they certainly have not in a house. In the strings also they will entangle their feet, and nothing frightens them more than this.

If you are not scared off from your desire to have the bird free about the room, you should put up perches in various places; across in front

of a window, from the top of one door to another, or in any convenient place. Begin some morning by fastening open his door and putting a perch out through it into the room. The perch is very important, both for a place to alight upon to find his way home, and to show him the door from the inside; for strange as it seems a bird does not appear to notice an open door unless he is led to it by a perch.

For this, get a piece of common dowelling, which you can buy in three-foot lengths at any house-furnishing store. It should be long enough to go through the cage from the backside, and project from the door at least one foot. It should go through the wires at the back, or, if the cage has a wooden back, through a hole bored for it; and it must be quite firm, so that he will not fear to alight on it. See also that the door is high enough for him to pass through without stooping; if it is not, it must be enlarged. If he is a ground bird — like a thrush — it will be best to set the cage on the floor for him to come out, at first; but if not you may let it hang.

Having arranged everything, go away and sit down. Then perhaps the bird will inspect the new perch, and be led to put his head through the door. Finding himself suddenly outside his cage he will probably be seized with panic, fly wildly around the room, and at last bump heavily against a window and fall to the floor.

Do not jump up and run to him; he is only stunned and must not be frightened. He will stand a few moments quietly, and you should speak gently to him, but not offer to move. When he recovers breath he will fly again, and doubtless end as before by a bang against the window and a fall. About three bumps will satisfy him as to the nature of glass, and he will not try it again.

After he has flown around a few times, and the first fright is over, he will begin to be hungry. Now he does not recognize his cage from the outside, and the first few times he will get home by accident, either by happening to alight on the outside perch, or, what is most common, getting on top of his home and seeing his familiar quarters through the wires. Even then he doesn't know how to get in. He will usually run back and forth on top, trying anxiously to get through, and after awhile drop to the inviting perch and run in.

You see the importance of the door perch. Without it he would scarcely ever get home alone, and to have him go freely in and out is what you want. After a few trials he will recognize the outside of his house and the perch, and will even do without the latter in some cases, although I always use it.

But not all birds come out so readily. Some require much coaxing, even actually starving to it. I have had to put both seed and water outside a cage, in plain sight of course, and keep it there an

hour or more before a bird would come out. A great temptation to many is a good-sized bathing-dish, and I very soon teach my birds to bathe outside, partly because they can have a bigger dish and a finer splash, which they enjoy exceedingly, and partly because I thus avoid having the cage and food spattered and soaked.

I once had a thrush greatly excited, the first morning after his arrival, on hearing the other birds splash the bath water. He came down to the floor of his own cage, looked over to the table where stood the tub — a tin pan eight inches in diameter, and ran back and forth, evidently wild to get at it. I opened his door and arranged the perch, when he instantly ran out, flew to the table, and took a great splashing bath. He had little trouble finding his way back, but thrushes are unusually intelligent birds.

Let your captive out but once the first day. When he finds his way back and is engaged in eating, go quietly and shut his door softly, speaking gently to him. Next day leave it open longer, and let him go in and out several times, and at the end of a week you may let it stand open all day. Before it begins to get dark in the afternoon however, you must shut all cage doors, or you will be apt to have your birds perching outside. That is always inconvenient, because you want to open your windows, or, if the weather is cold, to cover him up for the night.

You must always notice your bird's ways. If he is very uneasy, running back and forth on the bottom of the cage, he probably wants to be let out; if he runs from end to end of the upper perch, looking up, apparently for a higher place, he probably is hung too low, especially if other cages are near. No bird is satisfied to have a neighbor perch higher than himself, so you must be careful that the upper perch of all cages are about the same height. If he clings to the upper wires and turns his head over till he nearly falls backwards, you better lay a cover over the cage; a newspaper will do.

Now about food and care. Always put fresh seed in the dish, even if it is not half eaten, being careful to blow out the shells first. If you wish to avoid having your bird learn that most inconvenient and wasteful trick of scattering his seed, *never put two kinds together, and never leave shells on top of the seed.* The canary is very troublesome, scattering seeds everywhere, because he is looking for a favorite kind, and has learned that he sometimes finds it under the others. If you give two kinds, have two dishes, or else — what is better — put one sort on the ground.

Water must of course be fresh every day, and twice if necessary. Gravel should cover the floor, fresh every day also. Every morning you should wash in hot suds the dishes and perches that are soiled, and the tray of the cage, drying thoroughly before returning. You will never have a healthy

and happy bird unless you keep his house clean and sweet.

It is well now and then, especially if he is uneasy at night, to take all perches out and scald them, washing them afterwards with strong suds with carbolic acid in it, to kill any insects that may be in the cracks. The whole cage should also be scalded, unless it is brass wire.

About a bathing dish: I find a rather shallow pan or baking dish, round and not oval in shape, to be the best. The edge must be thick to be convenient for perching; a narrow flat rim (if of tin) not less than a quarter-inch wide — a half-inch is better — to give a good hold. To prevent the bird slipping on the bottom, as he will if it is smooth, put on a coat of rather thick oil paint of any color, and while it is fresh cover it with bird gravel. Allow it to dry thus, and on shaking it off enough gravel will stick to give solid footing.

Never hang the cage in a draught — as an open window — nor in the sun unless in cold weather. Even then part of it should be in shade, when you will generally see the bird keep in the shaded part, except after bathing. Many people are very thoughtless about this, and birds often die from being hung in the hot sun.

If his claws get so long as to be troublesome, you must take him as gently as you can, and cut them, using a sharp wire cutter, and talking to him all the time. It is a good way to lay a handkerchief lightly over his head, that he may not see the operation, and have some one to help, for one will find use for two hands in holding him and separating his toes, while the other plies the cutters. Never leave less than a quarter of an inch of the claw on.

If a bird takes cold and begins to cough, a very queer whisper of a cough, you must cure him at once, or he will have asthma and die. A little cayenne pepper should be sprinkled over his usual food.

If he has fits, he must have a little oil. To give it, you can pour a little on his water dish. Some birds will take it that way; but some will not, and for them it is best to put a drop or two of homœopathic Nux Vomi in the water. Also supply the cage with green food. Most birds need this every day, and it is easily procured; chickweed, plantain leaves and seed, lettuce, sorrel (both kinds), or a bit of orange, apple or banana or two or three grapes.

To bring a bird out of a fit hold a sponge with ether or chloroform under his nostrils a second.

If he gets choked, offer him something he likes, as a mud worm, which has been dipped in oil; the oil makes all smooth and everything goes down.

Unless he stays in a room kept warm all night, always cover the cage in cold weather. A soft old woollen shawl is good for this, and it not only keeps him comfortable, but by being dark it puts off his waking in the morning, and spoiling your sweetest nap by calls and flutters and cries for his breakfast.

STRANGE TEAS, DINNERS, WEDDINGS AND FETES.

By M. J. HOLBROOK.

II.

A JAPANESE DINNER.

THE dinner was given at the *Koyokan*, a club-house in the city of Tokio, so called from the abundance of maple trees by which it is surrounded; *kōyō* meaning the red maple leaves of autumn, and *kan* meaning house.

We took off our shoes at the door, and those who had not been sufficiently provident to bring with them a pair of wool slippers, entered in their stocking feet.

We were at once greeted by our host and hostess. Japanese ladies do not often act the hostess at a dinner-party, but usually remain in the background. Our friend, however, having travelled considerably in America and Europe, was a little advanced in his ideas and gave his wife a wife's place.

Several beautiful Japanese girls were in waiting who at once conducted us to a spacious dining-room on the second floor.

Going out on the long piazza adjoining, we saw in the distance the bay with its calm blue waters, and white-winged boats; and to the right Mount Fuji, her peerless head losing itself in ambient clouds; while at our feet lay a bewildering maze of dwelling houses, shops, and temples.

The floor of the porch was polished smooth as marble, and the patterns in the lattice work were graceful combinations of maple leaves.

As we re-entered the dining-room our first impression was that of a vast empty apartment. The only visible signs of preparation for our coming were the cushions upon which we were to sit, and the *hibachi* or fire bowls, over which we were to toast our fingers. We sat down upon the mats, trying hard to fold our limbs under us *à la Japanese*, but our attempts were for the most part very awkward.

Then came some introductions. Our host had invited two friends to meet us, Mr. and Mrs. Suyita. Mr. Suyita, being a Japanese of the old school and very ceremonious, bowed low, so low that his honorable nose quite kissed the floor; and remembering that when we are in Turkey we must do as the Turks do, we endeavored to salute him in the same formal manner.

At length recovering our equilibrium we resumed our old position on the mats, tried to look comfortable, and began to study the details of our surroundings. The cushions upon which we sat were covered with beautiful dark-blue crepe relieved here and there by branches of maple leaves,

the rich October coloring making a striking but exquisite contrast with the more sombre background. The mats were marvellously fine, and so clean that one might suppose our party the first that had ever assembled there.

At one end of the room just above the *toko-noma*, or raised platform on which all the ornaments of the room are placed, was a *kakemono*, or picture scroll, the work of a celebrated painter named Isanenobu, and very old. On this platform stood a large vase of brown wicker work so wondrously fine that at a little distance it appeared like an elegant bronze. In this vase were branches of flowering plum and cherry arranged as only Japanese know how to arrange flowers. The ceilings were panels of cryptomeria, and without either paint or varnish were beautiful enough for a prince's palace.

This immense room was divided by sliding doors into three apartments. The doors were covered with paper. Here, too, was the prevailing pattern, for over the rich brown background of the paper were maple-leaf designs in gold and silver, and above the doors were paintings of maple branches with foliage of scarlet, maroon, and every shade of green. On the opposite side of the room was another raised platform. Here also were two large vases, and in them branches of flowering shrubs, some of which were covered with lichens. A bronze ornament of rare workmanship stood between, for which many a seeker of curiosities would give hundreds of dollars.

Soon beautiful serving-maids entered and placed in front of us trays on which were tea and sweetmeats. In Japan the dessert comes first. The trays were ornamented with carvings of maple leaves, the tea-cups were painted in the same design, and the cakes themselves were in the shape of maple leaves, with tints as glowing, and shading almost as delicate as though painted by the early frosts of autumn. We ate some of the cakes and put some in our pockets to carry home. It is etiquette in Japan to take away a little of the confectionery, and paper is often provided by the hostess in which to wrap it. The native guests put their packages in their sleeves, but our sleeves were not sufficiently capacious to be utilized in this way. I have been told that at a foreign dinner given to General Grant in Japan, some of the most dignified officials, in obedience to this custom, put bread and cake, and even butter and jelly, into their sleeves to take home.

After our first course came a long interval during which we played games and amused ourselves.

in various ways. At the end of this time dinner was announced. Once more we took our places on the cushions and silently waited, wondering what would happen next. Soon the charming waiters again appeared and placed on the floor in front of each visitor a beautiful gold lacquer tray, on which were a covered bowl of fish soup, and a tiny cup of *sake*. *Sake* is a light wine distilled from rice, and is of about the strength of table cherry. A paper bag containing a pair of chop sticks also rested upon the tray; and taking the chopsticks out, we uncovered our soup and began to look around to see how our Japanese friends were eating theirs. We shyly watched them for a moment. It looked easy; we were sure we could do it, and confidently attempted to take up some of the floating morsels of fish; but no sooner did we touch them, than they coyly floated off to the other side of the bowl. We tried again, and again we failed; and once again, but with no better success. At last our perseverance was partially rewarded, and with a *veni-vidi-vici* air we conveyed a few solid fragments to our mouths, drank a little of the soup, and then covering our bowl, as we saw others do, we waited for something else to happen.

In the meantime large china vessels of hot water had been brought in and our host kindly showed us their use. Emptying his *sake* cup, he rinsed it in the hot water, and then re-filling it with wine, presented it to a friend who emptied his cup, rinsed and re-filled it in the same way, and gave it in exchange for the one he received.

The next course consisted of fish, cakes made of chestnuts, and yams; the third, of raw fish with a very pungent sauce; the fourth, of another kind of fish and ginger root. After this we were favored with music on the *ningenkin*. This is a harp-like instrument giving forth a low weird sound, utterly unlike anything I have ever heard called music. The fifth course consisted of fish, ginger root, and "*nori*," a kind of seaweed.

After this we had more music, this time on the *koto*. The *koto* is also something like a harp in appearance. The performer always wears curious ivory thimble-like arrangements on the tips of her fingers, and to my uneducated ear, the so-called music is merely a noise which any one could make. We were next favored with singing. This, too, was low and plaintive, bearing about the same resemblance to the singing of a European that the cornstalk fiddle of a country schoolboy bears to the rich mellow tones of a choice violin. This same singing, however, is regarded as a great accomplishment in Japan. The singer on this occasion was a rare type of Japanese beauty, fair as a lily, with hands and feet so delicate and shapely that she was almost an object of envy. Her coiffure, like the coiffures of all Japanese women, was fearfully and wonderfully made. Her dress was of the richest crepe, quite long and very narrow,

opening in front to display a gorgeous petticoat, and with square flowing sleeves that reached almost to the floor. Her *obi*, or girdle, was brocade stiff with elegance, and probably cost more than all the rest of the costume. The mysteries of the voluminous knot in which it was tied at the back I will not pretend to unravel. Her face and neck were powdered to ghostly whiteness, and her lips painted a bright coral; altogether she looked just like a picture, not like a real woman at all.

After this came another course consisting of fowl and fish stewed together in some incomprehensible way. There was also an entree of pickled fish. The eighth course consisted of fish and a vegetable similar to asparagus; the ninth of rice and pickled *daikon*. Rice is the staple dish, and, according to Japanese custom, is served last. The *daikon* is a vegetable somewhat resembling a radish. It grows to an enormous size. Indeed it is a common saying among vegetable-growers that one *daikon* grown in the province of Owari, takes two men to carry it, and that two Satsuma turnips make a load for a pony. This sounds somewhat incredible, and yet it is stated for a fact that a *daikon* was not long ago presented to the emperor which measured over six feet in girth. These monster turnips are generally sound to the core; and to the Japanese they are an exceedingly delicate and palatable aliment; with us the odor of them alone is sufficient to condemn them.

Last of all came tea which was served in the rice bowls without washing them. The dinner lasted four hours; and when at the close we attempted to rise from the mats, our limbs were so stiff from sitting so long in this uncomfortable position that we could hardly move.

We put on our shoes soon after, and were then conducted round the grounds. In the same enclosure was a summer rest-house for the Mikado. We looked inside for the *shōji*, or sliding doors, were all open, and we could see the whole length of the house. Here, as in all Japanese houses, the mats were the only furniture. They were beautifully fine, and the rooms though empty were attractive.

After walking about for a little while we went through a long calisthenic exercise of bows, and with warmest thanks to our kind host and hostess, stowed ourselves away in *jinrikishas*, and rode off to our homes.

This of course is not a description of an ordinary dinner in Japan. Indeed it was a very extraordinary one given in honor of a party of Americans about to return to the United States. The common people dine with very little formality. Bread, beef, milk and butter are unknown to them. They live principally on rice, fish, and vegetables, served in very simple fashion; and they eat so rapidly that dyspepsia is even more common in Japan than in America.

SOME ITALIAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

II.

CATO, THE CENSOR. 234-149 B. C.

A TRAVELLER along the highways of Sardinia in the year 198 B. C., might have met a striking figure, a man strongly-built and sinewy, with a face made both repellant and amazing by large protruding teeth, little gray eyes, and a halo of bright red hair. Following the active strides of this remarkable person, a single slave trots contentedly along, carrying a few simple articles of wearing apparel, and some coarse food. Now and then the master mutters to himself scraps of oratory which he has lately read, as if to test their value, at the same time gesticulating with great force and enthusiasm. This unusual behavior does not make the stranger any the less ridiculous; and it is to be feared, were he to walk the streets of an American city to-day, the small boys would show him scarcely the respect due to Cato, the governor of Sardinia. Yet the peasant and the citizen would have told a stranger that Cato was the best ruler Rome had ever sent them. He was just, though severe, and, what was most remarkable in a Roman officer, he did not plunder his subjects to fill his own purse.

Cato was what we call nowadays a self-made man, and what the Romans styled a *new* man. That is, his ancestors had not held the high offices in the Roman government which he himself filled. When taunted with being a *new* man, Cato replied: "I am, indeed, new with respect to offices and dignities, but with regard to the services and virtues of my ancestors, I am very ancient."

Marcus Porcius Cato* was born at Tusculum, and brought up on his father's Sabine farm, where he became so fond of country life that he never wholly abandoned it. On his visits to neighboring towns he went often to the law courts which seemed to fascinate him. He thought it a greater thing to influence men by oratory than to compel them by force, and he early began to plead causes from pure delight in the task. His fame spread rapidly throughout the country. He was in great demand. He used to plead before the magistrate in the morning, and then return contentedly to his work on the farm.

This young farmer-lawyer, who did not let his pleading interfere with his plowing, attracted the

attention of a young noble, L. Valerius Flaccus, by whose advice Cato went to Rome.

The countryman met with ridicule in the city. His best friends could not have called him handsome, indeed if anyone ever needed the meagre consolation of the old proverb, "Handsome is as handsome does," Cato was the man. People laughed, and Cato was elected *questor*; they wrote verses about his hair, he became *ædile* and *prætor*; the public smile gradually faded as *consul** Cato took his place, and when in 194 B. C., he was given a triumph† in honor of his victory over the Spaniards, it was, as we say in these days, Cato's turn to laugh, if we can imagine his grim features laxing into a smile.

Before we consider Cato's most important office, the Censorship, it will be worth our while to review briefly his military career, for Cato was a soldier as well as a farmer, lawyer and author.

In his seventeenth year, he served with great bravery against Hannibal who was then devastating Italy. In the year 195 B. C., as consul, he commanded the army in Spain, where he earned the triumph just now alluded to. Though not in supreme command, he contributed largely to the victory of the Romans over Antiochus in Greece 191 B. C., with which battle closes the record of his military life. Cato had one peculiar idea about warfare. He claimed that by looking very fierce, and addressing his enemy in an awful and solemn tone, he could terrify him so that he became weak and quickly yielded. This was, no doubt, an excellent plan, but we must remember that Cato was peculiarly fitted by nature for this terrifying process, and that others might not be so successful.

In 184 B. C., Cato and his friend L. Valerius Flaccus were elected Censors. These officers had great power; they kept lists of the people and their property; they investigated the private lives of citizens, expelled senators and dishonored knights for offences against law and morality. No one could escape their censure.

This position was admirably suited to Cato's character. From youth he had accustomed himself to hardship and privation; his habits were simple, his wants few. He hated the luxury and display which he saw increasing on every side, and which this election gave him an opportunity to check. His measures were most severe.

**Questor, ædile, prætor, consul*—a succession of offices, of which *consul* was the highest at the disposal of the Roman government, except in rare cases when a *dictator* was appointed.

†The greatest honor possible for a Roman citizen to attain.

*Cato's name originally was Marcus Porcius Priscus, but as a compliment to his wisdom, his last name was changed to Cato, from the Latin adjective *catus*, meaning prudent.

Senators, including the great Scipio Africanus himself, were immediately attacked. Houses projecting into the street were torn down. Water pipes supplying private fountains and baths were destroyed. Yet with all his bitterness against their pleasures, the Romans respected and were proud of the sturdy old censor. Cato though austere and dignified had a ready wit and a charming way of talking. Many of his bright and sharp sayings have been handed down to us. To a good-liver who sought his acquaintance, he said, "I cannot live with a man whose palate has quicker sensations than his heart." When some one asked him what he most repented in his life, he replied, "First that I ever entrusted a woman with a secret, second that I ever went by sea when I might have gone by land, and third, that I ever spent a day without having a will by me." Cato refused a monument after his triumph, and years later when asked why no monument had been erected for him said, "I would rather have men ask why I have not a monument, than enquire why I have one."

Cato's influence continued to the last years of his life. His opinions were treated with respect, and to him is due in large part the destruction of Carthage. He was afraid of this prosperous city just across the Mediterranean, and never made a speech in the Senate without this closing sentence: "Carthage must be destroyed."

But what are Cato's claims to authorship? He was the first to write Latin prose. Ennius, his great friend, was the first Latin poet of any note, although there had been many lesser verse writers. But Cato wrote the first book which could be read

by his countrymen at large. Greek was the literary language of the age, and to Cato Greek meant ease, luxury, and dishonor. He wrote in Latin with a feeling of patriotism — although he took more kindly to Greek writings before he died. He wrote two books, *Of Country Affairs* and *The Origins*; of the latter we have only fragments. The first book, on agriculture, contains instructions to farmers, very much like the items in the *Farm* corner of country newspapers. It is most unfortunate that we have lost his other, and vastly more important, work, which was a history of Rome from its founding up to the times of the author. With that, we might have a very different view of Roman history, as seen by his little gray eyes, and judged by his severe standards.

The Government takes a certain amount of silver, of a weight, fineness and other qualities required by law, stamps it with a die, and calls it a dollar. So when we speak of a dollar we include all these characteristics. Thus literature and history stamp a certain combination of qualities with the name of a great man. Cato was such a man.

To some his name brings up the picture of a sour, crotchety old gentleman, unwilling to enjoy life himself, or have others taste its pleasures. We prefer to think of him as a stern patriot, who, seeing his country in danger from luxury and vice, did all he could by example and influence to restore the old simplicity which had brought such greatness to the Roman State. The Cato coin, then, is a composition of simplicity and frugality in daily living, and scrupulous honesty in public life — in a word, it has the ring of true patriotism.

SEARCH-QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

II.

CHARACTERS IN POETRY AND FICTION.

21. Of what poetical heroine is this said?

Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shined bright
And made a sunshine in a shady place.

22. What characters utter this? "We are not of Alice, nor of thee; nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartram father."

23. Which one of Jane Austen's characters is remembered because of his fondness for water gruel — "thin, but not *too* thin"?

24. What historical character is thus described by Tennyson?

Seventeen — and knew eight languages — in music
Peerless — her needle perfect, and her learning
Beyond the churchmen;
Seventeen! a rose of grace!
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;
Rose never blew that equalled such a bud.

25. In what books are these characters? Dolly Varden, Flora MacIvor, Doctor Primrose, The Marchioness, Sheila, Tito Melema, and John Ridd.

26. Of whom are we told that she spoke French "after the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe"?

27. What heroine is thus mentioned?

On her white breast a sparkling cross she bore
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.

28. What famous heroine had a golden leg?

29. Of whom is the following said?

Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three ilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

30. What hero is thus described?

And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign
grace;
But he rose upon their decks and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and
true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do."

31. What poetical heroine had a "nose tip-tilted
like the petal of a flower"?

32. What poetical character is likened to

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye?

33. Of what Tennysonian person is this said?

He has a solid base of temperament;
But as the water-lily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom, such is he.

34. In what books are these characters? Giant
Despair, The Mock-Turtle, and Jenny Wren.

35. To whom does this description relate?

Perplexed she lay,
Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown like a thought until the morrow day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped-like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut and be a bud again.

36. What Shakespearean heroine when told by
her lover that he loved her not, replies, "I was the
more deceived"?

37. What poetical character spent nine years
in making a famous sword, "sitting in the deeps,
upon the hidden bases of the hills"?

38. What Shakespearean heroine declared her
"little body was aweary of this great world"?

39. In how many numbers of *The Spectator* is
Sir Roger de Coverley mentioned?

40. Name the well-known books in which the
following personages figure: Mark Tapley, Domi-
nie Sampson, Captain Dobbin and Fadladeen.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

201. A sonnet is properly a poem of fourteen
lines divided in two parts; the first part, of eight
lines, being known as the octave, while the remain-
ing six constitute the sestet. The octave has
two rhymes, the sestet three. In the octave the
first line rhymes with the fourth, fifth and eighth,
and the second line with the third, sixth and seventh.
This rule is imperative. The rhymes of the sestet
may vary, but the best arrangement is the rhyming
of the first and fourth, the second and fifth, and
third and sixth. A sonnet should *never* end with
a rhyming couplet.

202. "Forgiveness" is *not* a sonnet according
to this rule, but Longfellow's "Nature" is.

203. "Evangeline," "The Courtship of Miles
Standish," "Elizabeth" in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

204. "The Present Crisis."

205. "Maud Muller."

206. Strictly speaking, no.

207. Verse.

208. An "idyl" is properly a short pastoral
poem. "Snow-Bound" is epic in character.

209. "The Spanish Student" [drama]; "Dirge
for a Soldier" [lyric]; "Battle Hymn of the Re-
public" [lyric]; "Hiawatha" [epic]; "Sella"
[epic]; "My Psalm" [lyric]; "The Masque of
Pandora" [drama]; "Drifting" [lyric].

210. "The Wreck of the Hesperus" is in
ballad form.

211. "Agassiz" is an ode.

212. It is most nearly epic in form.

213. It has not; as study of the poem shows.

214. "The Chambered Nautilus."

215. "The long line of the Libyan Nile."

216. "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year."

217. "The Monk of Casal-Maggiore."

218. *Vers de société*.

219. H. C. Bunner, F. D. Sherman, T. B. Ald-
rich.

220. Longfellow.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

221. Donald G. Mitchell, J. T. Trowbridge,
Mrs. Whitney, T. B. Aldrich.

222. In 1785.

223. Bryant.

224. G. W. Boker, Mrs. Burnett, Bret Harte.

225. "The Echo Club," by Bayard Taylor, in
the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1872.

226. "Walker in Nicaragua," by Joaquin Miller.

227. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.

228. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

229. T. B. Read, T. B. Aldrich, O. W. Holmes,
Emerson, Bryant.

230. Francis Scott Key, R. H. Wilde, J. H.
Payne, Samuel Woodworth, Wm. A. Muhlenburg.

231. Sylvester Judd.

232. J. R. and R. T. S. Lowell, H. W. and
Samuel Longfellow, Wm. C. and John H. Bryant.

233. The Cary, Davidson and Goodale sisters.

234. George Bancroft and H. H. Bancroft.

235. Mrs. Elizabeth Kinney and her son Ed-
mund Clarence Stedman.

236. A novel by Caroline Cheesbro.

237. Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, F. Hopkinson,
Mather Byles, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., J. R. Drake.

238. Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards and
Samuel Hopkins.

239. Theological.

240. Sydney Smith, in the *Edinburgh Review*.

C. Y. F. R. U.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., AND REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENTS.
MISS K. F. KIMBALL, PLAINFIELD, N. J., SECRETARY.

[This department, while not less interesting to the general reader, is especially set apart for the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' READING UNION, the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education. It supplies a course of reading for young people which is intended to give them the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting manner. The Required Readings are issued simultaneously in WIDE AWAKE and the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL; a few added books form the Supplementary Readings. The Union is under the direction of REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., and REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D., as Superintendents, in connection with the Editors of the magazines mentioned above. Any person, young or old, may become a member of the Union by sending his name and *ten cents* in postage stamps to the Secretary, MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, Plainfield, N. J., to whom inquiries for further information may be addressed.]

HERE is a general scheme of work for the year, which may be followed by Local Circles or by single readers. It involves readings each month from WIDE AWAKE, (or the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL, which contains the same C. Y. F. R. U. articles), and from one of the three required books. We will take for granted that no meetings will be held during July, August, and September (though each member may read his periodicals during those months) and will therefore arrange to complete the books in nine months. This will require the reading of about seventy-five pages each month, besides the sixteen pages in each number of WIDE AWAKE.

1. In October, "A Family Flight," Chapters I to VII.
2. In November, "A Family Flight," Chapters VIII to XIV.
3. In December, "A Family Flight," Chapters XV to XX.
4. In January, "A Family Flight," Chapters XXI to XXIV.
5. In February, "Overhead," Chapters I to IV.
6. In March, "Overhead," Chapters V to VIII.
7. In April, "Overhead," Chapters IX to XII.
8. In May, "Merchant of Venice," Acts I and II.
9. In June, "Merchant of Venice," Acts III to V.

IN answer to many inquiries concerning methods of organizing local circles of the C. Y. F. R. U. we would say that the simplest way is generally the best way. If one person is in earnest, a circle can be formed. Send to the office of this periodical for the circulars of the C. Y. F. R. U. and distribute them among the young people. Invite all to join who desire to read, even though they may not belong to the same social set. Have a meeting, and choose officers, a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and if necessary, a Treasurer. Divide the subjects of a month's reading among the members, and let each one come to the next meeting prepared to tell about one topic, and to answer questions upon it. It might be well to appoint one member in turn to assign the subjects for each meeting, and if the Circle order, to take charge of the literary exercises; or the President may prepare the programme; or it may be made by a committee. In our opinion, the less machinery the better the work, as a rule. There is no need of an elaborate constitution and by-laws. It is better to make rules as they are needed, and change them as circumstances may require, than to begin

with a formal Constitution which may sometimes block the wheels of progress, and require much time for discussion. We recently heard of a society which spent six sessions in constructing a Constitution, and then died without doing anything else.

THE "C. Y. F. R. U." at Chautauqua held two or three entertaining "Round-tables." In the Hall of Philosophy on the hill, among the trees, while the sun was going down, young people and their friends met for conversation about this department of Chautauqua work. Copies of the "C. Y. F. R. U." circular for 1885-86, and of the advance number of the YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL were distributed. The chancellor of the university, and Doctor Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, made addresses setting forth the aims and plans of the society. The "C. Y. F. R. U." badges were proudly worn, not only by little people, but by some who are full-grown. Mothers were there with their boys and girls to ask questions about the movement, and several arose to indicate their purpose to join for the coming year.

The "Youths' League" was formed at Chautauqua this season, uniting into one pleasant fellowship the four Chautauqua young folks' societies: the "Chautauqua Children's Class," which meets every morning at eight o'clock in the "Children's Temple" for Biblical instruction; the "C. Y. F. R. U.," which spends the spare time of young people at home in reading general literature; the "Chautauqua Town and Country Club," which incites young people to *do* something with their eyes and with their hands in the line of observation, sowing, planting, watching, tending, thus cultivating love for nature and familiarity with the ways of nature; and the "Look-up-Legion," which trains our young people to bring the results of Biblical study, general reading, scientific observation, to the shrine of helpful service, that what they learn they may use for the good of others.

These four societies constitute the "Chautauqua Youths' League," and to this "league" will hereafter be assigned an extensive garden, with sections devoted to the four societies. It is hoped that every young person who goes to Chautauqua will join all these societies.

Next year, at Chautauqua, it is expected that there will be a company of "Chautauqua Cadets," for boys belonging to the league, and a "Calisthenic Corps" for the girls who are members.

Answers to Search-Questions should be addressed to Editors of WIDE AWAKE, 32 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass., with the words, "Search-Questions," in corner of envelope.

For prize books for correct answers see Oct. number.

In reply to many inquiries: *We will receive answers to Search-Questions up to the date of the appearance of the printed answers, and will publish the names of senders, and allow prizes for correct complete lists.*

Complete lists of correct answers to the August Search-Questions have been received as follows: H. M. Wheelock, Nellie Ward, Fred L. Knowles, A. M. Morgan, Willie Owen.

Partial lists and lists not wholly correct in answer to August Search-Questions: Charles G. Norton, Emily C. Hall, Ella M. Booth, Mary L. Clark, Edith L. Johnson, Dora Barstow, H. W. Bray, Bessie Haight, C. Y. F. R. U. of Monona, Iowa (Nelia Davis, Sec.), Mary J. Drew, C. Y. F. R. U., of North Bridgewater, Mass. (Julia M. Leonard, Sec.), Mabel Rawson, M. E. Bidwell.

Additional complete lists of correct answers to July Search-Questions: Maud and Grace Wyman, Geo. E. Metcalf, Albert T. Sprague, Sarah L. Galloupe, M. A. Lanman, Clio C. Y. F. R. U. of Norwich, Conn., W. C. Thompson, Effie C. Verney, Mary F. Duren, W. Owen, M. A. Love.

Additional partial and not wholly correct list of answers to July Search-Questions: Renah E. Mosher, (Macon City, Mo., *no name*), Fred L. Knowles, Rebee E. Hill, Willis H. Davis, James McK. Tilghman, Bessie Montgomery, Susie F. Currant, C. Y. F. R. U. of Elkton, Md. (Mary H. Little, Sec.), Effie M. Thorndike, (Mechanicsburg, O., *no name*).

One of our Searchers writes: "It is surprising how many college professors, men of note, scholars, librarians, editors and readers, cannot answer these questions. And they often say they are glad of having the opportunity to learn the answers by looking at my WIDE AWAKE."

Another, a grown-up Searcher, writes: "Enclosed find complete lists of answers to Search-Questions in July WIDE AWAKE. It has been a frightful struggle, but they're *there*, and, I believe, correct. I would delight, above all things, in getting the *Life of Bayard Taylor*. My wife suggests that from the amount of time we have spent in the search we are entitled to a whole library at least; but in this case we both feel that the time spent has brought its own reward, over and above any prize earned. The idea of the 'Questions' is a capital one in every way."

R. H. K., Norwich, Conn, writes: "One of my friends and I followed out those Hints for Young Pedestrians, in Readings for June, '84, and enjoyed very much our walk. To me this was one of the best of the valuable papers in the C. Y. F. R. U. Readings and my word for it, it has done some good. Now that the Academy has commenced again we boys usually go on a tramp of twenty-five miles or so every Saturday. I mean to make this a sort of training for a walk to Chautauqua next summer."

MR. YAN PHOU LEE, a young Chinese scholar at Yale College, New Haven, Conn., will, with his assistants, answer all questions which members of the C. Y. F. R. U. may de-

sire to ask about different countries, their people, their laws and customs, education and domestic life. All inquiries should be sent to him at the above address.

ALL THE WORLD AROUND.

Will you tell me something about the Emperor of China?

The present Emperor is only fourteen years of age. People outside, and even his subjects, know very little of him. Occasionally, a short article comes out in the foreign Shanghai or Hongkong papers, giving some details of the daily life of the ruler of the empire. As a native of China and a student of Chinese history, I can understand many things about him which would perplex an American. Since he is only a minor, the Empress-dowager, his adopted mother, acts as regent. She is mother of the previous emperor and is considered a very able woman. His duties therefore are not hard unless you take into account the sameness of his occupations from day to day. He rises about five o'clock in the morning. After making his toilet, he gives audience to his ministers. When this is over, he retires to breakfast from the throne-room. Then the rest of the day is spent in study and in military exercises. His guardians are very careful with his education. His tutors are some of the greatest scholars of the country. All possible reverence is shown to him, of course, but he is taught to curb his temper and control all its manifestations. He seldom goes out of the palace grounds which are of large extent. But when he does, the streets are cleared beforehand by imperial decree. This is to inspire awe and to provide for his absolute safety.

Do you have dentists in China?

Yes. But dentists in China are pullers or extractors, and not fillers. Filling of teeth with gold and other substances is unknown except to those who come in contact with Europeans. Our method of tooth-pulling goes on an ascending scale from the primitive way of taking the tooth with the hand to the scientific mode by means of plasters. The former is painful and is used only by amateurs. The latter is comparatively painless and is practised by professionals. The last class may be seen on public squares where many men assemble. Their stock consists of bottles of preserved animals of the smaller sort, which form a formidable array on painted wooden boxes, long strings of teeth of all sizes and ages from those which suggest the horse to those which record the sufferings of babies. A chair, an awning and a big supply of plasters, a basin of water and a few signs, complete the dentist's equipment. Now let us see how the operation is performed. Behold! a victim appears, his hand propping up his chin, his face showing signs of acute pain. The doctor takes a peep at the rebellious tooth; he clasps a plaster on the jaw of the sufferer, then seizes his basin of water and pressing on the plaster, tells the other to open his mouth. He obeys and in a few seconds he sees with gratification his tooth in the water, which is tinged with blood. You may not believe it, but the whole operation has not taken over five minutes. Moreover, hardly any appreciable pain has been experienced, while the aid of tongs and pinchers has not been invoked at all. It is all due to the miraculous properties of the plaster which the doctor says is made from the perspiration of horses. I will not say how true that is.

THE WIDE AWAKE POST-OFFICE.

The author of the "Frying-pan Bonnet," in the October WIDE AWAKE, is Mrs. Katharine B. Foot, and not Miss Kate Foote (as appears with the story) who is the author of "Wagon-tire Camp" which was published in the January number.

The first six Wide Awake Art Prints are ready just in time for Christmas presents.

The Postmistress has a good thing to tell her friends — two little secrets that have just come out. All will remember "Guy" in Mrs. Frémont's reminiscences of General Grant in the September WIDE AWAKE. Well, afterwards, the Postmistress learned that the author of "Some Schoolgirl Reminiscences of Fenimore Cooper," published in this number, was Guy's mother; and then the very next day the Postmistress took up a newspaper and read this:

TUCSON, Ariz., September 3. A Fort Boise special says Lieutenant Guy E. Huse, just returned from Mexico with thirty-two men, having made one thousand miles since May 19, has in charge fifteen of Geronimo's squaws and children as prisoners. Geronimo himself is reported slain.

Which shows that General Grant saw very clearly when "looking into" that boy of eighteen.

The Wide Awake Art Prints are described on the page after the Prospectus in this number.

ZETHEL.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have taken you for two years and I like you very much indeed. I am acquainted with some of the characters in "Their Club and Ours," and one of them is my most intimate friend.

I have been a-fishing a great many times in the stream which turns the wheel of the old mill in the story, and it is lovely fun.

LILIAN.

The Art Print of Kate Greenaway's painting, "Little Brown Maiden," ought to be given to every wee girlie in the land at Christmas.

BELVIDERE.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I think you are the most delightful magazine I have ever read. I cannot take you myself, but a little girl next door lends you to me. I am a little girl eleven years old. I used

to like the "Little Botanist's" letters so much and the "Wild Flower Papers" were lovely. I have a little sister who has red hair. It is golden-red and very pretty it is, so I think, but she often wishes she had brown or golden. I am going to Asbury Park this summer, I have never been there. I am going to send you a little story I wrote, I guess it is too long to be published. I don't think it is good, but my sister wants me to send it.

NELLIE'S DREAM.

Little Nellie Graves stood by the garden gate watching her sisters playing tag. "Oh! how I wish something wonderful would happen to me," she thought. "Well, I guess I'll go and rest by that group of cedars, and watch the brook," and she ran down the hill and threw herself under a tree. All at once she heard a deep groan and a slight rustle in the bushes, and turning saw a large bear. "Come with me," said the bear, "and I will give you a ride." Poor Nellie was afraid to refuse, so she sprang on his back and held fast to his ears. Off trotted the bear. After a little they came to a beautiful palace, and the bear said, "Get off!" After which he stood on his hind feet and tapped. Instantly an old woman came to the door. "Hey-dey, Bruin! Who have you here?" "A governess for Prince Rolan," said Bruin. "Follow me," said the woman to Nellie, and led her to a room where sat the queen. But Nellie made so many blunders that the queen sent her away in disgust; and Bruin was taking her home when she woke up. Yes, there she was under the tree, with the little brook murmuring, the birds singing, and the wind whispering among the boughs.

MADGE.

The Art Prints are large, beautiful pictures in rich tints for framing, or for portfolios.

MACHIAS, Me.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I do not take you but have three bound volumes and think you must be the best magazine published. I think the Post-office very interesting and wish it might be put into the bound volumes. One of your operettas, "The Rebellion of the Daisies," was played here May 14th, with great success. I think it very pretty. I took part in the chorus only. I should like to correspond with one, or as many of the WIDE AWAKE readers as will write to me; I am fourteen years old.

MINA H. CASWELL.

For your little brother's Christmas or birthday gift, send for the Art Print, "The Dream Peddler," in golden pink.

SAM'S VALLEY, Oregon.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

My home is among the beautiful mountains of Southern Oregon, about seventy-five miles from the coast. From our

door we can see Mount Pitt, which is forty miles from here. It is nine thousand five hundred and eighty feet high and covered with snow most of the year. The trees here are very large; being from one hundred to two hundred and fifty feet in height, and from three to seven feet through.

I have lived here only three months — before then I lived in Chicago. I ride horseback a great deal and think it is lots of fun, and altogether I like living in the country full as well as I did in the city.

A few days ago my brother and a friend of his were going to camp in the mountains, and hunt, as there are a great many deer here. They had just reached the camping ground when they saw a large panther in a tree close by; they killed it at the first shot, and my brother brought the skin home, which measured seven feet two inches from tip to tip.

I am very fond of music, and wish your pages would contain more of it.

Will some of the boys or girls write to me? I would like to have them very much. MARION WALPOLE.

The Art Prints will be sent to you by mail in pasteboard rolls for 50 cents each, by the Publishers of Wide Awake.

BALLENA, Cal.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

We received the four octave organ, which you generously gave us as premium for subscriptions to your excellent magazines, in good condition and it gives entire satisfaction. We find it a great help in our Sunday School as will the teacher also in the public school, when it is in session.

MRS. JAS. McFRASER.

Our older boys and girls will like, for gift-giving, the companion Art Prints, "Morning" and "Evening."

We copy these directions for a pretty game, new, we think, to American children, from the English *Little Folks*:

A very amusing game for both boys and girls we invented some years ago, and have often played it with success, particularly in the dark autumn evenings when the weather is fine. We used to call it, amongst ourselves, "Will o' the Wisp," and as we derived great amusement from it we will give a few plain directions concerning the mode of playing it. The necessary implements are dark lanterns. Every player must have a lantern with a candle firmly fixed in it, and ready for action. One lantern should have a red, or green, or violet shade, the others should all be white lights. Will o' the Wisp consists in one boy or girl taking the red or violet-colored lamp, and hiding in the brushwood or behind a tree in the private grounds or on the common, where the game may be played. When he has got a certain distance he displays his light, and by waving it he attracts the attention of the rest of the party, who at once start in pursuit. Will o' the Wisp, when he perceives the others in motion, which he can at once do, because the white lights will

move about, closes his light, and moves quietly away to another place, where he again displays his gleam and guides his pursuers. So the game may be continued until Will o' the Wisp is captured, or till he is tired.

If you want to please Grandma at Christmas, buy her the lovely Art Print, "In Grandmother's Garden."

50 Prospect St. FITCHBURG, Mass.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I have taken you for nearly five years, and think you are "just splendid." I have got one subscriber for you, and intend to get more. I should like to have some of the girls and boys write to me, and I will answer all their letters, if they will write. If some of the girls that like to read, make doll's dresses, and like music, would write to me, I should be very much pleased. I have taken nearly seven quarters of music lessons, but I shall probably stop when I finish this quarter, and then, when I am fourteen, take vocal lessons. I wish that some one would tell me of some pretty, and quite difficult pieces.

GERTRUDE BROWN.

If brother is going away to school, buy the Art Print, "On Nantucket Shore," for his room.

NEWPORT, R. I.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

I think that you are perfectly jolly, and I wish that you came every week, but it might be too much of a good thing and I might not wait so anxiously for you. I have no brothers and sisters, but I have a nice time all the same. I suppose some of the WIDE AWAKE girls would like to be here, but besides bathing and parties it is not so awfully nice. I like "A Child's Paradise" ever so much, and I think "A New Departure for Girls" is delightful too. Please print this for I want to surprise my dear papa.

E. G. S.

If you wish to begin a collection of art-treasures, start a portfolio of Art Prints. The individual style of each artist is shown in these pictures.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.

DEAR WIDE AWAKE:

Papa has bought you ever since I have been a tiny little thing, and I like you so much. I am just beginning to read your stories all by myself, and mamma says I am no longer a pest; because you know I wanted her to read a thing over and over again. We live in the country, and we have a horse called "Bob," and a beautiful little Jersey cow called "Queen Mab," and a good many other pets. I must not forget to tell you, that the author of "Down the Ravine," is a friend of papa's and her name is Miss Mary Murfree, and she used to live in Nashville long time ago. NINA REID.

The Art Prints are hand-printed, and only a few copies of each subject will be made.

C. Y. F. R. U.

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WIDE AWAKE

VOLUME V



BOSTON
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FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS

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PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

(American Series.)

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

III.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

IF you wish to see how highly favored you are in your historians, in your Macaulay and Green, your Bancroft and Prescott and Palfrey and Motley and Parkman, with all their richness of language, their pleasant way of using incidents and power of making history attractive, you need to be put on a probation of Hume — a penitential one you would find it — till you come to fully appreciate your privileges and see what you have to be thankful for.

Hume was the bane of my childhood. It was early impressed upon me, enjoined upon me, that I must read Hume's *History of England*. I must forego the Ossian, the Shenstone, the Campbell, the Burns, the *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, and (saddest of all) *The Scottish Chiefs*, which stood, all gay in scarlet morocco and gilding, or rich in russet, a tempting row of twenty-six volumes on the upper shelf. Next below, sizing up, were books of the stature of *Chesterfield's Letters*, Tytler, the *Idler*, Junius' Letters and Bennett's Letters; and then that almost hateful row of nine — I doubt not they are in all old-fashioned libraries in just the same style of binding — in leathern covers, with a red morocco strip near the top, like a bandage, for the gilt-lettered title, and a green one near the bottom for volume and author, part labeled "Hume," then three "Smollett," and then "Bissett" — a trying mystery to me was that — if the history was by Hume; but I found out later.

Dry old Hume! If I had not known him so long I should love him more. I had to begin on him at ten; and can I ever forget the dreariness of the "tonnage and poundage," and the wonder what it *could* mean, and why there was so much of it? Revenues to the crown, confiscations, prorogations of Parliament had some meaning that a child could vaguely grasp at, but that "tonnage and poundage" fairly conquered my faculties, swallowed up what little intelligence I had. It was my refreshment, my spot of green in the desert, to read the page

where the death of the king came in, and the names of his children were given (even they were often "issue," instead of sons and daughters), Constance, Agatha, Adela, Maud — how delicious! I luxuriated in, dreamed over, dwelt upon any kind of a passage dug out of the dreariness which seemed to bring anything personal, human, life-like before me. That a king should have a surname, that John



WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

should be called "Lackland," and Henry "Beauclerc" was a keen delight, and the first Richard was the world's hero for all time for the sake of that magic "Lion-hearted." And dare I say that in the general aridity, the strangling of the little princes, the drowning of Clarence in the butt of Malmsey, and the episodes connected with Henry's six wives were events to be turned to with eager interest instead of the proper horror!

It was after too much Hume that Prescott came to my relief. History could be made interesting it seemed; its personages were not like the dry bones of the valley; it was practicable to marshal them before one as men and women who had actually lived. The work that told me this was his first: the *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella* — a period of three important events, the discovery of America, the conquest of the Moors in Spain, the establishment of the Inquisition; and during their reign three celebrated personages in Spanish history were actors, Columbus, Cardinal Ximenes (the great statesman), and Gonsalvo de Cordova, "the great Captain."

But instead of dwelling upon the great historical works of this author, with which you surely ought to have already become acquainted, let us take a long look back and see why he wrote history, and how he did it. After that, if you have failed to read him, you will do so with keener interest from knowing the difficulties he had to conquer. And if haply you are familiar with those books, you will enjoy them the more.

William Hickling Prescott was born in Salem, Mass., May 4, 1796. You can see how naturally his imagination must have helped in his work, vivifying and brightening it, when you are told that as a boy he was exceedingly susceptible to all stories of adventure and romance, and that books of that class were his favorites; he had games where soldiers were the actors, and with one of his schoolmates used to have fanciful personal combats as in the days of chivalry, the two having appropriated for their use portions of old armor from among the curiosities in the Boston Athenæum, and they took turns in telling each other interminable stories of their own invention, those of Prescott being the wildest and most incredible.

At fifteen he entered Harvard College, dreading the examination, but he did himself great credit, and on the following day wrote to his father that the President sent down a dish of pears to the candidates, and treated them like gentlemen, and that he felt twenty pounds lighter after it was over. He had not been long in college when the accident occurred which destroyed the sight of one eye forever, and before a year and a half had passed the other was so badly affected that he went to stay a while at the Azores for a remedy; but growing worse, was shut in a totally dark room for six weeks, where he took his exercise by walking across the floor, "hundreds of miles in all," he said, and amused himself by singing, always cheerful, always patient, as he continued to be through his whole life.

This walking, for the sake of both his physical and mental well-being, one hears a good deal about later; in his increasing blindness it became an absolute necessity, a part of his carefully regulated plan, to keep himself in condition for his work, and

at one time he was in the habit of walking six miles a day; at his beloved country home in Pepperell there was a path worn in the sod which his feet had made, and one most pathetic incident is told of him when towards the close of his life he had a house at Lynn, and as there was hardly a tree on the place, he used to walk round and round in the shade of the broad branches of a cherry-tree, "a certain length of time every day, and there," says his biographer, "he soon wore a path in the green-sward, and so deep did it at last become, that now — four years since any foot has pressed it — the marks still remain, as a sad memorial of his infirmity."

After a visit to Europe he came home not much improved in eyesight, and was obliged to give up his early plans in consequence, but he deliberately chose as the occupation of his life, literary work; and what do you think his memoranda for preparation was? Though already an educated man, this was the preparatory course of study he marked out:

"1. Principles of grammar, correct writing, etc; 2. Compendious history of North America; 3. Fine prose-writers of English from Roger Ascham to the present day, principally with reference to their mode of writing — not including historians, except as far as requisite for an acquaintance with style. 4. Latin classics one hour a day."

And "he studied as if he had been a schoolboy," Blair's Rhetoric, Murray's Grammar, and "the prefatory matter of Johnson's Dictionary for the grammatical portion of his task," and then "took up the series of good English writers, studying enough of each to get an idea of his style and general characteristics," and so for nearly one year occupied himself; which I call your attention to in order to show you how he began with the elements, and with what thoroughness he fitted himself for future work. A study of Prescott's painstaking, his systematic industry, and discipline of himself, is well worth the while of any young person, and is calculated to reprove certain flippant and superficial ideas about "getting an education" which are too common. In his own person he exalted the task-work of learning and made it heroic, while his simple earnestness and teachableness, like those of a child, throw a great charm around this phase of his life. Prescott the man, in his study, struggling with his life-long infirmity, calling himself to account for the least ill-use of his time and powers, always serene, master of himself — Prescott as the man is even greater than the historian.

After his year of English, he spent one in a serious study of French literature, and in the third he began Italian; next he became interested in Spanish, and says in a letter to Bancroft that he is "battling with it," but doubts if "there are many valuable things that the Key of Knowledge will unlock in that language," never dreaming of the career which that very language was to open

to him. Having eventually decided upon historical composition he deliberated long upon the subject, and made this note: "I subscribe to the history of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. January 19th, 1826;" and beneath, years after, he wrote: "A fortunate choice. May, 1847."

He made a list of several hundred volumes to be read or consulted; and with regard to his partial blindness, he writes: "What I can't read may be read to me. I will secure what I can of the foreign tongues, and leave the English to my secretary. When I can't get six, get four hours a day. . . I must confine myself to what exclusively and directly concerns it [my subject] . . . I must make memoranda accurate and brief of every book I read for this object."

He thought that "travelling at this lame gait," he might yet hope in five or six years to reach the goal;" but it took twice that time. Of one of his secretaries, he writes to a friend:

"My excellent reader and present scribe reads to me Spanish with a true Castilian accent two hours a day without understanding a word of it. What do you think of this for the temperature of the dog-days? And which would you rather be the reader or the *readee*?"

What a prodigious power of memory and mental assimilation that he could "digest while sitting alone in his study the material of four hours' reading which he had been listening to;" more wonderful still, that he could think over a mass of matter and compose in his memory, carrying along what would fill fifty or sixty pages of printed text, keeping it for several days, running it over and over, once going over in his mind a single chapter of one of his histories sixteen times, to be entirely satisfied with its composition!

For the first chapter of *Ferdinand and Isabella*, he was three months reading and taking notes. When you think of such preparation, supplemented by such mental labor, will you not read that history with reverence for the tireless spirit, the patient hand of the author? When it was completed he calculated that he had spent on it ten of the best years of his life, but it had been, he says, "a continual source of pleasure," with all its disadvantages, and this little record reads: "There is no happiness so great as that of a permanent and lively interest in some intellectual labor;" but he had the elements for enjoyment in himself, in his well-regulated spirit, his learning, his sunny temperament, his affability towards others. One of his friends said, "He could be happy in more ways, and more happy in any one of them, than any other person I have ever known."

As a specimen of his style, here is the description of the future queen, the patroness of Columbus, as she was at nineteen, the time of her marriage with her cousin Ferdinand—that event which united the kingdoms of Aragon and Castile:

Isabella was a year older than her lover. In stature she was somewhat above the middle size. Her complexion was fair; her hair of a bright chestnut color inclining to red; and her mild blue eye beamed with intelligence and sensibility. She was exceedingly beautiful: "the handsomest lady," said one of her household, "whom I ever beheld, and the most gracious in her manners." The portrait, still existing of her in the royal palace, is conspicuous for an open symmetry of features, indicative of the natural serenity of temper, and that beautiful harmony of intellectual and moral qualities, which most distinguished her. She was dignified in her demeanor, and modest even to a degree of reserve. She spoke the Castilian language with more than usual elegance; and early imbibed a relish for letters, in which she was superior to Ferdinand, whose education in this particular seems to have been neglected.

This you will see is a highly elaborated, a carefully considered style; but in his next work, the *History of The Conquest of Mexico*, it becomes, as the critics of that day were not slow to notice, "richer, freer, more animated and graceful." This second work, which he began after a little rest, naturally came easier and was more speedily brought to a close, having been finished in about four years. He had by this time become accustomed to historical composition, had more confidence in himself, and was able to break away from any arbitrary restrictions which had almost unconsciously influenced him. He says of this period: "I wrote with much less fastidiousness and elaboration. Yet I rarely wrote without revolving the chapter half a dozen times in my mind. But I did not *podder* over particular phrases."

The *Conquest of Mexico* is a far more absorbing work; the subject was a grand one, the situations were often highly romantic, as often tragic. What conditions for poem or story in some of the adventures, as of the young prince who saw his father beheaded while he himself was concealed in the branches of a tree overhead! His vicissitudes and perils equal in interest those of Alfred of England, or Charles II., or the "Young Chevalier;" for instance, one day while playing ball in the court-yard of his own palace, a party of soldiers came with orders to kill him on the spot; the boy invited them into the palace, and while they were feasting, he passed into the next saloon through a passage, still keeping within their sight until his attendants by flinging spices and aromatics upon a burning censer in the ante-room raised such a cloud of incense as hid him from their view, and when it had passed off he was gone, having escaped by a secret passage which led to some subterranean apartment.

"And now," says Prescott, on February 3, 1844, "now I propose to break ground on 'Peru.' I shall work the mine, however, at my leisure;" but in 1847, it was ready for the public, that most fascinating of all his books (to young readers at least), the *History of the Conquest of Peru*. When I presume to speak thus for the younger among his admirers, it is from my own experience. Never

had anything been to me so attractive. How suggestive of some grand looking-off place in the world of knowledge, as well as the natural world, was this passage about the mountain-chains of South America!

Arranged sometimes in a single line, though more frequently in two or three lines running parallel or obliquely to each other, they seem to the voyager on the ocean but one continuous chain; while the huge volcanoes, which to the inhabitants of the table-land look like solitary and independent masses, appear to him only like so many peaks of the vast and magnificent range. So immense is the scale on which Nature works in these regions that it is only when viewed from a great distance, that the spectator can, in any degree, comprehend the relation of the several parts to the stupendous whole.

It seemed as if the author himself entered with unusual zest upon the manners and customs, the handiwork and character of the Peruvians; and intensely interesting are his accounts of their epicurean sense of luxury in ornament; the bridges of twisted osiers swaying to every motion where they spanned high in air, from cliff to cliff, the darkly rushing streams; the perfect government of the Incas; the systematic arrangement and regulation of everything throughout the vast empire; the post communication; the sisterhood of "The Virgins of the Sun" — it was all new, graphically told, enchaining the attention from first to last. But dark and red with carnage was the history after Francisco Pizarro set his foot in the peaceful land, horrible and sickening, but you will be swept along by it as by irresistible destiny till you see the last of the Incas strangled like a vile criminal and the Pizarros one by one laid in their bloody graves; and when all is done, lo! it is not fiction you have been spending your sympathy and your tears over, but history, as a master-hand can conjure it up and fix it on the printed page.

The last undertaking of Prescott was the *His-*

tory of Philip the Second. The Spanish subjects still held their power over him; see how he writes to Lady Lyell: "If I should go to heaven when I quit this dirty ball, I shall find many acquaintances there, and some of them very respectable, of the olden time. . . . Don't you think I should have a kindly greeting from good Isabella? . . . But there is one that I am sure will owe me a grudge, and that is the very man I have been making two big volumes upon. With all my good-nature I can't wash him even into the darkest French gray. He is black and all black."

That work he never completed: on the twenty-eighth of January, 1859, he passed from this life. He had expressed a wish that before his burial, his dead body might be placed in the library where he had spent so many studious and happy hours, and there allowed to remain for a time; and it was done.

Dead he lay among his books,

in the silent presence of the great host whose thoughts had been such joy and strength and inspiration to him; "in unmoved, inaccessible peace; and the lettered dead of all ages and climes and countries collected there seemed to look down upon him in their earthly and passionless immortality, and claim that his name should hereafter be imperishably associated with theirs."

NOTE.—His principal works are *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, *Conquest of Mexico*, *Conquest of Peru*, *History of Philip the Second*. His biography was written by George Ticknor. You will find that the paths of Irving, Prescott and Motley sometimes crossed one another. Irving at one time contemplated writing the *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, but graciously gave it up when he learned of Prescott's intention; and under similar circumstances Motley courteously gave up *Philip the Second*. The particulars of the former case are to be found in the life of Irving by his nephew; of the latter in Ticknor's biography of Prescott, chap. xx.

MY GARDEN PETS.

BY MARY TREAT.

III.

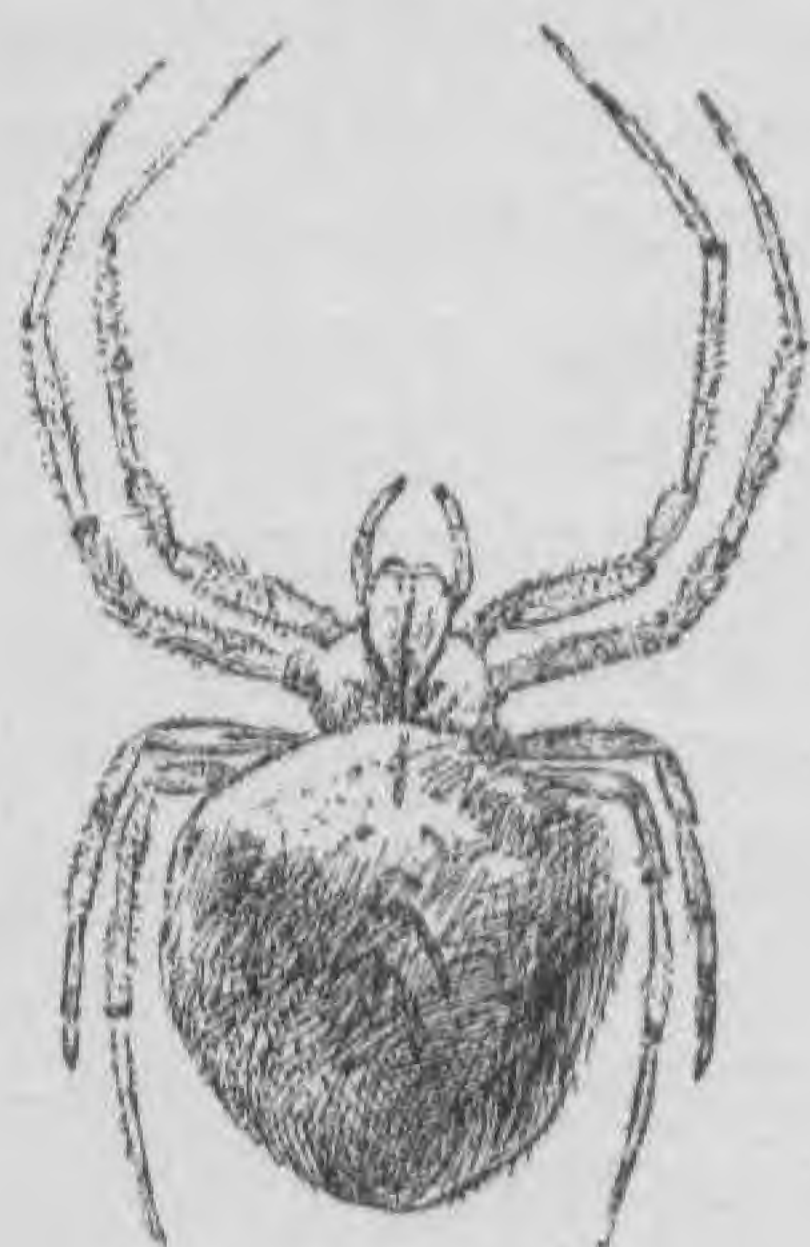
THREE SPECIES OF EPEIRA.

EPEIRA DOMICILIORUM, or the domicile spider, is an interesting orb-weaver, with a genius for adapting itself to its surroundings. Its color is reddish-brown; on the back of the abdomen is a spot in the form of a cross; underneath is a large black spot and two small white ones. The length of the body is sixteen to eighteen mm.

No other species with which I am acquainted has such individual character, and such diverse habits. I never know what to expect of *Epeira Domiciliorum*. Scarcely two individuals will construct the same kind of house, or behave in the same manner. Some are cautious and secretive, others seem heedless and unconscious of danger.

Sometimes it builds about our dwellings, underneath the eaves, or constructs its silken cone in a corner of the piazza. I find it in the vineyard with a house made of a grape leaf, after the pattern of

Epeira Trifolium. Again I meet with it in the corn-field where a blade of corn is made to do service as a house — bent over and firmly bound in such a way as to make a snug retreat; and again I find it in the forest far from man's abode, high up among the branches of some tree, with cables several yards in length extending down to hold the snare to the bushes below. These high-minded dames frequently sail away on the wings of the wind.



HARRISON SPIDER.

Last summer a well-known naturalist and staid Doctor of Divinity, was visiting our town to espy the curious creatures that may be found within its limits. While driving along one of the avenues he caught sight of one of these sailing aeronauts above our heads. Ordering the driver to stop, he jumped from the carriage and with the whip vainly tried to reach the line which Madame was fast throwing out. But she caught sight of his efforts, understood them, and commenced hauling in her cable very rapidly, and presently she was back in her house high up on a maple tree.

But the Doctor was not to be outwitted by the manœuvre. His keen eye had noticed the exact spot of her concealment. Very soon he was up the tree; and, holding on to the long outstretched limb, hand over hand he went until he reached the twig near the end of the branch and secured it. On resuming his seat we were anxious to see the prize — when lo, it was only the common domicile spider.

One of these secretive domiciles had her home under the upper part of the window-casing, and it was her habit during the dusky evening to hang her orb across and outside the window, where the light from within would attract a good many insects, and these fell into her snare. But early in the morning everything would be cleared away and she be snugly tucked under her silken canopy. For several days I arose earlier than usual to learn how Madame did her morning work and had everything removed in such good time. But I was not early enough until I arose with the dawn, when I found she had a dozen or more insects strung regularly along the radial lines of her orb. She herself was not on the orb, but in her castle taking her breakfast. When she finished her repast, she came running along the line to her snare. There she commenced cutting and rolling the web in a ball and throwing it down. When she came to a fly she cut it loose and while holding it in her mandibles drew her legs back, then projected them with a quick forward movement which sent the fly to quite a distance from her. When all was cleared, she returned to her retreat to remain until the shades of evening again would invite her forth.

In the autumn *Epeira Domiciliorum* seems like a different creature. She is sluggish, obese; her alacrity and cunning are things of the past. All that is left for her now is to prepare for a coming generation. She makes a yellow flossy cocoon. This she fastens to some firm object. Soon after she falls to the ground and mingles with the dust.

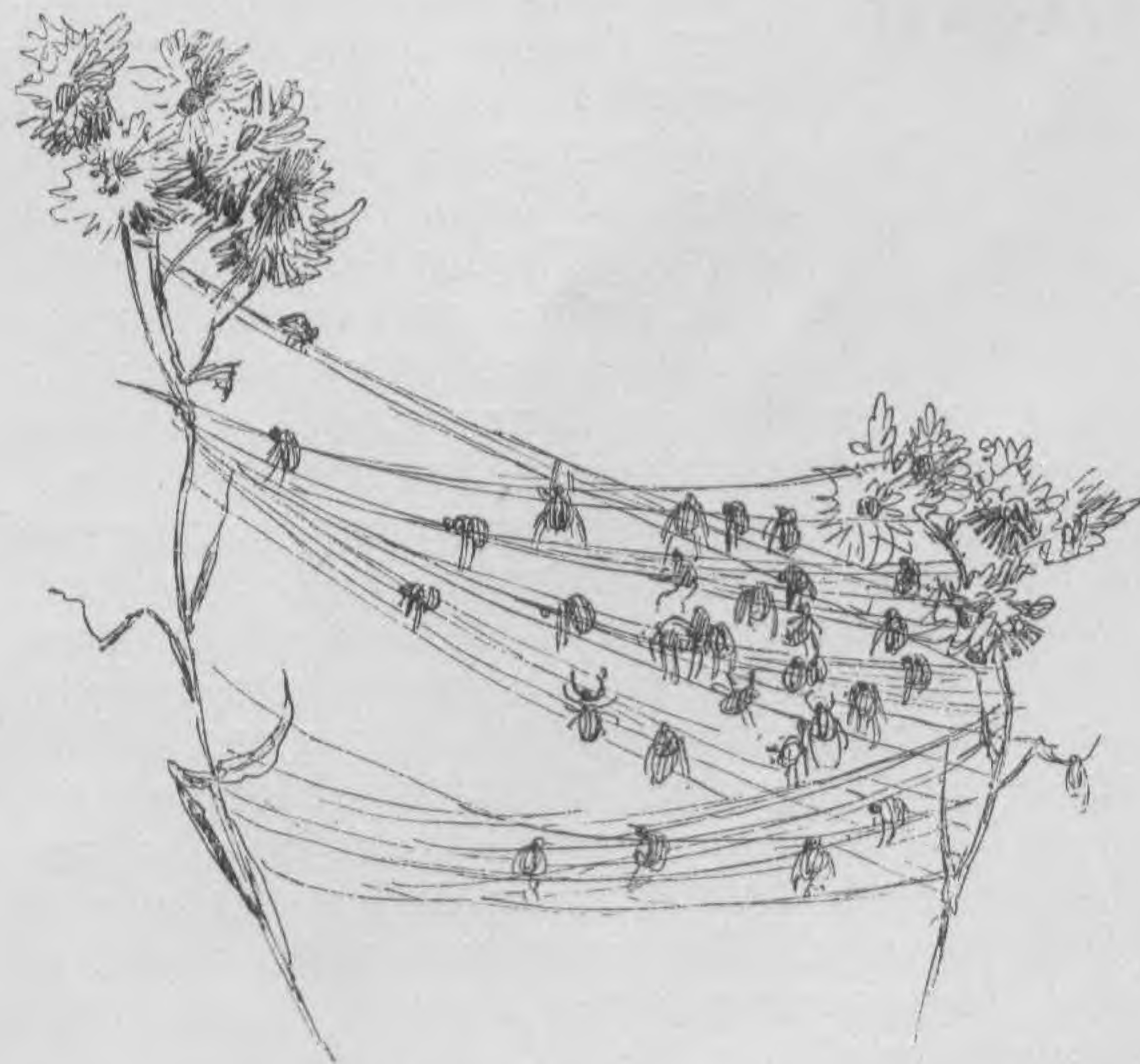
The young emerge from the cocoon the same autumn and soon disperse and find places in various crannies to pass the winter. The following spring and summer the same round is repeated and old age overtakes them at the end of one brief year.

Epeira Harrisonæ, or the Harrison spider, is a new species of which I have recently made a careful study. Its habits are quite the opposite of the domicile spider, and it is somewhat larger than this species. It is of a light greenish-gray color. It lives two years before coming to maturity.

Its habitat, as far as I have been able to trace it, is New England and Northern New York.

My first specimen was sent by Mrs. J. B. Harrison of New Hampshire, and at my request was named by Doctor McCook in honor of this lady.* Subsequently through the kind hospitality of Mrs. Harrison and her family I was enabled to observe this species, as well as several others, in their native haunts.

The Harrison spider is invariably found around



BABY CLOTHES.

buildings. I have never been able to induce one to construct a home among trees or bushes, no matter how far I removed it from its home. If not too old and plethoric it soon started on a pilgrim-

* Since this paper was written Emerton's *New England Spiders of the Family Epeiridae*, has been published, and he therein describes the Harrison spider under the name of *Epeira Cinerea*, and unless Doctor McCook can claim right of priority to the name *Harrisonia*, it will hereafter be known by Emerton's name — *cinerea*.

age toward some building where it could obtain shelter. Where or how its ancestors lived before there were any houses, no record is left to tell us. All that we know is that the descendants are unlike other orb-weavers in the peculiarity of their home surroundings.

It is a quiet unobtrusive species, males and females living harmoniously together, with their great orbs, often eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, hanging side by side not six inches apart.

Twice I have attempted to colonize it in New Jersey. In the autumn of 1880, I brought from New Hampshire four mature females and sixteen half-grown ones of both sexes. I put some around the stable and shed, some under the eaves of the house and others under the roof of the piazza. The four females made their cocoons the same October and fastened them to the ceiling after the fashion of the domicile. But unlike this species, as long as life lasted, the mother manifested an unwavering love and care for her future offspring. As soon as the cocoon was completed her next work was to conceal it. For this purpose she scraped weather-beaten boards with her mandibles and made little pellets of the gray material and covered the cocoon until it looked like some inequality in the wood.



EPEIRA STELLATA.

The young did not leave the cocoon until the following spring. When they came out they moved about six inches distant and formed a compact mass like a miniature swarm of bees. Thus they re-

mained a day or two. Finally the mass broke up and formed four groups, and soon after the united force made a thick web five or six inches in length and breadth, and here they left their first baby-clothes strung along the innumerable lines.

When a spider is preparing to moult it stops eating for several days, and fastens itself by a short line of web to one of the main lines of its snare, which holds it firmly while it proceeds to undress. The skin cracks all around the thorax and is held only by the front edge. Next, the abdomen is uncovered. Now comes the struggle to free the legs; it works and kicks vigorously, and seems to have very hard work. But continued perseverance of about fifteen minutes brings it out of the old dress; and it seems almost lifeless, and is limp and helpless for several minutes, but gradually comes back to life and looks brighter and prettier than before.

To young people and even to little children it is an operation of extreme interest. My little nephew watched the moulting of nearly a full-grown pet spider and ran to his mother saying, "Mamma, my spider undressed and hung his dress on a line."

Now they began to disperse, each individual spinning a perfect little orb not much larger than a silver dollar. I began to look upon them with

dismay, for several hundred must have emerged from each of the cocoons, and beside most of the half-grown ones that I had brought would be mothers in the fall; and if they all lived the house would be shrouded with their nets. But before the summer was over I could not find a dozen, and at the end of three years they had disappeared.

I suspect the little wren might have told something about their disappearance. As far as I can ascertain, wherever this spider abounds the wren is not found. In certain localities in New Hampshire, a few years ago, the wren was a common resident, where now it is not known. I could not learn whether this spider was contemporary with our sprightly little songster, but I am inclined to think that it will not be found to any extent in the same neighborhood, the nature of its habits making it an easy prey for the bird.

Several species of *Epeira* resort to mimicry as a subterfuge for concealment. *Epeira Stellata* is one of the most successful in this line. It is a curious-looking creature, of a light brown color variously mottled with darker shades, and has fifteen conical spines; thirteen along the margin of the body and two on the back. When full-grown the length of the body is about twelve mm.

In the autumn, as a reward for careful scrutiny, large numbers of half-grown individuals may sometimes be found on the common ragweed (*Ambrosia artemisiæfolia*). Whoever has closely observed this weed has noticed that it has two sets of flowers — sterile and fertile — in the axils of the leaves, and that the fertile flowers produce spiny or tubercled fruit scattered at intervals along the stem. But whether generally noticed or not our cunning little *Stellata* sees the close resemblance in color, and in the tubercles or horns of the fruit a likeness to the conical spines of his own body, and he takes advantage of the resemblance. All day, legs drawn up, he sits motionless amid a cluster of the fruit.

As the shades of evening approaches both sexes leave their thorny couches and look to their snares. If they need repairing they are soon mended, or if hopelessly past repair the fragments are cleared away and a fresh gossamer net soon woven; and now, taking their positions in the centre of their orbs, they await for prey.

In the morning their pretty orbs are sparkling with dew, and it is an easy matter to follow the line that leads from the snare to the spiny retreat; but it is not such an easy matter to tell which is spider or which is fruit. Touch the little mimic — not a muscle moves. I cut one of the weeds, and careful not to disturb the occupant or the snare, take it to my study and place it in a vase of flowers about five feet from an open window. Is he, as he seems, wholly unconscious of my proceedings? A slight breeze comes floating through the room, and now is his opportunity. As quick as a flash he sails through the window and disappears.

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.

(Foreign Series.)

BY MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

III.

THE QUEEN AND THE PEASANT.

TO understand the deep undercurrent of this play, you must recall the fury of the long-oppressed, ignorant French laboring people which in their Revolution found vent, like the rage of animals, in indiscriminate killing. While opposed to them were the nobles, who were equally un-reasoning in regard to the causes that led to all this, and without pity or comprehension for the griefs of the class opposed to them. This feeling still controls in French politics. In the time nearer the Revolution it was intense. "Aristocrat," to the French peasant, was the embodiment of all evil; "le peuple," the same to the aristocrat.

If you have read Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*, you will remember how well he shows this. It is better told in the good French writings on that time — the Memoirs of the Duchess de la Roche-jacquelin for one. Written when she was eighty and had passed through splendor and young happiness to grief, want and ill-usage by peasant farmers who would have killed her had they guessed she was anything but a weakly farm-hand herding their turkeys — on through wars, exile and poverty back to peace and such happiness as comes from relief from trials, this is a book to read that you may understand by it feelings that shape a nation.

It was a most aristocratic audience that looked on at this poor peasant making ready the food he has earned for his family. "Pailliasse" is the popular name given the travelling juggler and acrobat because of the straw mattress he uses in his performance. This man, tall, strong and of open fine face, begins to show the wear of time and his hard life. It is fun for the country towns where he exhibits, but all hard work to him. But he has a sacred purpose that keeps him from yielding to the wish for a little rest. His wife is very young, very delicate, a little broken in courage and strength by early harsh treatment, and it is the joy of his heart to keep her in comfort, to give her what for their lot in life would be luxury. He, already advanced in years, had married her to protect her from the rough farmer to whom she was a drudge — a parish waif without protection from family or friends, and already her delicate young frame was sinking under harsh treatment.

She is always in his thoughts; he begins to talk

of her as he cuts up the carrots and herbs for the soup and wonders where she and the little boy are at that hour — "walking in the fields. She hates the streets and the noisy people, but loves to gather flowers and walk alone." Then she comes in with a little fellow who runs to the other boy on his pallet. "Do not wake him," says the mother, "he sleeps, he is tired, my poor little one." The father has to tell her that the boy slipped and fell while standing on his shoulders during the afternoon performance. She is a slender, refined-looking and lovely young woman, listless in manner, but as she hears that the boy had fallen and was hurt she springs up in horror, crying that she knew it must come — that her children would be killed — "that horrible danger! How often I have protested against it." Then like a woman possessed she cries out: "I *must* save them — I have no choice — I cannot see my children killed!"

Poor Pailliasse — he knows he must let the hysterical passion spend itself, but it was pitiful to see him feeding and tending the little boys with his sorrowful face turning in vain to the mother, who seems beyond control. On this the curtain falls.

Then the Queen became the first object. Prince Albert and two ladies-in-waiting were the only persons in the large box. We were directly opposite, we also only four in our box, and the Queen naturally looked again, seeing a little girl with respectful, intent look fixed on herself.

The Queen's countenance was very interesting. The emotion of the scene had brought to the surface more expression than English breeding tolerates for common use, and she was talking easily with the others. Prince Albert looked a little bored, but the Queen was animated, and though not handsome, as he was, yet more distinguished-looking, and with that quiet air of majesty of which he had none. Her dress was very simple, a pale blue moiré dinner dress with a lace scarf over the bare shoulders and a pearl necklace around the throat.

It was a great pleasure to the child to be so near and observe to such advantage "a real Queen" and find her so much like other ladies even in dress; and she knew the power and grandeur of the Empire on which the sun never sets. It was a good lesson to see this powerful sovereign as interested as she herself was in the family cares of a poor peasant.

The curtain goes up and again all is silence. In foreign theatres it is considered rude and ill-bred to make disturbing sounds, and when the Queen was present it was also deference to her to be silent.

This time the husband and wife are in deep conference. He told her the child's fall was his fault; that while he was balancing him on his shoulders a fine carriage with four horses had crossed the village common, and that the sight of those aristocrats rolling at their ease while she, weak and suffering, had to walk, drove the blood to his head, and he threw out his clenched fist at them and so lost the balance for the boy — "they bring only misfortune to us, those aristocrats," he said. Then she tells him those fine people had come to look for her and bring riches to them; that she had not been walking in the field, but had gone with one of them, their lawyer, to the inn, where a very old, white-haired gentleman who was sick wanted to see her. How he cried out at sight of her — how he compared her face with a little picture — "it was myself but with such beautiful dress and hair." And how they asked her to take off her cap and the old gentleman wept as her long light hair fell in waves about her and called her his child and a name that was not hers. And he said she must live with him always, for he was her mother's father — her mother who had been killed. And then *Monsieur le Notaire* stopped him, telling him he would be ill if he talked more and now must rest; and in the morning he, the lawyer, would go and tell her the rest, "then bring her to stay with me and be a great lady and rich." And then the lawyer brought her home.

She dared not tell all. How the lawyer had said that she, the child of a noble family whose mother and father had been killed and their home burned by their own peasants, could not bring a peasant into her grandfather's home. That it would kill him. They had seen the poor fellow exerting himself in his parti-colored clothes and paint and found him impossible. They did not feel that but for his tender care the little lost aristocrat would have perished from want and hard treatment — they did not consider peasants had any "feelings," or rights that nobles were bound to respect; and so the lawyer told her of the good provision that would be made for her husband, while she and her children would be put in their natural place and lifted out of all harms.

Although she refused flatly to hear of leaving her husband, the thought had been planted like a drop of poison, and when she found her boy hurt by the only way open to gain their bread, her poor brain grew all heated and troubled as to what was right for them.

What for their father now growing old? Was she selfish to think of her feelings? But this she keeps to herself, for she hopes to beg her grand-

father just to give them a little farm and some money so they may rest. The lawyer is so kind — surely he will take her part; and she waits to see him, only telling a part of the truth to Pailliasse.

He feels with sure instinct that he will not be tolerated. But when the lawyer comes he goes off that she may be free to decide.

The lawyer is patient and cunning. "Of course it is painful — at first — to be away from the good man who has sheltered her, but he is already old and failing and she should think of him and the repose riches would bring him." "She is so often suffering?" "Ah, yes." "Already her husband exerts himself beyond his strength to provide for her helplessness?" "Ah indeed yes!" "And he has to train the little boys to the same risky business to take his place?" With tears, "Yes." "Did not her husband marry her to protect her when she was a forlorn little nobody, and now that she knew she was a noble and could do everything in return and make his old age all comfort would she be less generous than Pailliasse had been? Her grandfather is ill — he is in suspense — will she disappoint him and condemn her family to poverty growing greater as time goes on?" And so he leaves her.

Poor tempest-tossed soul! But she *must* decide at once. Pailliasse comes in, and in a storm of tears and grief she pours out her torment of indecisions.

With the exaggeration of unselfishness which belongs with great love, he tells her she must leave him. But the children he will not give up — they are his and shall grow up to earn their bread as he and his people have done. She begs for her children and the mother's feeling almost melts him when — unfortunately — she goes on to say it was not alone the danger, but already the eldest shrinks from it as she does. "Often I have felt disgust as they crowded about you with their coarse loud laughs — there was something in me that rose against this humiliating future for him — I know now what it was — it was the blood of my race that which revolted at this." (*C'était le sang de mon race qui se revoltait contre cette avenir de Pailliasse.*)

Here fell a dead silence. The woman is awed into wonder as she gazes on her husband who seems transformed by the rush of new perceptions coming over him like an advancing wave, with more and more cold dashes as he recognizes how his wife had been thinking of him — he who had been so proud of the strength and skill that enabled him to make her life easy! and that skill had only "revolted" her. He does not speak, but his eloquent countenance — the long look he gives his strong arms as he stretches them out, then lets them drop with a bitter smile — you feel "his occupation's gone."

At last his great manly affection for her domi-

nates all personal feelings and he seems transfigured by the sacrifice of self as he turns with infinite gentleness to the frightened woman.

"You must go with your people. And take your children. Perhaps some day their noble blood may also be in revolt against the poor Pailliasse."

With a cry of shame and pain she springs to his arms and refuses—refuses to go herself—refuses to leave the man who was so good to her when no one else was—"My life is in yours! I will never leave you—Only keep me with you!"

Down goes the curtain. My small girl was weeping against my arm. I was comforting her and drying her eyes (and my own) when I saw the Queen honestly pressing her handkerchief to her wet eyes, with her face softened to loveliness by sweet womanly emotion. Not far ahead lay the great parting from her husband which has so changed all her life. We Americans have to thank Prince Albert for his care for our country even when he knew his hours were numbered. The Queen's bias lay rather for the South in the opening of our war. Prince Albert, while not having perhaps the same personal sympathy as the Queen, had a larger comprehension of the kinship of races and held it as a bond to be cherished and strengthened. The Saxon and Protestant peoples he felt should maintain each other. And he asked of the Queen, with the binding wish of the dying, that she would take no part against the Northern States of America. And in doing

as he wished she went against some of her strongest advisors, and the greater part of the English aristocracy.

Do you want to know the end of the play? I do not know it myself. My young one was so unnerved that we went home, and though I intended reading the play there was no catching up any dropped stitches in that swift-moving time.

I hope it went well. I hope the grandfather gave them the means to keep happy in their own way. The child lost sight of in the terrible disorders of the Revolution had only known the hard side of life and it would have been misery for her to be made over into an idle fine lady, and the peasant blood in the boys *might* have proved worthy of their father and revolted at much in the new conditions.

But seeing the effect of that domestic picture on the Queen gave me such an insight into her own home-loving nature that by its light I have read her journals and realized how sincere it was.

It is said that of the Queen's ministers Palmerston and Disraeli were the two who had most influence, and this because they never forgot that she was a woman as well as a queen.

Soon afterwards, in Paris, while this dramatic presentation of class-hatred was fresh in mind, accident brought us in contact with the ugly real thing—one of the kind of adventures one is willing to have had—after they are well over—but most repugnant, and full of bad chances while you are going through with them.

SOME ITALIAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

III.

CICERO, THE ORATOR.

THE step from Cato to Cicero is as long as that from a Revolutionary patriot to a statesman of to-day.

The intervening century was not productive of great writers, and having met the pioneer in Latin literature we hasten on to the more famous men who adorned Rome at the height of her power.

The times of Cicero were very like our own. Cato's worst fears from luxury had been realized; politics were as confused and exciting as they are with us to-day, and art and literature, no longer regarded as snares of the Greeks, were cultivated with eagerness.

Marcus Tullius Cicero was born at his father's country house up in the Volscian hills, in the year 106 B.C. The elder Cicero, a gentleman of means and literary tastes, was ambitious for his sons, and much as a modern father sends his boys to college, placed Marcus and his brother Quintus under the care of an uncle at Rome.

After pursuing under noted teachers the regular courses in Rhetoric, Grammar, and the Greek poets, at seventeen Marcus began the study of law—the best preparation for public life at Rome. For in those days all important cases were tried before thousands of people, in the open forum, and a gifted lawyer might win fame, and high positions by a single speech.

Attaching himself to a famous jurist, Mucius Scaevola, the young Cicero followed his patron

about, closely observing and taking notes of everything. At this time Cicero worked with untiring energy. He studied law all day, and far into the night pored over the Greek poets, and declaimed aloud after the manner of Demosthenes. If Cicero became a great orator, it was the result of downright hard work.

Like Cato, Cicero saw something of military service in his youth, but that he did not distinguish himself we may be quite certain from the fact that he does not mention this campaign — and Cicero was the last man to do himself injustice by keeping silence.

Cicero's first case was the defence of a personal friend, Sextus Roscius, whose acquittal he secured. This success brought him more legal work than he could undertake, and suffering from ill-health he left Rome and spent two years traveling in Greece and Ionia.

On his return, Cicero entered public life with ambition and ability. If Rome had had a daily paper conducted on the American plan it might have announced his arrival somewhat in this fashion :

Mr. M. T. Cicero the lawyer has just returned from abroad. Mr. Cicero was born at Arpenum in 106. He graduated at the University of Rome, and afterward studied law in the office of the noted jurist Mucius Scaevola. Mr. Cicero gained no little reputation in the great Roscius case, and now returns from a two years' trip through the old world where he has studied literature and law.

The accomplished young lawyer rose rapidly. He was made quæstor, and served in Sicily with honesty and fidelity. Verres, a corrupt prætor, was brought to trial at Rome, and Cicero made the charge, which was so overwhelming that Verres did not stay to reply. This case made Cicero the leading lawyer at Rome, and to complete his success, he soon reached the goal of his ambition — the consulship.

Cicero never forgot, nor let others forget, this eventful year. During this consulship Catiline, a dissolute and daring young noble, formed a conspiracy to seize the government and plunder the city. Cicero, informed of this plot, delivered a scathing oration in the Senate; Catiline fled to his troops in the country, only to be defeated and killed. The people overjoyed at their escape, declared Cicero the "Father of his Country." This was the proudest hour of the orator's life. It became the reference point of his history; everything was *before*, *during*, or *after* his consulship. Like the man who has been abroad, and is always saying, "When I was in Europe," Cicero for the rest of his days looked back fondly and frequently to the time "when he was consul."

In crushing the conspiracy Cicero made one

grave mistake. He put to death two well-known conspirators without trial. This was illegal, and an enemy of Cicero proposed, and by bribery had passed, a law banishing any one who had put a Roman citizen to death without trial. Cicero did not wait for the sentence but, completely broken down, left Rome the scene of all his triumphs, Rome that he loved with all his heart. During his exile he wrote many letters which are still preserved, and which have not increased the respect of posterity for his character.

At the end of a year Cicero's friends in Rome obtained his recall, and the orator was received with great rejoicing, and again hailed as "Father of his Country." For a time he enjoyed his former popularity and distinction, but when Cæsar became dictator the friend of the fallen Pompey, although treated with respect, ceased to be a force in Roman politics. At Cæsar's death, Cicero fiercely attacked in a series of orations the unscrupulous Antony who succeeded to power. For reply Antony sent a band of hirelings, who slew the orator as he was escaping from Italy, and brought back his head to decorate the forum.

No famous man has been more differently viewed than Cicero. Some find him a firm patriot, devoting his extraordinary talents to the service of his country, others see in him only a vain, weak, selfish, though remarkably gifted politician. To the private letters previously mentioned this difference of opinion is largely due. The public side of most men's characters we know; of the inner life we seldom catch a glimpse. Cicero is an exception. In these letters he confides his hopes, ambitions, disappointments and despair to his friend Atticus. In these letters we find not a firm, heroic old Roman, but a nervous, prostrated, despairing man. Cicero lacked "backbone," as we say in these days of expressive words.

However, there should be no doubt that in places of public trust, and in his profession, he scorned corruption of any kind, and that the only serious blemish in his character was an occasional display of weakness and indecision. He was only human in an age when many men were brutes.

Cicero was a brilliant orator and accomplished writer. His style, polished by study and incessant practice, has remained a model through centuries. Beside his orations, he wrote works on philosophy, essays on "Old Age" and "Friendship," and a treatise on Religion. Cicero is a type of the literary gentleman of Rome. Had Rome had magazines of art and philosophy, Cicero would have been the leading contributor; if a Roman Bureau had sent its lecturers through Italy, Cicero would have headed its list of speakers; and had a literary club met in some palace on the *Via Sacra*, Cicero would have been its president.

STRANGE TEAS, DINNERS, WEDDINGS AND FETES.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

III.

A ROMAN CHRISTMAS.



CHRISTMAS is as great a day for young Romans as it is for young Americans, and on it they, like other boys and girls, eat too much candy and get more new toys than they know what to do with. But they have one way of keeping it which other children do not have; and as I was in Rome one

Christmas, I will tell you what I saw them do.

In the morning, about half-past ten, I went to a church on the Capitol Hill, called Church of the Altar of Heaven. This hill is high and there are one hundred and twenty-four steps leading to the door of the church. It was a dull gray day, and the rain was pouring down so hard that there were little pools and streams all over the old stone steps. But many people were going up. There were men from the country in blue coats and short trousers, and women with bodices and square white head-dresses, who carried the largest umbrellas you have ever seen, blue or green, or purple with bright borders around them. And there were children, more than you could count, some with the country people, others with their nurses, and many who were very ragged, all by themselves. At the top of the steps men were selling pious pictures and did not seem to mind the rain in the least. Over the doors were red hangings in honor of Christmas.

Inside were more people. At the far end service was going on and the monks, to whom the church belongs, were chanting, and there was a great crowd around the altar. But near the door by which I came in, and in a side aisle, was a still larger crowd, and it was here that all the little ones had gathered together. They were waiting in front of a chapel, the doors of which were closed tight. For they knew that behind them was the Manger which every year the monks put up in their church. Right by the chapel was a big statue of a Pope, larger than life, and some eager boys had climbed up on it and were standing at its knee. And some who had arrived very

late were perched on another statue like it on the other side, and even in the baptismal font and on tombstones at the foot of the church. Women and men were holding up their babies, all done up in queer tight bandages, that they too might see. And all were excited and looking impatiently down the long aisle. Presently, as I waited with the children, there came from the side door a procession. First came men in gray robes, holding lighted tapers, then monks in brown with ropes around their waists, and last three priests who carried a statue of the Infant which is almost as old as the church itself. When they reached the chapel the doors were thrown open, and they took this statue in and placed it at the foot of those of the Virgin and St. Joseph.

I wish you could have been there to look in as I did. It was all so bright and sunny and green. It seemed like a bit of summer come back. In front were the Holy Family with great baskets of real oranges and many bright green things at their feet. And above them, in the clouds, were troops of angels playing on harps and mandolins, and in the distance you could see the shepherds and their sheep, and then palm trees, and a town with many houses. It was so pretty that a little whisper of wonder went through all the crowd, while many of the boys and girls near me shouted aloud for joy.

So soon as the procession was over, every eye was turned from the chapel to a small platform on the other side of the church. It had been raised right by an old column which, long before this church was built, must have stood in some temple of Pagan Rome. Out on the platform stepped a little bit of a girl, as fresh and as young as the column was old and gray. She was all in white, and she made a pretty courtesy to the people, and then when she saw so many faces turned towards her, she tried to run away. But her mother, who was standing below, would not let her, but whispered a few words in her ear, and the little thing came back and began to give us all a fine sermon about the Christ-child. Such funny little gestures as she made! Just like a puppet, and, every now and then, she looked away from us and down into her mother's face, as if the sermon were all for her. But her voice was very sweet, and by and by she went down on her knees and raised her hands to Heaven and said a prayer as solemnly as if she really had been a young preacher. But after that, with another courtesy, she jumped down from her pulpit platform as fast as ever she could.

And this is the way Roman children celebrate Christmas. On Christmas Day, and for a week afterwards, for one hour every afternoon, they preach their sermons, and all the people in the city and the country around, the young and the old, the grave and the gay, come to hear them.

I made a second visit to the church two or three days later. The rain had stopped and the sky was bright and blue, and the sun was shining right on the steps, for it was about three in the afternoon. And such a sight you have never seen!



WAITING TO SEE THE BAMBINO.

From top to bottom people were going and coming, many in the gayest of gay colors. And on each side were pedlers selling toys. "Everything here for a cent!" they were calling. And others were selling books, through which an old priest was looking, and oranges with the fresh green leaves still on their stems, and beans, which the Romans love better than almost anything else, and pious pictures and candy. Ragged urchins, who had spent their pennies, had cleared a space in one corner and were sending off toy trains of cars. Climbing up in front of me, two by two, were about twenty little boys, all studying to be priests and dressed in the long black gowns and broad-brimmed hats which priests in Italy wear. To

one side was a fine lady in slippers with such high heels that she had to rest every few minutes on her way up. On the other were three old monks with long gray beards and sandals on their bare feet. And at the church door there was such pushing in and out that it took me about five minutes to get inside.

Here, I found a greater crowd even than on Christmas. There were ever so many peasants, the men's hair standing straight up on end, something like Slovenly Peter's only much shorter, and the women, clasping their bundles of babies in their arms. And close to them were finely dressed little girls and boys with their nurses. If you once saw a Roman nurse, you would never forget her, for she wears a very gay-colored dress, all open at the neck, around which are strings of coral. And on her head is a ruching of ribbon, tied at the back with a bow and long ends, and through her hair is a long silver pin, and in her ears, large ear-rings. And there were many priests and monks and even soldiers, and the boys had climbed up again on the statues, and one youngster had put a baby he was taking care of right in the Pope's lap.

The lights were burning in the Manger, but the people were standing around the platform, for the preaching had begun. Before I left I heard about ten little boys and girls make their speeches. One or two of the girls were quite grown up, that is to say they were perhaps ten or twelve years old. And they spoke very prettily and did not seem in the least bit afraid. Some wore fine clothes and had on hats and coats, and even carried muffs. But others had shabby dresses, and their heads were covered with scraps of black veils. First came a young miss, whose words tumbled out of her mouth, she was so ready with them, and who made very fine gestures, just as if she had been acting in a theatre. And next came a funny little round-faced child, who could hardly talk because she was cutting her teeth and had none left in the front of her mouth, and who clutched her dress with both hands, and never once clasped them or raised them to Heaven, or pointed them to the Manger, as I am sure she had been taught to do. But she was so frightened I was glad for her sake when her turn was over. Two little sisters, with hats as big as the haloes around the saints' heads in the pictures, recited a short dialogue, and all through it they held each other's hands tight for comfort, even when they knelt side by side and said a prayer for all of us who were listening. And after that a little bit of a tot said her little piece, and she shrugged her shoulders until they reached her pretty little ears, and she smiled so sweetly all the time, that when she had finished every one was smiling with her, and some even laughed outright. But while they were still laughing a boy, such a wee thing, even smaller than the little smiler, dressed in a sailor suit and with close-cropped yel-

low head, toddled out. He stood still a moment and looked at us. Then he opened his mouth very wide, but not a word could he get out. His poor little face grew so red, and he looked as if he were about to cry. And the next moment he had rushed off and into his mother's arms. But indeed the big boy who took his place was almost as badly scared, and half the time he thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and you could see it was hard work for him to jerk them out to make a few gestures.

They were all pretty little sermons and prayers,

and I think they must have done the people good, for after they were over, everybody seemed so cheerful and friendly. When I went out from the cool gray church on to the steps again, the sun shone right into my eyes and half blinded me, and perhaps it was that which made me sneeze twice. A small bare-headed girl who had been staring at the toys, ran out from the crowd when she heard me, and cried "*Salute!*" which is the Italian way of saying "God bless you." And I thought it a very fitting Amen to the sermons.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

XXXIV.

A FOLDING WORK-BASKET.

BY LOUIS HALL.

FOR materials you need two pieces of pretty goods, each twenty inches in length and sixteen in width; five pieces of strong cardboard each seven inches in length, and you will cut two of the

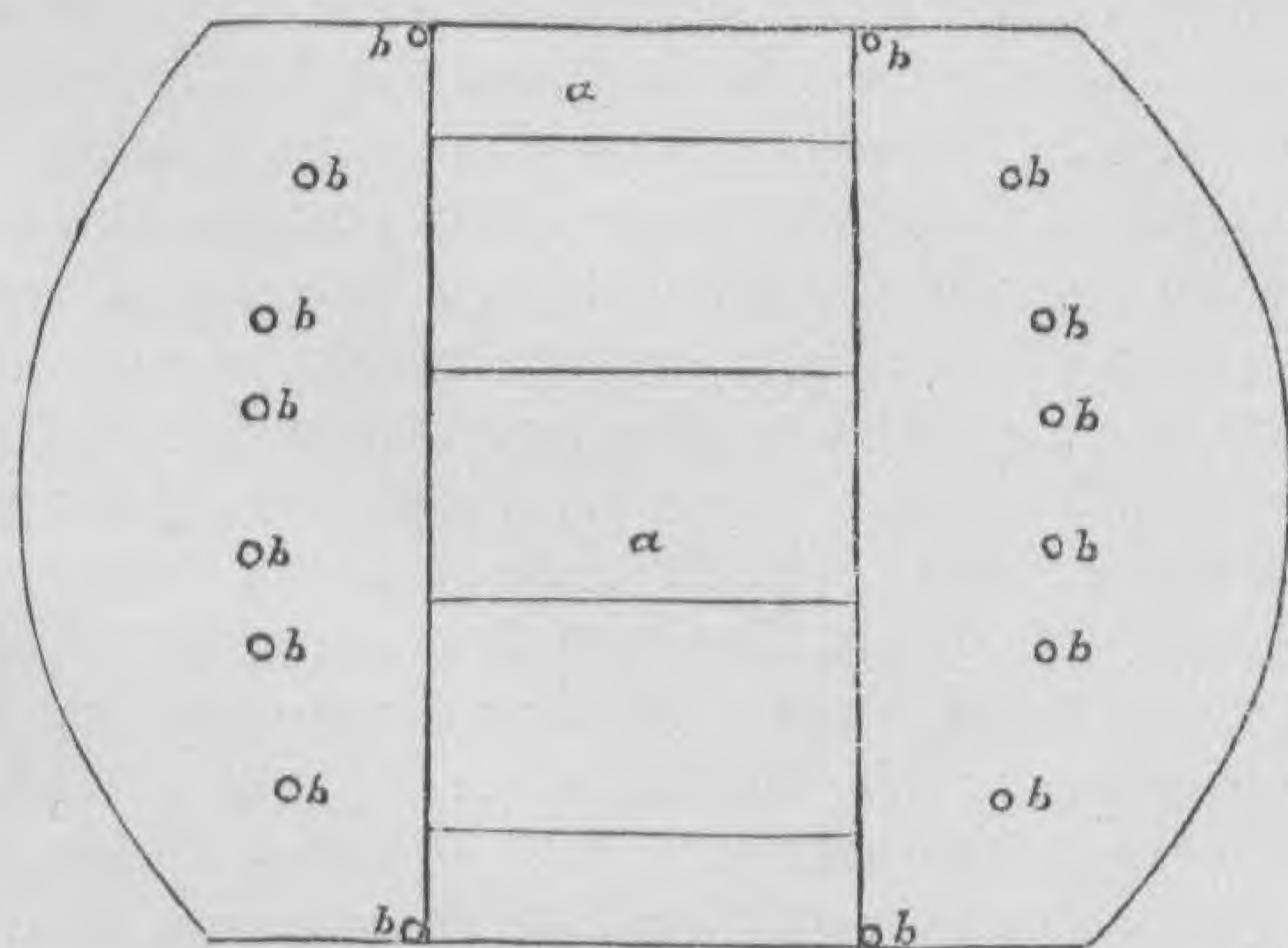


DIAGRAM OF BASKET. *b*, RINGS; *a*, SLIPS FOR CARDBOARDS, TWO NARROW AND THREE WIDE.

boards two inches in width, the other three three and one half inches each; two pieces of narrow alpaca trimming braid, each forty inches in length; sixteen angler's rod-rings, the smallest size but one, which you can buy at almost any hardware store; a piece of black velvet ribbon sixteen inches long and two inches wide.

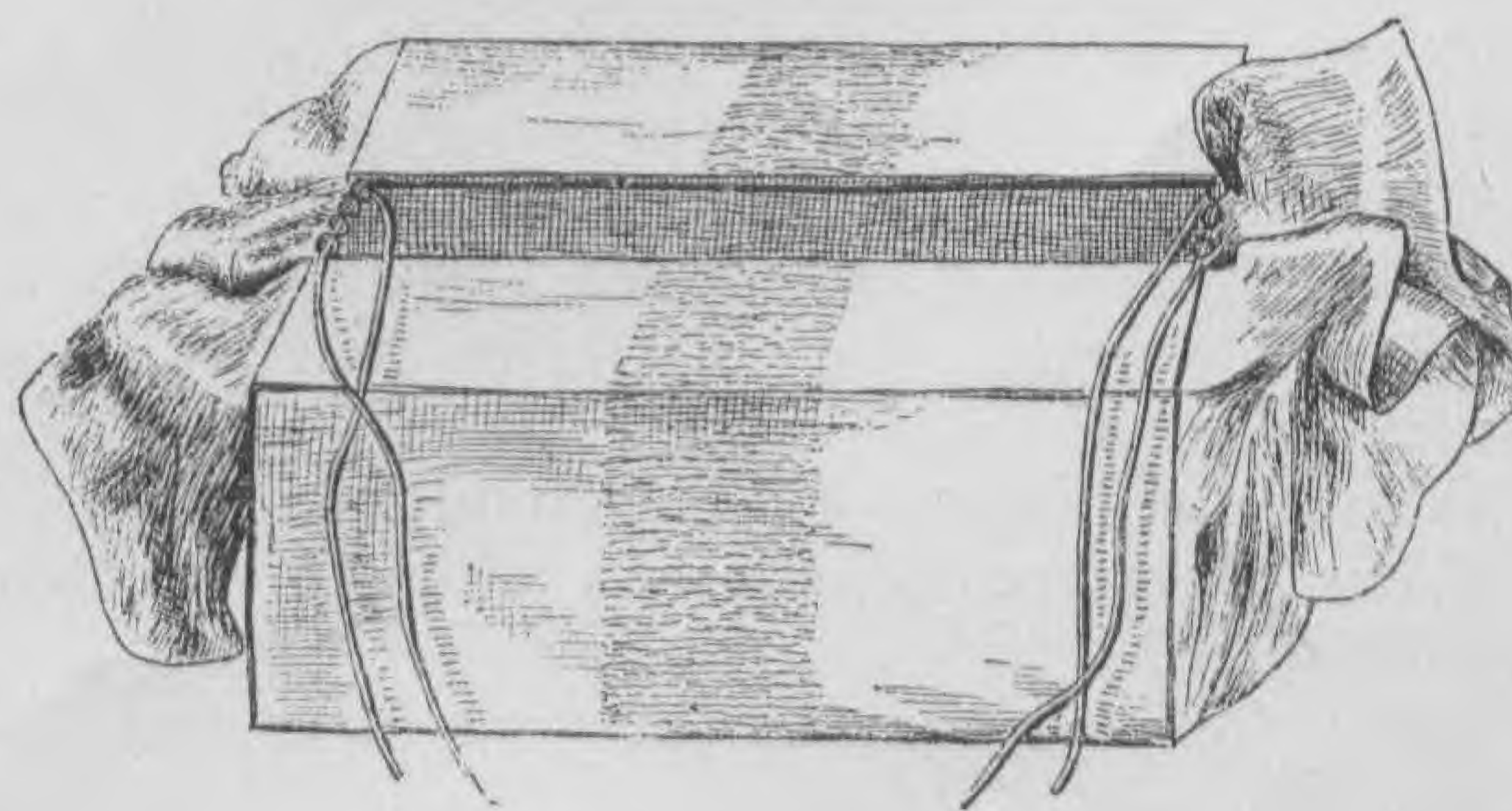
The particular basket I am describing was lined with cherry satine; and the outside was of satine also — a gray ground with a pattern of apple-blossoms. The band of black velvet ribbon was feather-stitched on with pink saddler's silk. You can use velvet, of course, of a color to suit your taste and your material.

Round the ends of outside and lining material as indicated in the diagram, taking off three inches at the corners and curving so as to leave fourteen in the centres.

Put the right sides together and sew both ends and one straight side. Now turn it and slip in one of the two narrow cardboards which you will then sew all round with strong silk or thread. Then put in, not too tight but so that they will fold over easily, the three wide boards and sew each in its separate casing in the same way. Then put in the remaining narrow board, turn in the edges and close the seam neatly.

Next, sew on the rings *inside* in a circular form as in the diagram. The two centre rings should be three and one fourth inches from the end of the centre cardboard.

Begin on the straight side and run one braid through all the rings and tie its ends together. Then from the other side run the other braid through all the rings and tie. This draws the basket just enough to make a convenient lap-



BASKET, DRAWN TO STAND.

basket, and you will see that it can be folded perfectly flat if you desire — a convenient quality when you pack your trunk. Take the tied ends and draw it closer and it makes a basket which will stand on a table; or it can be drawn closer and

shut like a reticule. A more desirable basket for tapes and braids and for cards of darning wools, silks and cottons has never been invented. A flat cushion, or needle-book leaves, can be attached inside to the first or second board, for needles and darners, also slip-bands for scissors. It is a quickly-made, inexpensive and always acceptable Christmas present.

XXXV.

THE N. C. CLUB.

BY MARGARET LAKE.

I AM a little in doubt whether the editor will at first see that this is really a "way to do things," yet this department is flexible; and her soul delights in all projects, plans and experiments which will set young people to thinking and doing. Therefore, I venture it; and it really does, in one sense, belong here, for it may be made an extremely useful and agreeable means of finding out just what are your personal principles and tastes about character and about individuals in history and fiction, and why you like or dislike this or that person or trait.

You know the fashion has come around of the "mental photograph albums;" but to some of us elders, it is only an old one revived. About fifteen years ago, we had very nearly the same thing; and to tell you how a little circle of young people made it an opportunity of culture, is why this paper is written. There were forty questions on the list they had, the most interesting of which were these:

What is your favorite moral characteristic?

What one do you most dislike?

What is your favorite extravagance?

What is your favorite biography?

Who is your favorite among American historians?

Who among those of other countries?

Who is your favorite hero in American history?

Who in the history of other countries?

What character (male) in all history do you most dislike?

Who is your favorite heroine in American history?

Who in the history of other countries?

What character (female) in all history do you most dislike?

What are your reasons for your likes and dislikes?

Who is your favorite novelist among men?

Who among women?

What is your favorite work of fiction?

Who is your favorite hero in fiction?

Who the one most disliked?

Who is your favorite heroine?

Who the one most disliked?

Who is your favorite poet?

What your favorite poem?

Who is your favorite prose writer aside from history and fiction?

What are your reasons for your preference and dislikes?

What quality do you like best in a man?

What quality do you most dislike?

What quality do you most admire in a woman?

What quality do you most dislike?

What six books (Bible excepted) would you most desire to have with you, if you were cast on a desert island?

There they are, very plain and practical (for the grammatical construction I am not responsible); pretty good test-questions some of them, and more difficult to answer than you would think for.

To come to the point — several young students, boys and girls in the upper classes at school, attacked these questions in earnest one winter. At first they thought it was the easiest thing in the world; and they began very glibly, but soon found out that they did not always understand themselves, and in some instances were half ashamed of their favorite hero and heroine. So they said they would make a business of it and find their bearings, and *know* what they knew; and they resolved to have meetings and talk things over, ask more questions, and bring all the array to bear on their elders, too, and "see if *they* knew what they knew;" and as Clubs were the fashion, they called theirs "The N. C. C." — *The New Catechism Club*.

Of their answers I must give you some specimens. It is a noticeable thing that out of seven lists which I have here before me, in manuscript, four of the answers to the first are "Truth," two are "Truthfulness," and the other is "Blessed Christian Charity." To the second, they are "Deceit," "Hypocrisy," "Pretence," "Falsehood," and "Selfishness." For biography one had *Life of Thomas Arnold*, another Irving's *Life of Washington*, one Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, one girl, Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, one pensive girl had *Light on the Dark River, or Memoirs of Mrs. Hamlin*, and a studious, thoughtful young man wrote "*Chateaubriand's Autobiography* I was more interested in than any other."

The "extravagance" was buying music, and books, and one said "fruit trees" — so you may judge that he proposed being a horticulturist, because for his favorite exercise he had "garden-ing."

See what names were among the heroes of history! — Alfred the Great, Martin Luther, Washington, William of Orange, and Sir Philip Sidney, while Henry VIII. and "Bloody Mary" were among the detested characters, and two wrote "Herodias." Of women most admired were Grace Darling, Joan of Arc and Josephine, and one had this: "the old woman in the Bible who gave two

mites: her biography is brief but elaborate: she did not give much but she gave all she had."

Of novelists, among men, Walter Scott was the most popular; but for favorite work of fiction not one of his stories was named. *Pilgrim's Progress*, *David Copperfield*, *Dred*, and *Robinson Crusoe* showed the different tastes.

For the desert island experience, each one would have Shakspeare and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; some of them named for other two *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress*. There were also Milton, Homer, The Waverley Novels, Dickens, Euclid, a scrap book of poetry, and a hymn-book. Not a frivolous book on the list, and they all felt that though it was not quite easy to fix the limitations to six, they certainly had made the stock as comprehensive as possible.

"I could enjoy the dictionary till a sail hove in sight," said one; and "one could not live long enough to exhaust Shakspeare," said another; and "O! Homer for me!" "I say *Pilgrim's Progress*," and "just the place for *Robinson Crusoe*."

Now, somebody calls this character album an "enormous bore," and so it may be if you intend to make a victim of every acquaintance and require an immediate reply to each question. But for an actual test of your own knowledge, acquirements, and opinions, your reading, your study, and your thinking, what could you find pleasanter and better for a little divertisement from more important things? Somebody has said that as a person *thinks* so he is; and there is a good deal of truth in it. If you have high ideas, you will try to live up to them. If you have earnest, pure, good and noble thoughts, they will show in your conduct and conversation.

So now to apply this bit of preachment to the "N. C. C." suppose you try these questions, or with such variations as you may choose. For instance, if you should happen to be snowed up in

an old country house, as Miss Alcott's young people were; or, if you should not know how to spend a dull day; or, if you should want some entertainment that would not require much effort during your summer vacation, you would find capital enjoyment in answering. Above all, be sure and give the reason why. Why do you like King Alfred or George Washington? What had "Bloody Mary" done that you should detest her, or what had Lucretia Borgia? Give your real reason for preferring Sir Walter Scott to other novelists. By all means make known the why and wherefore of this almost unanimous choice of *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe*. When you are brought to the point, let us know why Napoleon is your hero. And when you begin to discuss such lofty subjects as integrity and magnanimity, and talk about manliness in a man and womanliness in a woman, we all ought to incline our ears to listen, for those are themes that comprehend liberal things.

I knew of one club of grown-up persons who set out on a similar plan, and the very first evening was all used up on just one word. This is what happened—the first one to bring the matter forward had chosen as the favorite poem Lowell's "Ode to Happiness," and those five individuals spent three hours, after the reading aloud of the poem, in discussing the distinction between "happiness" and "content," in finding out by means of dictionaries and books of synonyms all the fine shades of feeling and meaning relative to the two conditions.

Think of that, and then of the "guesses at truth" and discoveries of truth in a company of bright boys and girls really in earnest!

Lately a little book has been published called *Queries and Confessions*, which is on a similar line, but you can just as well devise your own plan, and make your own "new catechism" or "Mental Photograph."

SEARCH-QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

III.

AUTHORS' ALLUSIONS TO AUTHORS.

41. To what writer does Tennyson allude as "the morning star of song"? In what poem is the allusion made?

42. What writer thus sneers at Tennyson?

Let School-Miss Alfred vent her chaste delight
On "darling little rooms so warm and bright"!

Chaunt "I'm weary" in infectious strain,
And catch her "blue-fly singing i' the pane."

43. Of whom does Charles Lamb speak as follows? "He was the last of a great race, all of whom spoke nearly the same language and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common."

44. Of whom does Thackeray say this? "To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man."

45. Of whom does Mrs. Browning write thus:

Love-learnéd she had sung of love and love, —
 And like a child, that, sleeping with dropt head
 Upon the fairy book he lately read,
 Whatever household noises round him move,
 Hears in his dream some elfin turbulence, —
 Even so, suggestive to her outward sense,
 All sounds of life assumed one tone of love.

46. To whom and by whom is this poem addressed?

You did late review my lays,
 Crusty Christopher;
 You did mingle blame and praise,
 Rusty Christopher.
 When I learnt from whence it came,
 I forgave you all the blame,
 Musty Christopher;
 I could *not* forgive the praise,
 Fusty Christopher.

47. What Elizabethan poet thus alludes to Gower?

To sing a song of old was sung
 From ashes ancient Gower is come.

48. To whom is this allusion in Milton's "L'Allegro"?

. . . Call him up who left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold.

49. To whom is Tennyson's poem "To J. S." addressed?

50. What poet was as an infant the original of Mrs. Mulock-Craik's poem "Philip, My King"?

51. To what early poet does Tennyson here allude?

Courtier of many courts, he loved the more
 His own gray towers, plain life and letter'd peace,
 To read and rhyme in solitary fields,
 The lark above, the nightingale below,
 And answer them in song.

52. Name the author to whom Shelley alludes in the thirty-fifth stanza of "Adonais."

53. Of whom does Wordsworth thus speak? "O, he was good, if ever a good man lived"!

54. Locate this allusion.

"Sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord Chancellor in your place."
 "That's somewhat sudden:
 But he's a learned man. May he continue
 Long in his Highness's favor, and do justice
 For truth's sake and his conscience."

55. To what poet does Edwin Arnold allude in these lines?

Illicet! let her part! the Poet's child,
 Herself a mistress of the lyric song.

56. What writer called Lord Bacon "the brightest, wisest, meanest of mankind"?

57. What poet thus speaks of Milton? "Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

58. What English poets does Mrs. Browning mention in her "Vision of Poets"?

59. Where does Tennyson allude to Wordsworth as one "that utter'd nothing base"?

60. Who is the author of this epigram?

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
 God said, *let Newton be!* and all was light.

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

1. Samuel Wilberforce.
2. John Bunyan.
3. James Hogg.
4. Anna Seward.
5. George Herbert.
6. John Wiclif, or Wycliffe.
7. Samuel Pepys. 1633-1703. His celebrated Diary beginning Jan. 1, 1660, and extending to May 31, 1669, is a minute, entertaining and gossiping commentary upon his times.
8. Thomas Hobbes.
9. Ebenezer Elliott.
10. Henry Vaughan. A native of South Wales, the ancient inhabitants of which bore the name of Silures.
11. Thomas Chatterton.
12. King Henry VIII. The title was given the king by Pope Leo X. on account of Henry's anti-Lutheran writings.
13. (a.) William Shakespeare, (b.) Thomas Campbell, (c.) Samuel Rogers, (d.) William Cowper, (e.) Robert Burns, (f.) William Wordsworth, (g.) Mark Akenside, (h.) Alexander Pope.
14. Charles Swain.
15. Sir Walter Scott.
16. Isaak Walton.
17. Roger Bacon.
18. Andrew Marvell.
19. Thomas Carlyle.
20. Thomas De Quincey.



PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

(American Series.)

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

IV.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

I AM curious to know," you say, "how we young folks must go to work to become interested in the writings of Emerson."

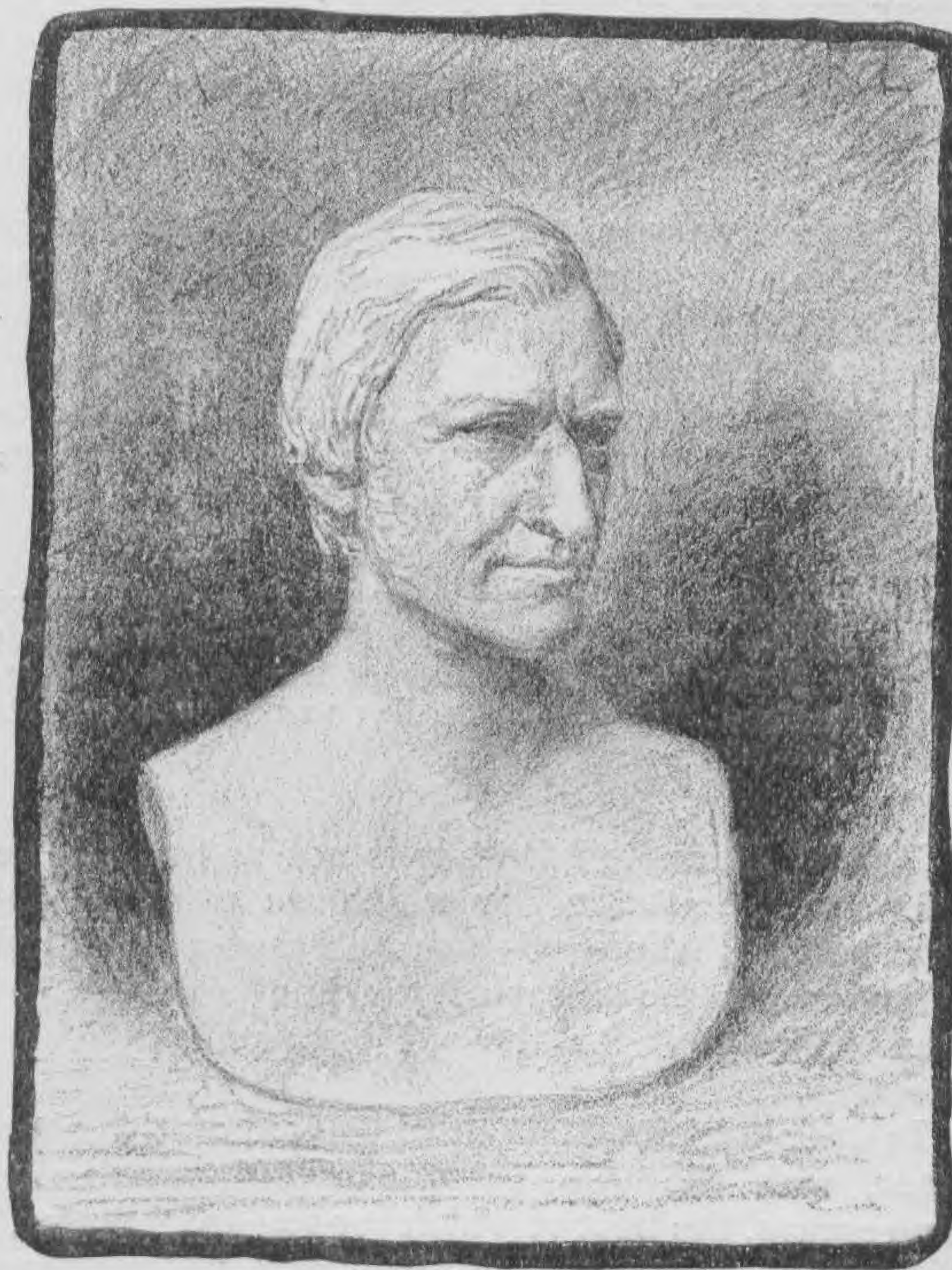
But why "go to work" at all? You need not trouble yourself about his mysticism, or his theology, or try to know what "Transcendentalism" is, or seek to find out the deep meaning of some of his essays and poems. Let those matters go wholly, or till mature years and judgment qualify you for the investigation. Meanwhile, let Emerson speak to you for himself, in words you will find it easy enough to understand.

A sweeter, serener soul than his it were hard to find; he taught cheerfulness, courage, steadfastness; his books are full of golden keys to unlock difficulties; there are certain essays which it would be worth your while to have always at hand so abounding are they in helps, such inspiration is in them. He has a power unsurpassed of crystallizing a thought; there it stands, finished and entire in one of his short sentences. Just a word about that style of his, which a certain critic said was made up of one short sentence and then another, and which Emerson himself said he "got by striking out," being acquired by a succession of the most careful winnowings till everything but the wheat, and good sound kernels at that, had blown away. You will observe as you become acquainted with his writings that he produced no one great work, no masterpiece standing by itself, but in general papers made up of detached thoughts which do not lose much by being taken away from their surroundings.

Emerson's favorite form of writing was, as you are aware, the essay; not of the picturesque, sketchy, half-narrative kind you are familiar with in Irving's *Sketch Book* and other volumes of his, but condensed, epigrammatic, crammed with thought.

His first series (published in 1841, and known as *Essays, First Series*) contains twelve, from

which select for your reading, those on "History," "Friendship" and "Heroism." What an eye-opener you will find that first one! What enjoyment you will have in the grand thoughts of Emerson — thoughts so crystal-clear that it would be an affront to your understanding to presume upon interpreting them. You will feel your horizon



RALPH WALDO EMERSON. — From the bust by Milmore.

widen, and that you, too, are helping to make history; that "what Plato has thought" you may think, and "what has befallen any man" you can understand.

Read the one on "Friendship" for the sake of the exalted place he gives to that relation, and to see how fine and pure, how noble and comforting

it may become when his two chief elements go into its composition — truth and tenderness.

For his nicety in defining a quality, which he possessed in affluent measure, read "Heroism," and see in what that special virtue consists, and what it has stood for in all time. He says:

There is somewhat in great actions, which does not allow us to go behind them. . . . Heroism is an obedience to a secret impulse of an individual's character. . . . It speaks the truth, and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate. . . . it is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. . . . If we dilate in beholding the Greek energy, the Roman pride, it is that we are already domesticating the same sentiment. Let us find room for the great guest in our small house. . . . That country is the fairest, which is inhabited by the noblest minds. The pictures which fill the imagination in reading the actions of Pericles, Xenophon, Columbus, Bayard, Sidney, Hampden, teach us how needlessly mean our life is, that we, by the depth of our living, should deck it with more than regal or national splendor, and act on principles that should interest man and nature in the length of our days.

And finally, I must quote one line on heroism which deserves to stand by itself:

The day never shines in which this element may not work.

The next volume, entitled *Essays, Second Series* (published in 1844), has nine subjects. You should read "The Poet" to learn what his definition is of a poet, of genius, of imagination, and how poems came to be written. Read "Character" — pausing over that fifth paragraph, where he says:

The reason why we feel one man's presence, and do not feel another's, is as simple as gravity. Truth is the summit of being; justice is the application of it to affairs. All individuals stand in a scale, according to the purity of this element in them.

Read "Manners" (but it is not so fine as the essay on "Behavior," to which we come in the next volume, where you are told that a beautiful behavior "is the finest of the fine arts"); and read "Nature," for the sake of some delicious passages.

In 1860 appeared the third volume of this character, with the title, *Conduct of Life*, numbering nine essays, the best of which for you are "Power," "Wealth," "Culture," "Behavior," "Considerations by the Way," and "Beauty."

In "Power" are such thought-quickenings sentences as these:

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. . . . Concentration is the secret of strength. . . . in all management of human affairs. . . . In human action, against the spasm of energy, we offset the continuity of drill. . . . Practice is nine tenths.

Even to such an unlikely theme as "Wrath" he can bring his golden truths; thus:

Do your work, respecting the excellence of the work, and not its acceptableness. . . . Nothing is beneath you, if it is in the direction of your life.

On "Behavior," courtesy, manners, he can never say enough — away back in an earlier paper is this crystal:

The whole of heraldry and chivalry is in courtesy. A man of fine manners shall pronounce your name with all the ornament that titles of nobility could ever add.

And now it is:

Manners are the happy way of doing things. . . . No man can resist their influence. . . . There are certain manners which are learned in good society of that force, that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, wealth, or genius. . . . I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty; that give the like exhilaration, and refine us like that. . . . But they must be marked by fine perception, the acquaintance with real beauty. . . . Then they must be inspired by the good heart. *There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.*

That sentence I could not resist having in italics. It deserves to be written with a diamond point. The man who wrote it had the most charming manner; his bearing was courtesy itself; his countenance was benignant, and so radiant with inward light that one of his biographers, Dr. Holmes, speaks of it as "luminous." None had a better right to put on paper these finest sentiments and rules of conduct, for he knew in his own life the meaning of sincerity, integrity, affability, heroism, courtesy, culture of all that was noble and sweet. He says in the next essay:

I wish that life should not be cheap, but sacred. . . . Do not make life hard to any.

He said it was a social crime to discourage the young, and that "power dwells with cheerfulness, hope puts us in a working mood." If any morbid or disheartening line was ever written by Emerson, I have failed to find it. On the contrary, he constantly helps one upward towards the sunshine. They were morning thoughts that were his, which could front the auroral freshness of the new day. Sage and seer, mystic and philosopher though he was, he had an almost child-like artlessness of nature, with an immortal youthfulness and buoyancy about him. You would have found him most companionable if you could have had the delight of being with him in a ramble about Concord; unspoiled and unspoilable; loving beauty, seeing beauty everywhere, his imagination clothed even

the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.

You have his tenderness and child-like-ness, his simplicity and acceptance of an everyday truth in these lines in his exquisite poem to the Rhodora:

Rhodora! If the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being;
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same power that brought me there brought you.

For title of the fourth volume (published in 1870) he had *Society and Solitude*, containing twelve essays, the best of which for you are "Art," "Eloquence," "Domestic Life," "Books," and, if you have time for more, "Courage" and "Success."

That on "Domestic Life" gives you an insight into the home-side of Emerson. He was warmly attached to his own fireside and the happy circle around it, as you will see in some of his letters to Carlyle, where he says:

But at home I am rich, rich enough for ten brothers. My wife Lidian is an incarnation of Christianity—I call her Asia. . . . my mother, whitest, mildest, most conservative of ladies. . . . my boy a piece of love and sunshine, well worth my watching from morning till night.

Again, of his little girl, the Ellen who was such a stay and comfort to him in his declining years:

The softest, gracefulest little maiden alive, creeping like a turtle with head erect all about the house. . . . The boy has two deep wells for eyes, into which I gladly peer when I am tired.

It was this loving and lovely boy of whom he had to write not long after that he had "ended his earthly life," and "A few weeks ago I accounted myself a very rich man, and now the poorest of all;" in lament for whom he poured out his heart in the poem called "Threnody," which is a father's fond, pathetic lingering over things and places made dear by the little one who had gone:

His daily haunts I well discern —
The poultry yard, the shed, the barn —
And every inch of garden ground
Paced by the blessed feet around,
From the roadside to the brook
Where into he loved to look.
Hop the meek birds where erst they ranged,
The wintry garden lies unchanged,
The brook into the stream runs on;
But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

The last volume of essays (in 1876), is *Letters and Social Aims*, numbering eleven subjects. That on "Poetry and Imagination" covers a good deal of ground and is worth your careful study—first

defining what common-sense is, and then showing how all mankind delight in the poetic and imaginative, it touches your own experience and unspoken thoughts. You will enjoy meditating a little on his explanation of poetry as "the perpetual endeavor to express the spirit of the thing." In "Social Aims" you meet him again with a message on manners, cultivation, conversation, society. Here is a sample of his dainty way of putting things:

I think Hans Andersen's story of the cobweb cloth woven so fine that it was invisible—woven for the king's garment—must mean manners, which do really clothe a princely nature.

Read "Eloquence." Read "Resources," to be reminded "that this world belongs to the energetic, that there is always a way to everything desirable," that courage puts a new face on everything; and read "Greatness" that you may respect yourself more, seek the best things, and live for the highest good.

Thus the five volumes properly called "Essays," of which if you are to choose one for your own library (supposing you can have no more), and one at least you ought to have, let your choice be *Conduct of Life*—suggestive title!—but then, how suggestive he is! His imagination plays like sheet-lightning, at unexpected moments, yet how much you see in a flash of it!

You will meet with many exaggerated statements in his writings, some things that have a ludicrous aspect, some hard knots, some seeming contradictions, with much that is erratic, quite out of the common line, Emersonian. You will be stopped by thoughts which you cannot understand, and by others that you cannot accept. But even thus encumbered, the common-sense of Emerson will be evident enough to you—and most admirable common-sense he had. He was shrewd, wise and practical, as it will not have taken you till this time to find out. That was one side of him—the side with which you have to do. The other, the transcendental, you will, as I have intimated, do well to let alone. You would become bewildered, lose your balance, get no good from his meaning, even if you could find it. Even his best friends did not always feel at home with him when he had on his robes as a mystic and a "Panttheist."

You are not to look on the above as the only books of his for your reading. By no means pass by *English Traits*, which is not a record of travel or description of places after the usual manner. He takes the measure of the English people; considers what England is—to see which country well, he says, needs a hundred years. For most excellent examples of condensation of thought, virile and graphic, read the chapters on "Land," "Race," "Ability," "Manners," "Truth," "Character," "Aristocracy," and "Literature."

Another volume which he evidently had keen enjoyment in writing, for he was a hero-worshipper, is *Representative Men*, treating of certain leaders who were either great thinkers or men of deeds: namely, Plato, or the Philosopher; Swedenborg, or the Mystic; Montaigne, or the Skeptic; Shakespeare, or the Poet; Napoleon, or the Man of the World; Goethe, or the Writer. Lectures, addresses, miscellanies, poems swell the amount of his works to a long list, but those mentioned above furnish you with ample material for all the time you can now give to this author and for all that is profitable for you.

It is for his manhood as well as genius that Emerson deserves our reverent admiration; for his life and the thoughts he contributed to American literature belong together in no ordinary sense. He did not write one thing and live another; his nature was transparent; his heart was loyal to the truth whose zealous knight he was; therefore, because a pure, aspiring and sincere man was back of the words he uttered, those words have immortal life in them.

Nowhere was he more loved and honored than by his neighbors, in the historic town of Concord which was his home for the greater part of his life. He was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, but went to Concord (the home of his forefathers), in 1834, and there he died on the 27th of April, 1882. His first dwelling-place was the old manse so familiar from Hawthorne's sketches; afterwards he went to live in the square, white house on the Lexington road which everybody who has ever been to that old town must remember, with the pine trees about it, the front-yard and garden; an unpretentious house with plenty of windows and a sort of hospitable look, as if every passer was invited to

walk down the flagstones and in at the open door, sure of a welcome, it was said; and hospitality ought to have been graven on its lintels, for Emerson delighted to be host to the stranger, to his townsfolk, to the little children and to the young people especially for whose pleasure he did so much, taking his reward in the sight of beaming faces; and now, when he is lying in beautiful Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, those village girls, whose aspirations he quickened, to whom he was helper and friend, show their loving remembrance by keeping fresh flowers on his grave.

As you know, the Concord School of Philosophy devoted six or seven days to Emerson — an Emerson week — when such writers and thinkers as Mrs. Howe, Elizabeth Peabody, Doctor Bartol, Doctor W. T. Harris and others discussed him; for instance, as a poet, as an essayist, as an American, considering every aspect of the man, and paying tribute to his personal worth, his affability, and his high-mindedness.

NOTE. — The principal works of Emerson are *Essays (First Series)*, *Essays (Second Series)*, *Representative Men*, *Conduct of Life, Society and Solitude*, *Miscellanies*, besides various Lectures, Addresses, brief Biographies and other papers. *The Literary World* for May, 1880, has a bibliography and a list of writings on Emerson up to that time, and the same journal for July 15, 1882, has a concordance by W. S. Kennedy, furnishing a partial index to familiar passages in his poems. Of several biographies, that by George W. Cook has been commended as being "a careful and thorough analysis" of his teachings; that by Alfred H. Guernsey treats of him as philosopher and poet; Moncure D. Conway wrote of "Emerson at Home and Abroad;" Alexander Ireland's is a "Biographical Sketch," and the recent one by Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the "American Men of Letters" Series, is genial and discriminating, a running biography done by the hand of a warm friend, with dashes of criticism and comment, interspersed with bits out of Emerson's writings.

MY GARDEN PETS.

BY MARY TREAT.

IV.

MORE INTERESTING SPIDERS.

AMONG my garden pets was one curious little orb-weaver described by Emerton under the name of *Cyclosa Conica*, but in Hentz's *Spiders of the United States* it is called *Epeira Caudata*. It is not large, about six mm in length, and the abdomen of the female is prolonged into a conical hump. Her color is white and gray.

Cyclosa, like *Epeira Stellata*, depends upon mimicry for protection, but in a different way.

She has a plan of her own which shows her to be quite an artist. She makes a number of effigies of herself, and fastens them across her orb, and then sits in the midst of them; and so cunningly does she model and arrange them that it is difficult to distinguish her from the figures she has made. As soon as she is able to weave an orb — while yet nothing more than a mere baby — she begins to make these images in order to cheat the birds and predaceous insects that might otherwise devour her.

We find that all young *Cyclosas*, however widely separated, have the same habit; and the question

naturally arises whether it be an inherited trait, or whether they are taught to become thus self-protective before leaving their mother's orb. Any who are curious in such matters may easily satisfy themselves if they will take a cocoon of eggs from the mother and allow them to hatch within doors thus securing an opportunity to watch the proceedings of the baby *Cyclosas*.

For a long time it was a mystery to me how the little madame made these imitations of herself. At last I found she first spun a stout band of silk. This she securely fastened across the orb. Along this band she then hung fluffy, loose bunches of her silk. These she covered with any little particles which happened to fall into the snare, and she also utilized the remains of all the insects she entrapped, after she had extracted their juices. She prepared these remains by cutting them into tiny bits and scattering them over the tufts of silk, which gave them a gray and white appearance like her own body, so that when settled down in the centre among them, she looks precisely like the images she has made.

I notice the curious fact that when she is very small the figures are proportionally her own dimensions, and that she increases the size with her growth until she becomes full-grown, when she strings her cocoons along the same line. Sometimes she has four or five cocoons the same size of the imitations, and these she also covers with rubbish; and only the closest scrutiny has enabled me to distinguish one from the other.

I soon learned to cautiously drop a small insect into her snare, which always helped me to find her; for she would leave her retreat and pounce upon the insect and quickly wind it up and carry it to her place in the line where she would take her meal at her leisure.

Epeira Strix was also an occupant of my garden. The adult individuals of this species vary considerably in size. I have found specimens that measured twelve mm in length, while others were

not more than ten mm. In color the cephalothorax is rufous, the abdomen yellow with an irregular dark band on each side.



EPEIRA STRIX.

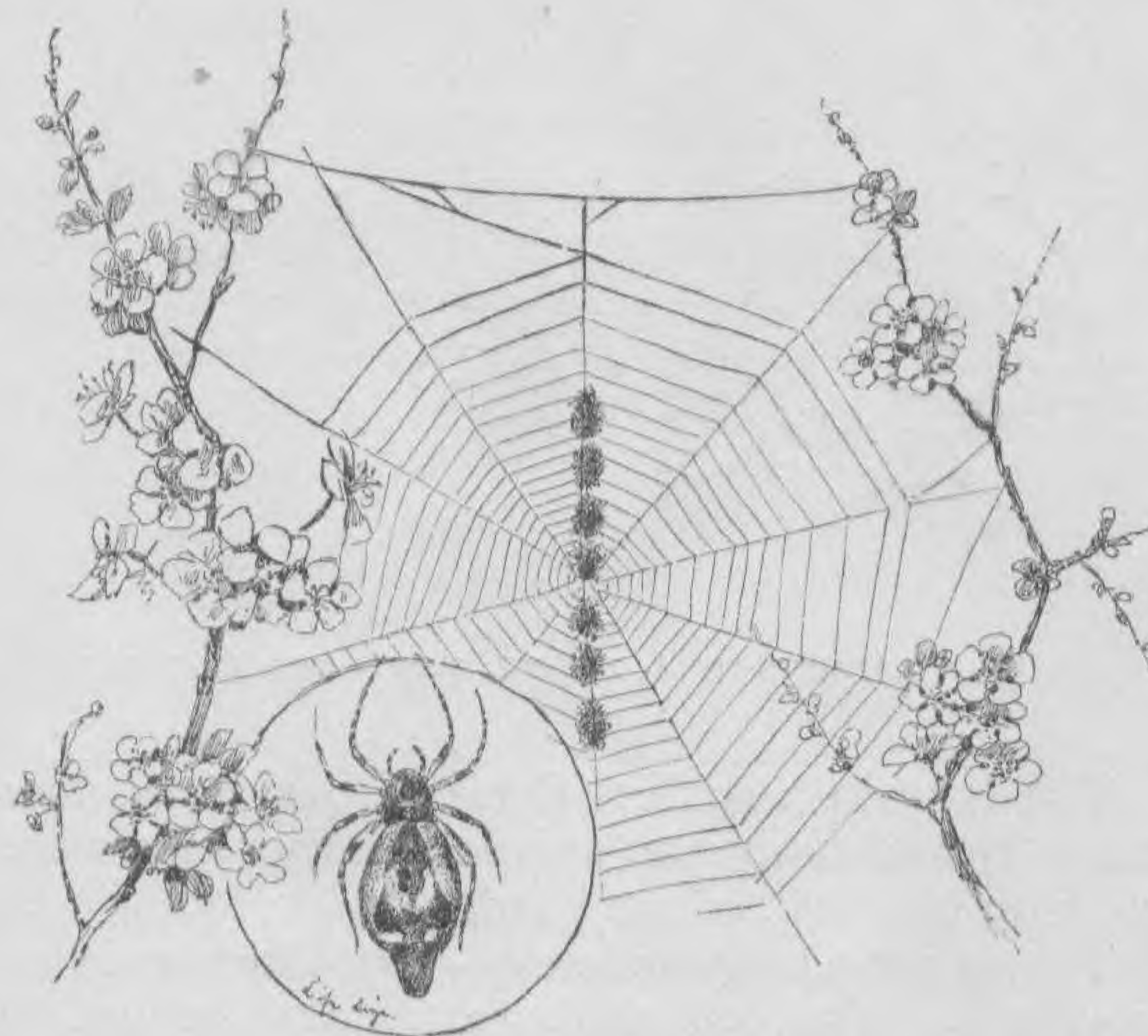
Madam *Strix* is something like the domicile spider in the diversity of her nesting habits. She is not often found in her orb during the daytime, and one frequently looks in vain to find her hiding-place. She sometimes secretes herself farther away from her snare than any other orb-weaver of my acquaintance.

When she lives among bushes she frequently makes her domicile of a rolled leaf. She takes a single leaf and draws the two edges together and fastens them with adhesive threads, forming thus a kind of cylinder, in which she remains all day. Other individuals may be found on the ground at

quite a distance from the snare, hiding under stones, sticks or leaves; but as the shades of evening come on they leave their quarters and return to the same web they had occupied the previous night.

Doctor McCook has found closely-woven nests

which *Strix* builds when she weaves her orb upon the exposed surface of human habitations, as the cornices of porches, outhouses and the like. A tube of stiff silken fibre is spun against the surface to which it is lashed at all sides. This cylinder is about an inch long and half an inch thick, and at the end toward the orb has a circular opening about a quarter of an inch in diameter. The stiff texture of the nest appears to be necessary to make the walls self-supporting,



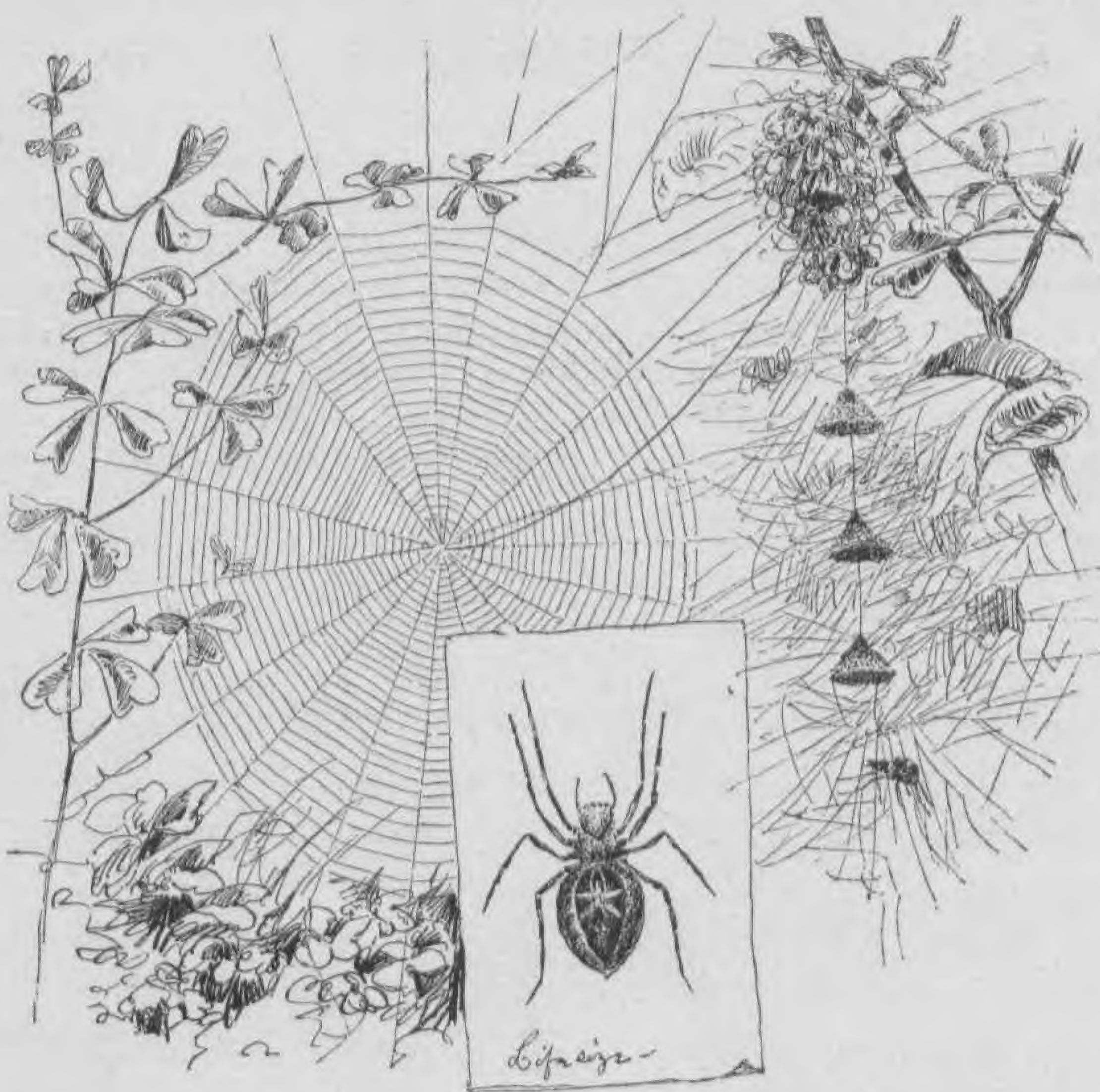
CYCLOSA CONICA AND HER EFFIGIES.

inasmuch as there are no supports like the twigs and leaves found at hand in arboreal sites. Moreover the open position of the domicile exposes the spider very freely to the assaults of mud-daubing wasps who frequent such localities, to birds and other enemies, so that a canvas is needed of tougher texture than that required in sheltered sites. In old buildings, which present cracks and crannies convenient for secreting, woven nests of this sort will rarely be found; for the practical and economic side of Miss Arachne's nature quite preponderates the æsthetic."

Doctor McCook also gives us another instance of the diversity in the form of *Strix's* domicile:

A half-grown *Strix* had woven a snare in the hollow of a decayed tree at New Lisbon, Ohio, within two feet of the ground. A colony of the Pennsylvania Carpenter Ant (*Camponotus pennsylvanica*) had quarters in the tree, and squads of the black workers were busy excavating their wooden galleries. These dumped their chippings from openings just above the spider's orb, whose viscid spirals retained goodly quantities of the brown sawdust. In course of time, a ball of chippings as big as a walnut had accumulated, or perhaps had been purposely massed by the spider. However that may be, the ball was utilized as a nest; its centre had been pierced, a spherical cavity formed by silk-lining the interior, which was entered by a circular door bound around the edge by spinning work. This quaint domicile was pendant from one of the strong upper foundation lines, and herein *Strix* rested, while the Emmet Carpenters worked away

above her, continually dropping chips upon the roof of her den and the orb beneath until one side of the snare was quite covered with them.



EPEIRA LABYRINTHEA, SNARE, TENT AND COCOONS.

The labyrinth spider (*Epeira labyrinthica*) hung her intricate compound web on an arbor vitæ which grew on one side of the garden.

This is not a large species — about five or six mm in length. The cephalothorax is dark brown, the abdomen nearly white. It is very conservative in habit, always adhering to the old-time customs of its ancestors, so that when we come across the spinning work of this species we know at once where to look for the madame.

She weaves a very pretty orb, and a little to one side of this she makes an irregular web, very much like the house *Theridion*. In this web she constructs a neat, deep tent, made of leaves and silk, with the door turned toward the centre of the orb.

Under this tent she rests securely during the day. She holds a line which is fastened to the centre of the orb, and this line tells her when anything is caught in the snare, and also tells us how to run our eyes along the line till we see her home.

I have sometimes found the tent composed of small leaves arranged very neatly, like shingles on a roof. The tent made of arbor-vitæ leaves was very pretty. The builder had followed the prevailing fashion of two colors in constructing her house. She had intermingled brown and green leaves which gave a charming effect, as if she had an eye to color. But her artistic work was entirely lost upon her neighbors who did not seem to envy her the pretty mansion at all; at least I never found them following her example.

In the autumn she hung a string of oddly-shaped

cocoons just outside her door. They were lenticular or button-shaped, and hung one above the other. She almost entirely concealed them with dead leaves and other rubbish which she fastened along the line, so that a careless observer, not knowing the habits of the spider, might pass them by a hundred times and not see them.

Among a clump of sweet peas I one day noticed a horizontal round web occupied by a curious-looking spider. It was resting in an inverted position near the centre of the orb, with legs stretched out full length in a parallel line. This spider was small, its body only about five mm in length; but its long legs gave it a much longer appearance. I also noticed a tuft of blackish bristles near the apex of the first pair of legs, which are much longer and stouter than the rest.

On turning to Hentz's *Spiders of the United States*, I found he called it *Phillyra Mammeata*; but later authorities refer it to the genus *Uloborus* of Latreille.

When first observed there was a thick zigzag line of white silk across the orb under which *Uloborus* rested; but after awhile this disappeared, and a stout straight band was spun and fastened across the web, near the centre of which was strung a cocoon tapering at both ends, with points or tubercles scattered over the surface. The spider's position was now at one end of the cocoon, with her head directed toward the open centre of the orb.



ULOBORUS MAMMEATA, AND COCOONS.

After awhile a second cocoon was added and finally a third.

Before she made her cocoons she was quite timid, and I was obliged to approach her cautiously, or she would drop among the vines and remain se-

creted a long time. But with her first cocoon all her timidity vanished, and I could not induce her to leave her place with any threatened danger. Her maternal instinct was awake. I even broke one end of the band loose upon which she rested

with her cocoons and shook it. But still she clung fast, and the next morning I found she had firmly secured the band in its former place. Much to my regret, before the young were hatched she had disappeared.

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.

(Foreign Series.)

BY MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

IV.

A MILITARY FETE DAY IN PARIS.

"Ma belle Ville de Paris."

THIS fond term of Henry iv. for Paris was perfectly appropriate to the beautiful city as we first knew it in 1852. Although during the allied occupation of 1814 Wellington had had its boulevards shorn of their noble avenues of old trees, and under the same plea, or pretext, of "military precaution" their great wooded Park the Bois de Boulogne, was also despoiled, forty years of Nature's healing work and much care and money made a beautiful new park. The English were as cruel as they intended to be in destroying trees which Time alone could create, but that indestructible love of beauty and grace which belongs in French nature had restored and embellished the many lovely gardens within Paris.

It is not the same now. It must always remain superb and beautiful, but other cruelties have altered and vulgarized its special features. The frenzy for building and speculating in city property which was the result of "improving" Paris during the last Empire, abolished the many charming gardens surrounding the buildings on the grand promenade of the Champs Elysée. These lit up that noble avenue as fresh flowers give their finishing touch of life and grace to one's toilette. The open work gilded-iron railings, or low stone walls of these ancient pleasure-grounds showed green lawns and flower-beds and tall groups of pink acacias, golden laburnums and everywhere, hedges of lilacs. Not the scraggly old growth of leaf and stem with scant flowering which every farmhouse knows here, but high rounded masses of bloom like huge hand-bouquets. Long skilful cultivation had trained these to a complete face of blooms — lilac, white, purple, and the feathery pink-lilac. "*Le moi des lilas*" was a fixed expression in French poetry and stories. But this was

the Paris beloved by and written of by Beranger and Balzac, and Madame de Girardin and Victor Hugo. Not that of to-day where hard stone replaces trees and grass and flowers.

When a railroad was to be built from St. Petersburg to Moscow the engineers were aghast to hear the Emperor call for the map; and, disregarding all the intervening towns with their necessities of trade and travel, he drew a straight line from the new capital to the old one — no curves or claims allowed. And so it was built.

In the same way, and on the now obsolete ground of putting war foremost, the map of Paris was taken by the Second Empire and straight lines ruled remorselessly through streets and buildings. The one governing intention was to have them radiating in clear open lines from centres throughout Paris and connect with its underground approaches. Then, if the formidable "*peuple de Paris*" rose in one of their outbursts of fury, then — so they planned — cannon could sweep all these approaches and the Empire hold its power.

The best laid plans
Of men and mice
Aft gang agee.

The fatal attack was made from Sedan, and the furious mob burned the most royal dwelling, the most historically interesting palace I have ever seen. I cannot feel Paris to be itself without the Tuileries.

But this May-day of '52 the spring sun could not shine on a fairer, sweeter sight than the gardens of the stately Tuileries, the leaping fountains and groups of statuary in the Place Concorde, thence through the wooded grounds that bordered the Champs Elysées up the gentle ascent of the broad avenue to the Arch of Triumph that terminates a promenade and drive without its equal.

Not alone for its grand plan of which every detail shows cultivated taste and incessant care as well as outlay of money, but for its historic inter-

est; and now the intensely interesting historical pageants again in action on that storied ground.

We came over from London to witness one of these. There was to be a grand military review on the Champ de Mars; which has for one boundary of its immense parade ground, the Hôtel des Invalides, where as you know old soldiers find their honored home and where also is the tomb of the great Napoleon. On this field an altar had been raised, and the highest clergy of France were to be present and give their blessing to the standards which the tens of thousands of troops would receive at the altar as a religious duty; then, file past in review before the Prince-President and his staff, the diplomatic corps, and the invited guests, who filled the richly decorated platform ("*tribune*" is their word) on either side of him. We had the advantage to be among the invited and so saw everything in perfection.

But you can read elsewhere of great reviews. The *idea* in this was the main thing. As in sending an Ambassador to England, so now, in restoring to the French standards the Imperial Eagles — the emblem of France's proud years of Victory under Bonaparte — all Europe saw that the intention of this Napoleon was *not* to keep France as a Republic, but to restore the Empire. Therefore all the rulers of Europe watched this day as keenly and more interestedly than the vast throngs of Parisians, for to them it meant ultimate war for all Europe. Looking back, the events string themselves one after another clearly, but History is not made as quickly as it is read.

We knew both English and French persons who had every opportunity for good political knowledge and their opinions and beliefs were of deep interest. Especially those of an elderly French gentleman of whom I shall tell you more later; for he was the embodiment of what was best in an extinct species — the "*grand seigneur*" of old France. First through the introduction of an English friend, and after from his own liking for both Mr. Frémont and myself, this charming true gentleman became part of our life in Paris, and the friendly intimacy was kept up by letters, and renewed whenever we returned to France while he lived. His eighty-four years had covered the most interesting century of modern times. Through his friendly care we were put on the "*liste intime*" and invitations were sent us for everything belonging with the fêtes and balls under the new government for all our stay in Paris.

We had to make an early start to get our place in the file which already about nine o'clock stretched from the Place Concorde to the Champs de Mars.

If I am too detailed remember I am not telling this for those of you who have been there, but for others who like myself at that time found all new.

From every cross-street were pouring soldiers,

very small men, but in great numbers. The short small soldiers astonished me. But long wars which used up the men had forced the women to work in the fields — often yoked to the plough with a horse, an ox, and, as I have seen, even a cow — had lessened the vitality of the race, and the French army standard had to be constantly lowered until now their infantry was under five feet. A soldier of five feet eight inches is looked after and admired and the people exclaim "*Quel bel homme!*" "*Superbe!*" And they did not move silently and compactly like a piece of mechanism as you see them with us, but more like schoolboys parading on a holiday — laughing, talking, with loose ranks, but a look of "fight" about them all the same. As we drove down the broad avenue of the Champs Elysée, on which we lived, to the square where the line of carriages was forming, the ground seemed all soldiers and the air all music; bands and drums and bugles kept such a ceaseless sound that the air was full of vibrations. The people were out in swarms; men in blouses, women in caps, gay and good-natured, calling out to one another and to the soldiers! who in the most unmilitary manner answered back with chaffing and laughter, turning to "keep it up" as they backed while keeping step to the music.

We had to move along very slowly and found this part already "a show." We also found that *les blouses*, the laughing women, the little plucky-looking soldiers, all, continuing on from the start through the length of the procession, all, instantly and heartily cursed us as we passed. "*Sacré Anglais!*" was their mildest salute, and when we became stationary in the file on the square the angry "*Sacré Anglais!*" became almost a clamor.

It was because of our unmistakably English equipage. We had brought over from London our whole "outfit" (as our mining slang would put it) and the perfect coupé with its thoroughbred grays and the two Englishmen on the box, clean-shaven, fair, and impassive, acted on the temper of this English-hating people as the red flag does on the bull.

They *are* a very queer people. Carlyle says there are two natures — "Human nature and French nature." We were to feel more of the unreasoning caprices of this French nature, but here the crowd was held back and channels kept open by living hedges of soldiers; some of these nearest us crowded close, looking into the windows, and growling rude words, when their wrath was changed to silence and looks of astonishment and apology. Simply because the coupé basket was filled with fresh violets and I wore them on my dress. It is, as you know, the Bonaparte flower. It is also the flower I love best and always have about me when I can get them. That, the soldiers could not know; but the sweet little things pacified them and protected me again later in the day.

That halt on the "Square of Peace" (whose stones were so often red with blood) was a thing to remember. To the left was the Tuileries with its personal memories of old French royalty; its long dark bulk rising high against the blue sky. On the right, terminating the splendid vista from the Tuileries up the great avenue, rose the Arch of Triumph—the monument to Napoleon times—its marbles still new, and dazzling white in the sparkling sunshine. Back of us the Church of the Madeleine telling of the unchanging power of religion; while in front, across the Seine whose every bridge is a record of history, loomed above the Legislative Halls and the dark mass of older Paris, the newly-gilded dome of the Invalides, our point for the day. These, all, were rich in that vivid personality with which French history is so invested. In all directions was the dense picturesquely-dressed crowd, bordered by troops; and the air was full of shrill gay sounds that seemed to underlie the heavy cloud of military music rolling above us.

The color of our ticket passed us smoothly past the file to the entrance reserved for those invited, where in the large court-yard of the Invalides our carriage was to wait and we were to return to it there in that quiet place after the ceremonies.

From the tribune we saw everything—the splendid altar, with the many groups of standards with their glittering new eagles again in position; the silent pageant of blessing these, and seeing the kneeling soldiers lowering the banners, then rising, march off proudly to their waiting regiments; no loose ranks, no chaff or sound now—when the French soldier is at real military work "he means business."

Paris is so familiar with fine open-air spectacles that the people have their drill in the matter as well as the soldiers, and they go about their part as old play-goers to the theatre, appreciating all the points and scenic effects, criticizing and applauding, and giving an atmosphere of completeness impossible to the self-contained self-conscious English and American crowds, but all the more interesting to outsiders as it makes the show more theatrical and spectacular.

We met on the tribune an English officer, Captain Cathcart, who had travelled with Mr. Frémont on a winter journey across the Rocky Mountains, in '48, and Mr. Frémont and himself made their own estimate of the troops reviewed; putting it at forty-seven thousand. The Paris journals said sixty thousand, but we found forty-seven thousand men under arms a very magnificent exhibition. Especially interesting was that small body which represented the past wars and glories of the Grande Armée. The others moved rapidly, passing at double-quick, and the Zouaves on the run; but these mutilated pages of history walked slowly, halted, and received a special notice from Louis

Napoleon; and they seemed to have real feeling in their cry of "VIVE L'EMPEREUR."

Indeed the absence of enthusiasm among both the troops and the people was very marked; in these seemed to be an undercurrent of opposition or dull indifference. There was no hearty cheering. Sometimes applause for a special reason, as when the "Zou-Zous" made their spirited running, or the Veterans of the Grand Army came slowly and stiffly along, but for the rest you could see it was only one more day of show and excitement; and for the night the theatres were to be open free; the government knowing that was a crowning joy of the people.

When we came out, returning to the court-yard where the carriage was to wait, it was not there. There were other private carriages which quickly drove off, but we could not get any satisfactory account as to why or when ours had left, or how it was to be found. Nor were there any public conveyances.

We found ourselves completely "left;" and the guards said politely but positively, the gates must be closed.

The dispersing crowds, like waters from a broken dyke, were pouring by in masses and it was like venturing into the surf to go among them. But it had to be done. With proper walking things and clear streets it would have been only a good long walk from the Invalides to the upper end of the Champs Elysée, but my elaborate long dress of silk and lace hampered me and the high heels of my silk boots caught between the cobble stones.

Most fortunately we were taken for French; and soon saw the protection this made, for two very elegant and handsome English girls and, evidently from the likeness, their brother, had been caught in an eddy of the crowd just near us and were getting the most offensive—even cruel treatment—from women all about them. Apparently they did not speak French, and the brother was only making matters worse by giving way to his indignation in vigorous English. We saw his hat knocked off and his coat-skirts torn away and flourished from hand to hand over the heads of the crowd like captured flags with derisive shouts of "*A bas les Anglais*;" and a woman pulled the long yellow curls of one of the girls making the tears spring to her eyes from the pain and insult, while the "*Sacré Anglais*" flew thick around them, just as they had sworn at our English equipage in the morning. It was but a light example of the dreadful scenes so often known to those streets during their revolution.

I was very differently treated, in fact taken under their protection. A woman took off my little mantilla with its deep lace frill, made it into a compact parcel, and good-humoredly ordered Mr.

Frémont to button it under his coat and take good care of it for it would be torn in the crowding if he kept it in his hand — “*faut soigner les dentelles de votre petite dame*,” she said, with that thrift and also the love for pretty things innate to French women.

The movement of the swaying eager crowd did roll and hustle everyone like stones upon a beach and all Mr. Frémont could do was to put both arms around me to keep me from being jostled roughly, in which the women aided him — encouraging me and telling me not to be scared — as they saw I was — and admiring and protecting my dress which they gathered up and packed on my arm. They all noticed the violets in my belt and hat which were as useful to me as a countersign.

We adapted ourselves to the situation and were careful to say nothing in English — explained that we had missed our carriage — thanked them for every help — and so got along; halting when the crowd halted, to let regiments pass, then borne along with its rush as it dashed across to another street where there would be another halt for more and more regiments — the cavalry and artillery shouting “*gâre la bas!*” women screaming and laughing! men swearing and laughing, but not an intoxicated person among them, and so between halts and rushes, and in real danger from excited horses, we finally found ourselves near the bridge of Jena, where the sentries refused to let us pass. Nor could they be bribed. I wish to say here that in all that jam nothing was taken from our pockets. By this time the stones had cut my thin boots to rags. We had had to leave home very early. Now the day was ended and street-lamps lit. I had gone all day on my morning cup of tea and roll, and was about exhausted from hunger, excitement and fatigue. Fright too.

Down on the dark river we saw a boatman in a dingy black punt, and hailing him we considered fortune favored us when he answered our signal of distress and took us on his boat.

I was only too glad to climb down the slippery stone steps cut in the embankment and find rest

on the damp seat of the little boat. And soon we were laughing at the boatman. He

Was nae fou’
But jist a drappie in his ’ee.

and very good-humored to us. Evidently believing that we had missed the carriage on purpose to excuse our getting off together and when he was told to take us as near as possible to some street leading to our locality he just smiled on us and said we need not hurry, he would promenade us as long as we liked. But he was open to a money argument and rowed fast, landing us at a quiet street where we caught a rickety one-horse cab and got back home, as Cinderella did from her ball, in complete contrast to the manner of our leaving. We found the household anxious and alarmed, for the carriage had come back early. Our men had been ordered to drive out of the enclosure; their ticket was not respected after we left; they spoke only English and they saw their being English made the mischief. They could not wait in the encumbered streets, so they had the good English sense to come home. We had been uneasy for them, feeling the temper of the crowd, but no harm came from the day. A few days restored my cut and bruised feet, and I had gained a most unlooked-for insight into the true unguarded feelings of a French street-crowd of the formidable *peuple de Paris*. Something of it we had realized while in the carriage, but far more by their treatment of those nice English girls. We longed to help them, but were too far off; nor could we have changed the deep-rooted race-hatred which seems ingrained in the popular French mind. They did not mean to hurt those young English people, only to “give them a piece of their (French) mind.” It was the tiger at play, but their flashing eyes and excited voices gave me a shuddering insight into what they could do when their tiger blood was fully up — how they acted and looked when the horrible mob of the Commune burned the Tuileries.

SOME ITALIAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

IV.

VIRGIL, THE POET.

THERE is a strong contrast between Cicero and Virgil. The one was vain, boastful; the other modest, retiring. The orator was a public man, ambitious, unresting; the poet was an

unassuming private citizen. Cicero would have a place in history if he had never written a line; Virgil but for his poems would be unknown.

To meet the poet we must leave the forum with its state-trials, its wranglings, its politics, and go into the country, or to Naples, or seek him at the dinner-table of Mæcenas, or at the court of great Augustus.

Publius Virgilius Maro was the son of a farmer who owned a modest estate in Northern Italy, near the town of Mantua. Little is known of Virgil's youth and young manhood. It seems certain, however, from the learning which his works display, that he received a liberal education, probably attending lectures at Cremona, probably living for some time in Naples where excellent opportunities were to be had for the study of the Greek language and literature.

We know that he was tall and slight, a rather awkward stooping figure, and that his health always was delicate.

The villagers would have laughed had any one said that in a few years this slight quiet young man who loved to walk in the fields, and to spend the rest of his time over musty volumes, would at no distant day sit at the Emperor's table.

But this Arabian Nights' sort of fortune did come to young Virgil, and in this wise: When Augustus had defeated Antony, and the Roman Empire had become his own, he wished to reward his soldiers. It was a custom in those days for a victor to divide among his army the lands of those who had supported his opponents. This plan Augustus adopted; and under its provisions the young Virgil's estate was confiscated. The poet petitioned the governor of the province, and on his representation the Emperor ordered the restoration of the property; and out of gratitude Virgil wrote a poem in honor of Augustus, to whom he ever after was sincerely devoted.

Now one of the most influential men in Rome at that time was Mæcenas, an intimate friend of the Emperor, and a patron of literary men. Like many gentlemen of our day, he was more than willing to furnish a good dinner in return for learned and witty conversation, a little reflected reputation, and the satisfaction of feeling that he was advancing the interests of literature. The poem to Augustus which, with several others, Virgil published a year or two later attracted the attention of this gracious patron, and he sent for the poet to join the company of artists, literary men and historians that already crowded his audience chamber.

Soon after this Virgil left his old home, not to live in Rome, although he often made long visits at Mæcenas' palace on the Esquiline, but to settle in the beautiful Naples, which he loved as Cicero loved Rome.

Upon the advice of Mæcenas, Virgil spent the next few years in the preparation of that work known to us as the "Georgics," a poem in four books, treating of agricultural pursuits and pleasures. The publication of this poem established Virgil's popularity. It treated familiar subjects charmingly, and mingled practical advice with poetic descriptions in a way that delighted both town and country.

By this time, thanks to Mæcenas' generosity, Virgil's property had become a handsome estate. He owned a town house near that of his patron on the Esquiline Hill in Rome, although he still spent much of his time at his villa in the vicinity of Naples, and therefore when later he began his great poem, he knew nothing of the poverty which has harassed and distracted so many poets.

Virgil's life-work was now undertaken — the *Æneid*. He is said to have begun it at the express desire of the Emperor Augustus.

Just before the beginning of the Christian Era the Roman nation was like a rich family which has been socially successful, but which is uncomfortably conscious that the grandfathers and grandmothers of the line were not very high in the social scale, and perhaps also that a certain remote ancestor had left this life by way of the gallows-tree — a family that would be willing to give anything for a coat-of-arms, and a pedigree. So Rome, the rich and haughty mistress of the world, could not forget that were her history to be closely scrutinized it might be traced back to a robber's camp. Therefore, now, Virgil was to supply in the *Æneid*, a pedigree for his country and a noble lineage for his imperial master.

The *Æneid* is evidently modelled after the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer; it may be called a Latin sequel to those poems. *Æneas*, a son of Priam, escapes from burning Troy, and after countless adventures and escapes, in spite of the efforts of the hostile gods, finally reaches Italy, where with equal difficulty he at length succeeds in founding Rome. Not only are all questions as to Rome's doubtful origin cleared up, but it is also made to turn out that Augustus is a direct descendant of *Æneas*.

It is not strange that this poem should have been popular with the Romans. But it was also something more than a flattering explanation of a nation's origin. It was written in a smoother verse than Roman ears had heard before; it was full of pictures of nature; lightnings flashed, thunders rolled, there was shipwreck and disaster, feasting and revelry, war, victories and peace. No wonder that Roman hearts bounded when a Roman voice sang so melodiously and so triumphantly of their common fatherland.

It is sad to think Virgil never heard the plaudits of his countrymen. When the *Æneid* was given to the world the poet lay at rest near the blue bay of his beloved Naples.

During the years in which Virgil was writing the *Æneid*, it was rumored at Rome that such a work was in progress, and there was great eagerness and impatience to see the book. Augustus, away in the east, is said to have sent for a copy of a part of the MS., but Virgil refused to send it on the ground that it was in too crude a state — an incident that serves to show the fastidiousness

of the poet. He was never satisfied with the polish of his work. He could scarcely be prevailed upon a year later to read a passage to the Emperor. And when the first draft was completed, he at once set out for a four years' stay in Athens to perfect it.

But his health, never good, now failed rapidly, and when the Emperor passed through Greece on his way back from the East, Virgil started home

in his company. During the voyage he sank constantly, and four days after landing he died, his last request being — *to burn the Æneid*.

He was buried near Naples, where a tomb was built for him; but greater than any monument of marble or bronze is the poem which was not destroyed, but still endures to honor Virgil, the poet and the gentleman against whose purity history makes not a single charge.

STRANGE TEAS, DINNERS, WEDDINGS AND FETES.

BY MRS. LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

IV.

SYLVESTER-ABEND.

SYLVESTER-ABEND is one of the prettiest and brightest of German festivals and is almost as much enjoyed as Christmas Eve, but I do not know that anyone has described it to American children.

It so happened a few years ago that I was spending the holidays in one of the pleasantest homes in one of the most beautiful towns of South Germany, and there I learned how this festival was kept.

The first of January being in that country St. Sylvester's Day, it is New Year's Eve which is celebrated as Sylvester Eve, or Abend.

"You will come into the drawing-room, after coffee, and see the Christmas-tree plundered," the Doctor's wife had said to me, smiling, at dinner; and all the children had clapped their hands and shouted, "Oh yes! the Christmas-tree plundered, huzza!"

There were more children around the Frau Doctor's table than you could easily count. Indeed, there were more than the long table could accommodate, and three or four had to be seated at the round "Cat's table" in the bow window. There were the two fair-haired little daughters of the house, their tall, twelve-year-old brother, two little Russian boys, three Americans, and another German, who boasts of being the godson of the Crown Prince; all these were studying under the direction of Monsieur P — the French tutor. Besides, there were half a dozen older boys, who had come from all parts of the globe, England, Cuba, Chili, and where not, to study with the Herr Doctor himself, who is a learned German Professor. And since to-day was holiday — there was little Hugo, pet and baby, standing upon his mother's knee, clapping his hands and shouting with all his might "Me too! plunder Christmas-tree!"

"Why do you call it Sylvester Evening?" I asked the Frau Doctor, when the storm of delight had become a calm again.

"Because it *is* Sylvester evening; that is, to-day is dedicated to St. Sylvester, in the Romish Calendar. He was bishop of Rome in the time of the Emperor Constantine, I believe. But there is no connection between the saint's day and the tree-plundering. Still we always do it on Sylvester evening, and so, I think, do most people, because it is a convenient time, as every one is sitting up to watch for the birth of the New Year. In some families, however, the tree is kept until Twelfth Night, and in yet others it is plundered the third or fourth day after Christmas."

"Is there any story about St. Sylvester?" asked Nicholas, the bright little Russian, always on the lookout for stories.

"More than one; but I have only time to tell you one which I think the prettiest. You are not to believe it, however.

"When the Emperor Constantine who had been a heathen, was converted to Christianity, some Jewish Rabbis came, to try to make him a Jew. St. Sylvester was teaching the Emperor about Christ, and the Rabbis tried to prove that what he said was false; but they could not. At this, they were angry, and they brought a fierce wild bull, and told Sylvester to whisper his god's name in its ear, and he should see that it would fall down dead. Sylvester whispered, and the beast did fall dead. Then the Rabbis were very triumphant. Even the emperor began to believe that they must be right. But Sylvester told them that he had uttered the name of Satan, not of Christ, in the bull's ear, for Christ gave life, not destroyed it. Then he asked the Rabbis to restore the creature to life, and when they could not, Sylvester whispered the name of Christ, and the bull rose up, alive, and as mild and gentle as it had before been fierce and wild. Then everybody present be-

lieved in Christ and Sylvester baptized them all."

The Christmas-tree, which all the week had stood untouched, to be admired and re-admired, was once more lighted up when we went into the drawing-room in the early twilight after four o'clock coffee. All the children were assembled, from the oldest to the youngest, and gazing in silent admiration; little Hugo, with hands clasped in ecstasy, being the foremost of the group. As you probably know, the Christmas presents had not been upon the tree itself, but upon tables around it. It was the decorations of the tree, candy and fruit, and fantastic cakes, very beautiful, which had remained, and which we were now to treat as "plunder."

When Frau Doctor had produced more pairs of scissors than I had supposed could be found at one time in a single house be it ever so orderly and had armed the family therewith, the cutting and snipping began in good earnest. It was a pretty picture: the brilliantly-lighted tree with its countless, sweet, rich decorations, and the eager children intent on their "plundering;" the little ones jumping up to reach the threads from which hung the prizes, and the elder boys climbing upon chairs to get at those which were upon the top-most boughs.

Frau Doctor received all the rifled treasures, as they were rapidly brought to her, heaping them upon a great tray, while Monsieur P. beamed delight through his green spectacles and wide mouth, and Herr Doctor, in the background, amused himself with the droll exclamations, in all sorts of bad German, with which the foreign boys gave utterance to their delight.

When the last ornament was cut off and laid upon the heaped-up tray, and the last candle had burned out, we adjourned to supper.

When that meal was over and the cloth brushed, the tray was brought on, and with it two packs of cards. Now came some exciting moments. All watched as Frau Doctor laid a sweetmeat toy upon each card of one pack, and then dealt the remaining pack around among us. When all were provided, she held up the card nearest her, for us all to see, displaying at the same time, the prize which belonged to it. Then came an eager search in everybody's hand, and great was the delight when little Hugo produced a card exactly like the one which his mamma held up, and received the great gingerbread heart, or "*lebkuchen*" which happened to belong to that card; for in little Hugo's estimation *lebkuchen* was the choicest of dainties. Another card and another, with their respective sweetmeats, were quickly turned, the

children becoming more eager as one after another received a prize. Again and again the cards were dealt, for the tray of delicious and funny things seemed inexhaustible. The game grew more and more merry as it went on. What cheers greeted the discomfited Monsieur P. as a tiny sugar doll, in bridal array, fell to his lot! what huzzas resounded when Herr Doctor threatened to preserve his long cane of sugar-candy, as a rod to chastise unruly boys withal!

When the last card had been turned, and every place showed a mighty heap of dainties the tea-kettle was brought on, and Frau Doctor brewed some hot lemonade as a substitute for the "punch" which is thought quite essential at every German merrymaking. In this we drank each other's healths merrily, the boys jumping up to run around the table and clink glasses, and all shouting "*lebe hoch!*" at the top of their lungs after each name. Then we drank greetings to all who, in whatever land, should think of us this night. This toast was not so noisy as the others had been, and the unusual quiet gave us time to reckon up the many places in which our absent relatives were. From Russia to Australia they were scattered, through nearly every country on the map.

At last, with Frau Doctor's name on our lips, and many clinkings and wavings of glasses, and shouts of "Frau Doctor, *lebe ho-o-o-ch!*" the party broke up. The little ones went to bed, the older boys and the "grown-ups" into the parlor to "watch for the New Year," a ceremony which may by no means be omitted. What with games and music and eating of nuts and apples the evening was a short and merry one; but when the clock pointed to a quarter before midnight, silence fell upon us.

Suddenly, the peals rang out from all the church towers; cannons were fired and rockets sent up from the market place; we rushed to throw the windows wide open to let the New Year in. Then we turned and shook hands all around and wished "Happy New Year;" then again to the windows. Out of doors all was astir; the bells still pealing, rockets blazing, people in the streets shouting to one another. The opposite houses were all lighted up, and through the open windows we could see all their inmates shaking hands and kissing one another.

But it was too cold to stand long at an open window. The New Year was already nipping fingers and noses as his way of making friendly overtures; merry Sylvester-Abend was gone and so we bade each other and the Old Year good-night.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

BY LINA BEARD.

XXXVI.

REAL LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE.

LET me tell you how to make an "Impression Album"—a book of printed flowers and leaves. You who have house plants will find it a delightful winter recreation, a novel pleasure, and you will enjoy the pretty work even more during your next summer vacation.

The "prints" are taken from the natural flower or leaf itself. Children who have no knowledge at all of drawing or of printing can readily make these Impression Albums for

pleasure and amusement, while students of botany will find the work to supply valuable memoranda of trees and plants, as the print preserves details of the form, fibre and veining of foliage and petal as can no drawing, no photograph. The printing can be made wholly accurate giving all the minutiae of construction.

The tools required to make these print-pictures are simple—a piece of glass, a palette knife (or a case knife will answer the purpose), printers' ink which comes in small tin boxes and can be procured at any stationery store, and a pad made of a ball of cotton tied in a piece of soft silk or satin. The pad I used was manufactured of the satin lining taken from a gentleman's old hat, and answered the purpose admirably, being a good size, measuring nearly four inches in diameter.

The album itself may be a common blank book, with every other leaf cut out in order to make room for the prints, which are on pieces of blank unruled paper of uniform size and small enough to fit in the album and leave a margin all around the piece inserted, so that the book when opened may be neat and attractive.

Now, having all your tools at hand, select the leaves you wish to print. These must be free from dust and moisture, and perfectly fresh.

First, with your knife, place a small quantity of printers' ink on the piece of glass and smooth it as evenly as possible over the surface of the glass. Then press the pad down lightly, lifting, and again pressing, until the ink is evenly distributed on the pad; next, select a leaf and place it face, or right side, downward

on a piece of folded newspaper; then press the inked pad down on the under side of the leaf, which is now, of course, lying upward, repeating the operation until the leaf is sufficiently covered with ink.



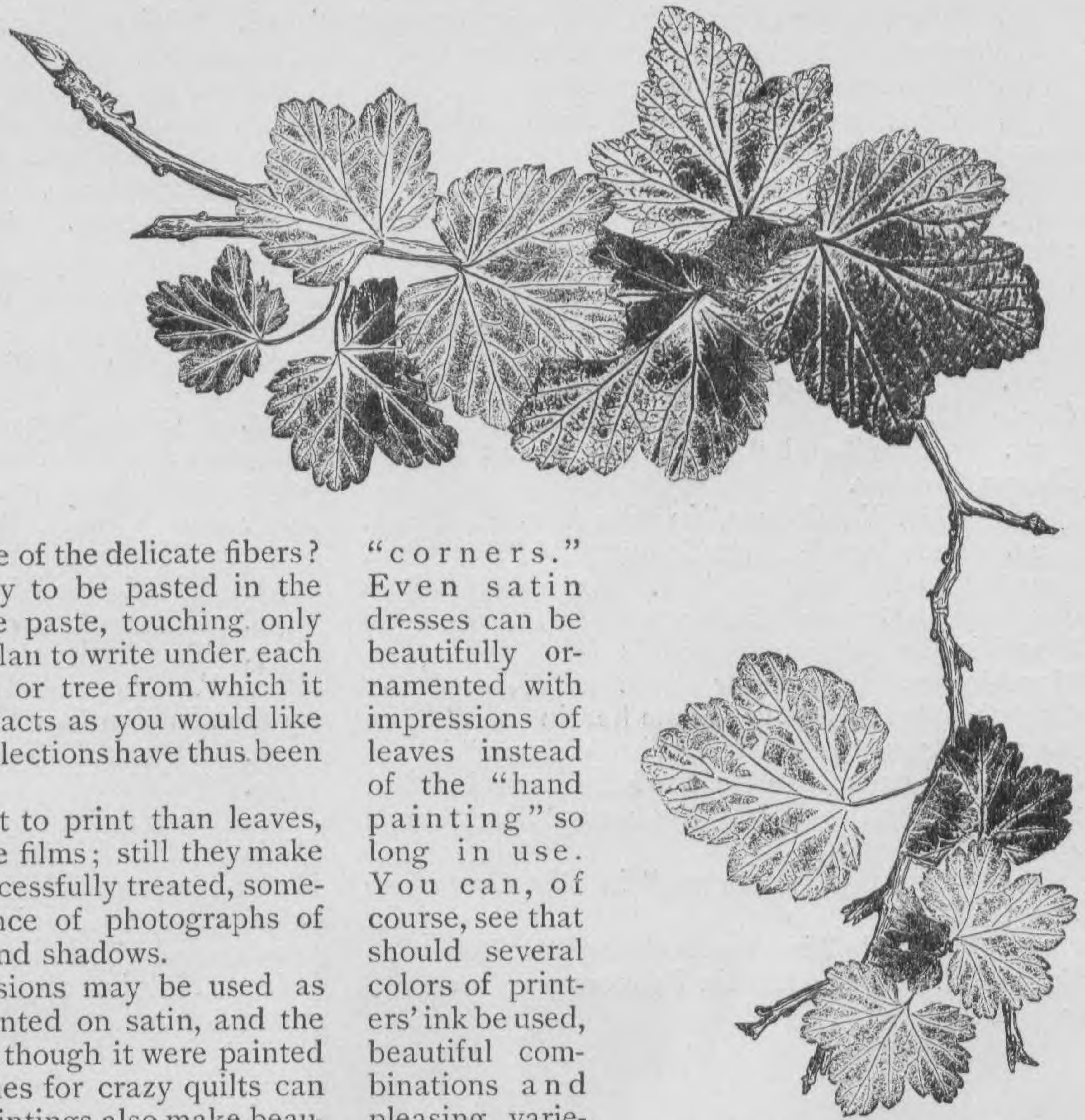
FROM BONA-FIDE "PRINTS" OF LEAVES.

Now carefully place the leaf, inked side down, on the centre of the piece of paper you have previously cut for the album; over this lay a piece of common yellow wrapping paper, or any paper that is not too thick and stiff, and rub the finger gently all over the covered leaf. Now you may remove the outside paper and very *carefully* take up the leaf. Do you not find an exact impress of the natural green leaf showing every one of the delicate fibers?

The picture is now ready to be pasted in the album, with a thin, delicate paste, touching only the corners. It is a good plan to write under each leaf the name of the plant or tree from which it was taken, and such other facts as you would like to recall. Very valuable collections have thus been made.

Flowers are more difficult to print than leaves, owing to less "relief" in the films; still they make charming pictures when successfully treated, sometimes having the appearance of photographs of flowers with all the lights and shadows.

These botanical impressions may be used as "fancy work" by being printed on satin, and the decorated satin made up as though it were painted or embroidered; and patches for crazy quilts can be thus decorated. The printings also make beautiful patterns for outline work, much truer to nature than those made in other ways, and readily affording you infinite variety for "borders," and



PRINTS FROM CURRANT LEAVES.

"corners." Even satin dresses can be beautifully ornamented with impressions of leaves instead of the "hand painting" so long in use. You can, of course, see that should several colors of printers' ink be used, beautiful combinations and pleasing variety would be obtained, and that probably some unique and novel decorations would be secured.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

IV.

LITERARY PSEUDONYMS.

61. What author sometime used the pseudonym "Michael Angelo Titmarsh"?
62. Of what author is "Edward Garrett" the pseudonym?
63. Who is "Sarah Tytler"?
64. What writer is best known as "The Country Parson"?
65. Who was "Father Prout"?
66. Who was "Currer Bell"?

67. Who was "Hugh Conway"?
68. Who was known as "gentle Elia"?
69. Who was "Sam Slick"?
70. Who is "A. L. O. E."?
71. What author used the signature "E. Berger"?
72. What author uses the *nom de plume* "Lewis Carroll"?
73. What was the pseudonym of the father of Adelaide Procter?
74. What is the most celebrated pseudonym ever used by an English woman?
75. Who was "Christopher North"?

76. What writer of juvenile religious tales used the signature "Charlotte Elizabeth"?

77. Who was "Peter Pindar"?

78. What famous writer of fiction used the pseudonym "Boz"?

79. Who was Sydney Yendys'?

80. What living writer for children used for some time the *nom de plume* "Ennis Graham"?

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

21. "Una," in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*: Book I, Canto III.

22. "Alice" and "John," in Charles Lamb's *Dream Children*.

23. "Mr. Woodhouse," in Miss Austen's *Emma*.

24. Lady Jane Grey, in Tennyson's *Queen Mary*.

25. "Dolly Varden" is the blacksmith's daughter in Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge*; "Flora Mc Ivor" is the heroine of Scott's *Waverley*; "The Marchioness" is a minor figure in Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop*; "Sheila" is the heroine of William Black's *Princess of Thule*; "Tito Melema" is the husband of Romola in George Eliot's novel of that name, and "John Ridd" is the hero of Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*.

26. "Madame Eglentyne," in *The Canterbury Tales*.

27. "Belinda," in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. See Canto III. Mrs. Arabella Fennors was the original of Belinda.

28. "Miss Kilmansegg." See Hood's *Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg*.

29. The Blessed Damosel. See D. G. Rossetti's poem of that name.

30. Sir Richard Grenville. See Tennyson's ballad *The Revenge*.

31. "Lynette." See Tennyson's *Gareth and Lynette*.

32. "Lucy," in Wordsworth's poem of that name.

33. "Cyril." See Tennyson's *The Princess*, Canto IV.

34. "Giant Despair" is one of the personages in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; "The Mock Turtle" is a prominent figure in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*; and "Jenny Wren" is the dolls' dress-maker in Dickens' *Our Mutual Friend*.

35. "Madeline," in Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes*.

36. Ophelia." See *Hamlet*.

37. The Lady of the Lake. See Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur* and also see *The Passing of Arthur*, by the same author.

38. "Portia." See *The Merchant of Venice*.

39. Thirty.

40. "Mark Tapley" is a notable character in Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit*; "Dominie Sampson" is the tutor of "Harry Bertram," in Scott's *Guy Mannering*; "Captain Dobbin" is a prominent personage in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, and "Fad-ladeen" is the critical chamberlain in Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.





PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

(American Series.)

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

V.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

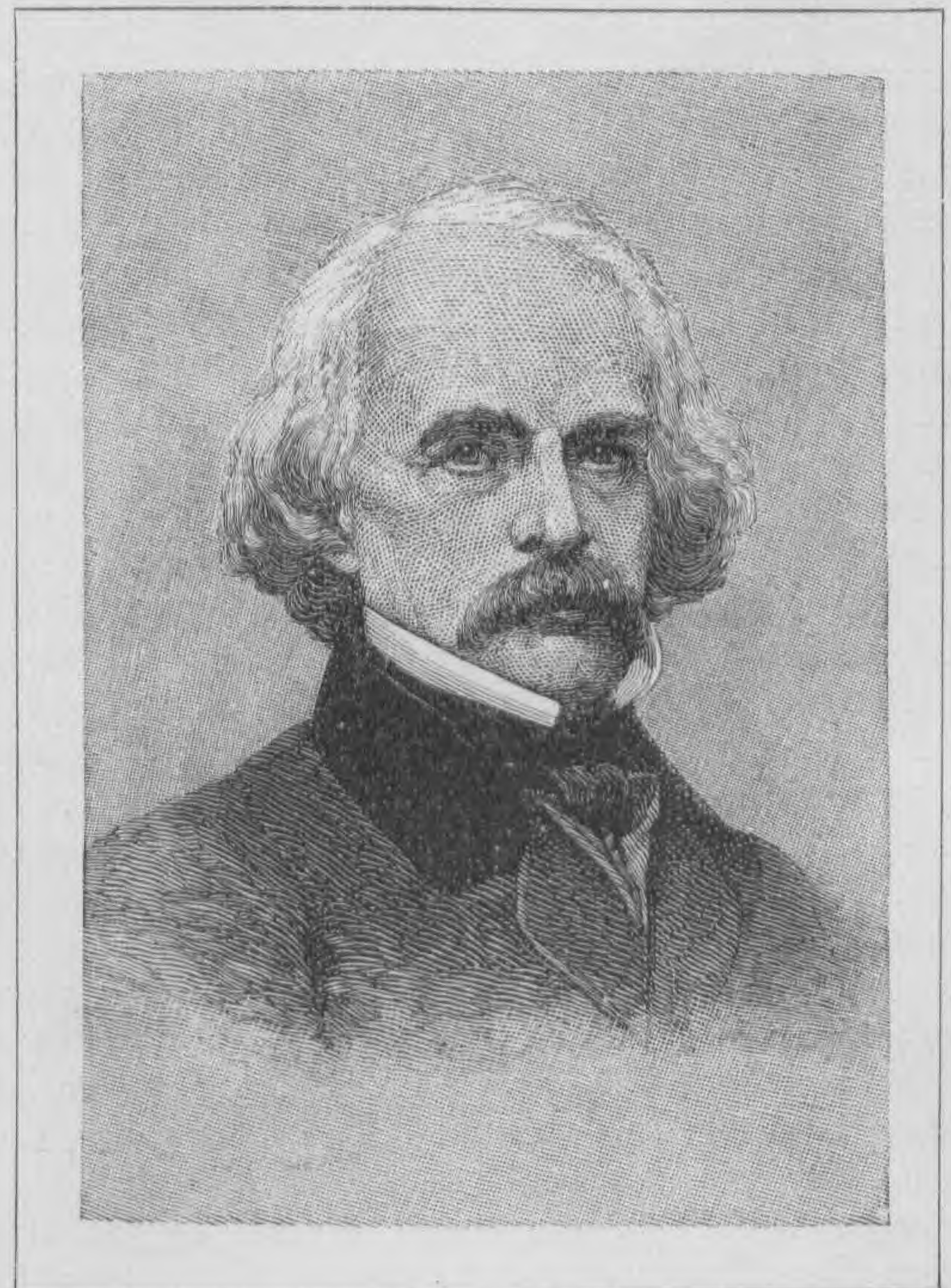
WE come now to an author whose writings are of the finest quality known in our literature. Of Hawthorne it has been said that he had "a grace, a charm, a perfection of language which no other American writer ever possessed in the same degree," and that his English was "the most beautiful that ever was written."

The number of volumes he produced was small; compared with those of Cooper and of Irving how brief is the list! But all his work has a strong individuality—it has the Hawthorne stamp, sign-manual upon it; and the three novels *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Marble Faun* hold a commanding place in the literature of fiction. The first named (and perhaps the others) will always be counted in with a selected number of the best novels of modern times; with *Les Misérables* of Victor Hugo, *The Newcomes* of Thackeray, George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, *Romola*, and *Middlemarch*, Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*, Scott's *Ivanhoe*, Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, Dickens' *David Copperfield*, with that great work of Mrs. Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Of Hawthorne's life you must already know the leading facts. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4th, 1804. The house was 21 Union St. I tell you this because if you should happen to be in that ancient, odd, delightful little city of witch memory, you may like to go there. You will find it in a narrow, prosaic street, and opening right on the sidewalk—perhaps when you are there you will call up in your imagination a little, shy, handsome boy with wonderfully brilliant, lustrous eyes who used sometimes to sit on the doorstep and look dreamily down towards the shipping seen in the distance. Back of it there used to be a garden where he said he "rolled on a grass-plat under an apple-tree, and picked abundant currants."

This garden extended back to Herbert St., where at Number 10, is the Manning House, the

old family mansion of his mother, in which he lived at various times; and it is especially interesting because there, in the "haunted chamber," which was "the antechamber of his fame," he says, after leaving college, "I sat myself down to consider what pursuit in life I was best fit for. . . . And year after year I kept on consider-



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ing what I was fit for, and time and my destiny decided that I was to be the writer that I am." He had read "endlessly all sorts of good and good-for-nothing books," had made a special, artistic study of novels, and had scribbled sketches and stories, most of which he burned; a few of them, however, began to appear in magazines and

in the "annuals" of those days, without his name, but attracting attention by the subtlety of imagination shown in them and by their fine literary workmanship; and in 1837, when he was nearly a middle-aged man, the first volume of *Twice Told Tales* was published. He had become known as a man of letters.

In that "tall, ugly, old, grayish" house (these are his adjectives), he lived in great seclusion, taking his walks at twilight, making few acquaintances, only coming out of his "owls' nest" at last when his book made him known and he was compelled into society; but in that quiet and solitude he seems to have been able to discipline his mind for the work before him. Those were years of preparation, whether he had a consciousness of it or not. The chamber in which he kept his vigils is pointed out—a low-posted room, with a beam in sight, a corner cupboard, one window looking off over distant tree-tops to Marblehead, and another down into the little back garden of the house where he was born.

If you go out for a stroll about Salem, you will inquire for the Town Pump; and for the House of the Seven Gables, where poor old Hepsibah set out the little store of toys in the shop window, and where Phoebe flitted about like a butterfly. And probably some of whom you inquire will say that it is that building, or that one, just as they told me about Skipper Ireson's down at Marblehead; but that Hawthorne really had any one house in mind is not certain. Tradition says he had, and one in particular will be pointed out to you, and you will believe it, just as I wanted to, and would, and did. As for the Custom House—there it is, real and tangible, with the old, decaying Derby wharf stretching down in front. Somebody will show you where Hawthorne purported to discover the manuscript of *The Scarlet Letter*, and if you ask, you will be told where you must go to see the old red desk at which he wrote.

See Salem, by all means. It is the Salem of the Lady Arabella Johnson whom you all have known about from your childhood, of Endicott, of the witches. We have a romantic foolishness about some of the old world sea-towns, but this corner of New England is as rich in legendary lore as many beyond the ocean. And what an East Indian aroma it has, as of spices and drugs brought home in merchant vessels in the days when the willow ware and esthetic blue china that now are stored in the corner cupboards were in as common use as if no value were put upon them! You know that Edmund Gosse when he was over here last year went down for a day and wandered about, and he wrote:

"I was deeply impressed with the strange sentiment of the place, and walked about the streets until I was thoroughly soaked with the old Puritan spirit."

Those last words may be said to represent the state of Hawthorne's mind. The early traditions of New England took a mighty hold on him; especially was he wrought upon by the grimness and severity of Puritan life and character, and from the incidents with which he was familiar he evolved, by the subtle processes of his marvellous genius, certain great moral lessons. Many of his short stories might under his hand have been elaborated into a novel of the length of *The Scarlet Letter*, if he had so willed. When you read that, and those legends of his, and *The House of the Seven Gables*, bear in mind the conscientious fidelity which he brought to his task, and his intimate knowledge of time and place and circumstance. Remember that Hawthorne in prose, and Whittier in poetry, have done for Puritan New England, and for that particular corner of New England, what no other writer has ever done, and no coming writer can do. No more can Whittier's ballads and legendary verse be surpassed than can the two great novels of Hawthorne, in their imaginative quality, insight into motives, and tragic power.

As for Salem—Hawthorne is as inseparable from that old city as is the air that is over and around it. To the Salem life belong the *Twice Told Tales*, some of which, like "A Rill from the Town Pump," daguerreotype the very streets. *The Scarlet Letter* had its birth there, and there also belongs (though written at Lenox), *The House of the Seven Gables*, and there was written the lovely story which his children could almost repeat by heart, from hearing it read so often, "The Snow Image."

If you go to Concord, so rich in its associations with Emerson, Thoreau and the Alcotts, you come right upon Hawthorne again. There is the Old Manse, to which he took his bride, the exquisitely lovely, pensive Sophia Peabody; there the gifted first child Una, darlingest little daughter, was born (you will find sweet stories about this pet "Onion" of his, in Julian Hawthorne's biography of his father and mother). That house is full of Hawthorne. Read in the preface to the *Mosses from an Old Manse* and in some of the scraps of his "Note Books" how he lived there, and how he wrote, and where, and how happy he was. At Concord he found some of the material of *The Blithedale Romance*, based, as you know, upon the Brook Farm experiment of community of labor.

It was at Concord that some years later on he bought a house, The Wayside, next to Apple-Clump (which is the Alcott home), where he wrote the second *Wonder Book*, and later, after returning from Europe, *Our Old Home*. You are aware that he was seven years away from this country, a part of the time as consul at Liverpool, the remainder travelling on the continent and living in

Italy, and that he came home to settle down to domestic comfort and literary work in this house of his own, where he built what he had always longed for, a tower to write in. Failing in health he started on a little journey to the White Mountains, and died suddenly at Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 19, 1864, and was buried from The Wayside on the 23d, in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, just across the path from Thoreau.

You will see that one could hardly be in Salem or Concord without having him constantly in mind, so vitally is he associated with these two places.

Of all his books, the cheeriest, wholesomest, most delightful are the *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*. He wrote the first in Lenox, Massachusetts, where he lived for a year or more in a very frugal way, in a little red house which the family called the Red Shanty, with a Tanglewood back of it. Those of you who know these two charming books ought to know, if you do not, that there was a real Tanglewood porch, and that Shadow Brook, Bold Summit, and the Hill-side were real places all, and that the man who went nutting and skating and sliding down hill with the children was none other than Hawthorne himself, and that he was the most sunshiny, genial, exuberant of companions, so that one of them said "there never was such a playmate in all the world"; anybody must be an enchanting story-teller who would talk like this before he begun a tale:

Sit down there every soul of you and be as still as so many mice. At the slightest interruption, whether from great naughty Primrose, little Dandelion, or any other, I shall bite the story short off between my teeth, and swallow the untold part.

Such delicious stories! They belong with the goodly list, by best authors, made for children's delectation, like *The Water Babies*, *At the Back of the North Wind*, and *The King of the Golden River*, books which have thrown older people into a "tumult of delight" and made them almost wish they were children again. Hunt up the originals of the *Wonder Book* stories as they stand in the old Greek fables, and read them along with his fascinating versions. "The Golden Touch" is the story of Midas; "The Paradise of Children" is that of Pandora, and so on; but O! what a golden touch was Hawthorne's. Notice his marvellous skill, and the beauty of his language as you read; see in "The Gorgon's Head" how Mercury is described when he meets Perseus in the solitary place! And what could be lovelier than all there is about Pegasus in "The Chimæra"?

When you read *The Marble Faun* you should look up every thing relating to the statues and architecture he describes, for example, about the

"Faun of Praxiteles" which Donatello resembled. What a world will open to you! What winter evening's entertainment there will be! This romance was written while he was living in Italy, breathing its atmosphere, amidst pictures and statues and antiquities. There was romance in the daily surroundings of the Hawthorne family, who had a home in a castle so big that each one had three or four rooms while more than twenty were left for their joint occupancy.

The fanciful story itself is only one feature; the art criticism, the fine "points" he makes about painting and sculpture have always given it a high place among works of that class—far more common now than when he wrote it—and taken all in all, it is a fine illustration of Hawthorne's vagaries and of his style. For a fine bit, dwell upon that description of Miriam's studio and the fountain in the court.

Everywhere in Hawthorne you find perfection of finish without loss of vigor; he is as fine as he is strong, and it was so with him almost from the first. When or how he acquired that gift of writing no biographer can satisfactorily tell, but he had the indefinable quality which we call genius. When you come, some day, to understand the nice distinction between that and talent, you will see why he takes rank with men of genius.

It has been stated again and again that his manuscript had scarcely any erasures or changes, and few or no italics. He had the skill of so choosing and so using his words that there was no need to emphasize—the thought expressed itself. There was some kind of a crystallizing process in his own mind that not many writers are capable of. He meditated upon his subject, forged at it, hammered, wrought, finished it in his seclusion.

If you wish to see what he could do with very scanty material read "The old Apple Dealer." You will say that it is of no account. The man did nothing, was nobody, said nothing and nothing happened. His was a character whose peculiarity consisted in having nothing peculiar about it; all neutral tints, all negative qualities, passive; but in the hands of Hawthorne, the old apple dealer sitting in the shadow of the "Old South" is made the centre of a masterly piece of workmanship. I might call your attention to "The Ambitious Guest," "Fancy's Show-box," "The gentle Boy" (who was Hawthorne himself, according to his sister-in-law, Miss Elizabeth Peabody), and "The Village Uncle," where a little sweetheart of his is the figure which he sketches; here she is, the sweet Susan, taken from life:

You stood on the little bridge over the brook that runs across King's Beach into the sea. It was twilight; the waves rolling in, the wind sweeping by, the crimson clouds fading in the west, and the silver moon brightening above the hill; and on the bridge were you, fluttering in the breeze like a sea-bird that might skim away at your pleas-

ure. You seemed a daughter of the viewless wind, a creature of the ocean foam and the crimson light, whose merry life was spent in dancing on the crests of the billows, that threw up their spray to support your footsteps. As I drew nearer, I fancied you akin to the race of mermaids, and thought how pleasant it would be to dwell with you among the quiet coves, in the shadow of the cliffs, and to roam among secluded beaches of the purest sand, and when our northern shores grew bleak, to haunt the islands, green and lonely, far amid summer seas. And yet it gladdened me, after all this nonsense, to find you nothing but a pretty young girl, sadly perplexed with the rude behavior of the wind about your petticoats.

That is a sample of Hawthorne's style of writing at the very first, pure and limpid as water.

It is unnecessary to indicate which of his short papers you should select, for you will read them all. For a piece of work artistic in its completeness, and at the same time showing the fanciful turn of his mind, there is nothing that better represents him in small space than "David Swan"—you will perhaps need to read it several times to appreciate its quality. In the tales and sketches you will find three classes, of which his "Fire Worship" furnishes one example; a second is illustrated by "Legends of the Province House," and the third is something of the fantasy kind which he liked to work out in a weird way, like "The Artist of the Beautiful" and "Drown's Wooden Image."

His novels have gruesome things in them. There never could be anything more terrible in its realism, more sickening in its minuteness, than the eighteenth chapter of *The House of the Seven Gables*, where the Judge is dead; but you should read it, full of horrors as it is, to see what the English language is capable of in a master's hand. Deeply tragic though some of the events are that Hawthorne treats of, you will perceive before you have gone far that he is dealing with great questions of right and wrong. Robert Collyer says that no works of fiction can be found "stronger in moral fibre" than his. He does not allow sin to be covered up, but there is an asserting of conscience, an inward retribution which awaits and overtakes the evil-doer. How vigilantly his eye searched into motive, and what a probing power he had! It was not his habit to depict characters, as Mrs. Stowe does; but he had certain problems of destiny to work out, and he created human beings to be the object and subject, and when they were once in his hand there was no parleying with the wrong they had done. It has been said that the character of Arthur Dimmesdale in *The Scarlet Letter* is a page from the Book of Judgment.

Yet he could make some exquisite beings, and has given us two lovely types of maidenhood, in

Phœbe and Hilda, both of whom are said to have traits of his wife. In *The House of the Seven Gables* you will see where the sweet, little country girl comes in like a sunbeam, and how by a few dainty, dexterous touches she throws "a kindly and hospitable smile" over the cheerless chamber that Hepzibah had given her, and how she brightens the old house, and how pretty and housewifely her ways are. And let me remind you just here that Hawthorne used to call his wife "Phœbe," which shows what favorites the name and the maiden were!

But it is in Hilda in *The Marble Faun* we see more likeness to the wife whose rare, pure face is to be seen in Julian Hawthorne's biography, before spoken of. If there was only space to quote all, instead of this fragment:

She was pretty at all times, in our native New England style, with her light brown ringlets, her delicately tinged but healthful cheek, her sensitive, intelligent, yet most feminine and kindly face. But every few moments this pretty and girlish face grew beautiful and striking, as some inward thought and feeling brightened, rose to the surface, and then, as it were, passed out again. . . . So that it really seemed as if Hilda were only visible by the sunshine of her soul.

Hawthorne's family life was in the sweetest, tenderest atmosphere, his marriage was an ideally happy one. He educated his children as far as possible at home, and was very careful of his little daughters. The pictures of his home are delightful. Towards the very close, at *The Wayside*, we have a glimpse of him reading all of Scott's novels to his wife and children, and Julian says:

"There was no conceivable entertainment which they would not have postponed in favor of this presentation of Scott through the medium of Hawthorne. I have never since ventured to open the *Waverley Novels*."

This son when a child used to wonder why his father need write books. "He was a very good and satisfactory father without that." Such was Hawthorne, the man.

NOTE.—Hawthorne's most important books are (this is the order for you) *Grandfather's Chair*, *The Wonder Book*, *Tanglewood Tales*, *The Snow Image*, *Twice Told Tales*, *Mosses from an Old Manse*, *Our Old Home*, *Note Books* (American, English, French and Italian), *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Blithedale Romance*, *The Marble Faun*. There is *A Study of Hawthorne*, by his son-in-law, George P. Lathrop, a biography, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife*, by Julian Hawthorne, a biography by James Russell Lowell in the American Men of Letters Series; and one in the English Men of Letters Series.

That by Julian will give you most about Hawthorne as a man. There is also a useful *Analytical Index* to his works, in "Little Classic" form.

MY GARDEN PETS.

BY MARY TREAT.

V.

OTHER SPIDERS AT HOME.

THE black-and-yellow autumn spider, *Argiope Riparia*, is one of the largest orb-weavers in the United States. The body of a full-grown female measures from twenty-six to twenty-eight mm in length, and the first pair of legs are often thirty mm long.

Her great size, together with her brilliant colors, renders her a conspicuous object. Yet she never makes a tent or nest in which to conceal herself. She lives all the time in her orb, which is crossed by a wide zigzag band of white silk; but as the snare is always perpendicular, or nearly so, this band is of no use as a screen for the spider. She *may* have a peculiar odor — like some of the butterflies and their larvæ — which makes her distasteful to birds and carnivorous insects. Be this as it may, she seems less liable to the attack of insects than the tent-makers.

The female is unmistakably the head of the family. The male is a little insignificant creature, only about five mm in length, and under perfect subjection to his brilliant partner. On one side of the orb, two or three inches distant, Madame makes an irregular web, with no order or apparent care. In this shabby apartment she allows her mate to live. He must not venture into her neat elaborately woven orb, lest he incur her displeasure.

The most common habitat of *Argiope Riparia* is in low meadows, along ditches or small streams whose banks are covered with bushes and weeds; but not unfrequently they make their homes in our gardens, where they may be easily tamed so that they will take food from our hands.

One summer, before I had begun the study of spiders, one of these large friendly *Argiopes* hung her orb on the outside of my window. Some of the foundation lines were made fast to the frame and others to a morning-glory that grew up against the window. The orb was, as if by forethought, so arranged that it did not interfere with the raising or lowering of the sash; and the creature seemed so fearless and bright that I soon began to take quite an interest in her.

She would accept great grasshoppers from my fingers, and then I would sit and watch her send out from her spinnerets a sheet of flossy filaments to entangle the creature's legs and wings. She would turn it over and over, all the time swathing it until it was completely covered with the white

film, its legs bound close to its body, and altogether cramped into a smaller compass than seemed possible for a grasshopper to be put.

One morning I found a large handsome carnivorous beetle, *Calasoma Scrutator*, bound up and hung in *Argiope's* web. Its head was sticking out, and there it was working its sharp jaws, opening and shutting them. It was a most comical appearing object. It looked as if it were tied up in a tight sack with a string drawn around its neck. Probably the beetle had cut the filaments with its sickle-shaped jaws, thus releasing its head; but it never could have freed itself any farther, and a sorry figure it



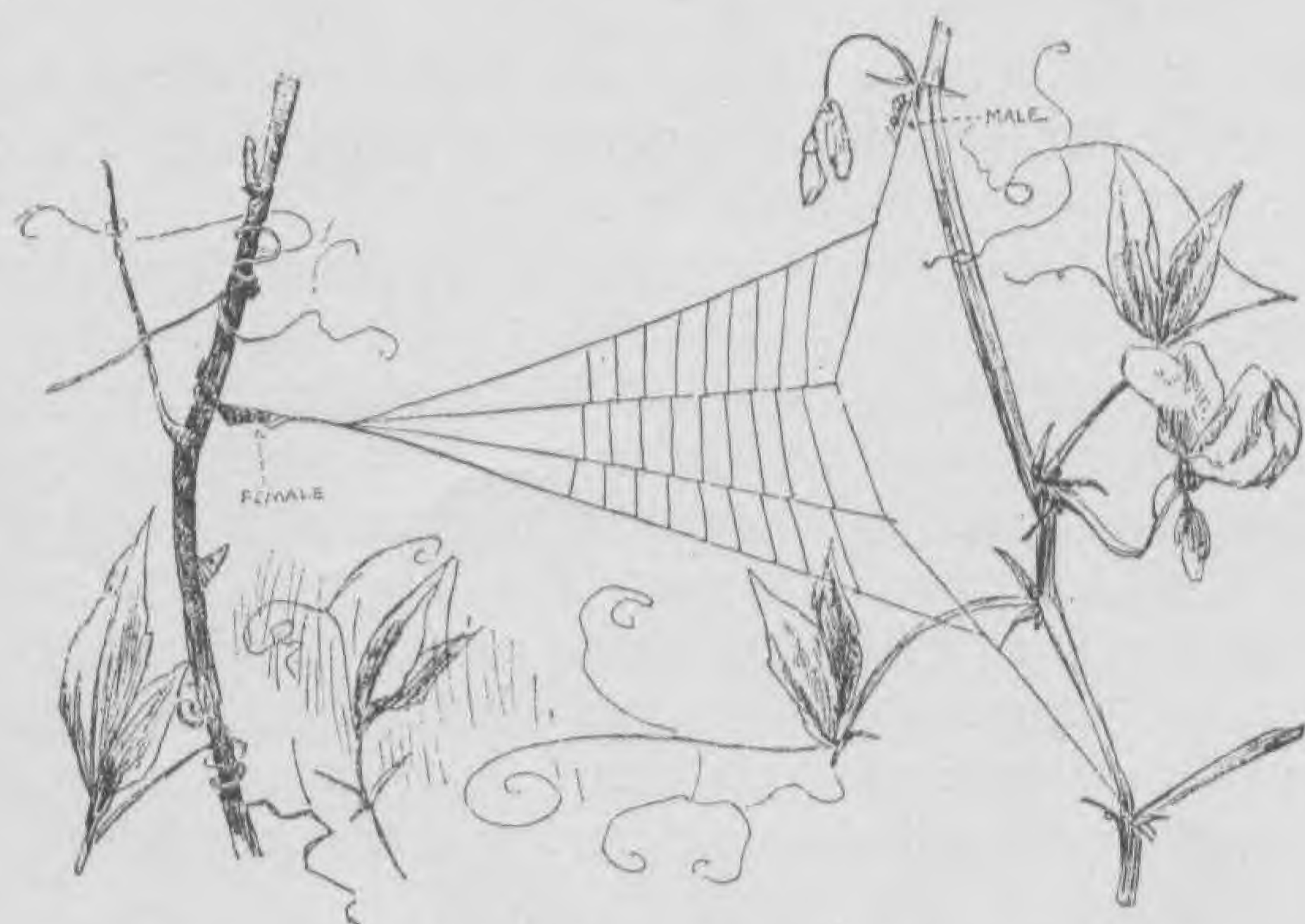
ARGIOPE RIPARIA AND COCOONS.

cut, hanging there awaiting Madame *Argiope's* pleasure. Whether this usually agile, wary beetle undertook to make a meal of the spider, or whether it was accidentally caught I could not tell, but I felt so sorry for the victim that I took it from the snare — notwithstanding Madame's evident displeasure — and with careful and patient handling succeeded in liberating the poor creature from the enwrapping web, when it ran swiftly away.

My spider remained in the same place for sev-

eral weeks, capturing untold numbers of insects, and always keeping her orb in the most perfect order — no dust, no debris allowed to accumulate in its meshes.

But one day in September she went away from home. It was the first time I had ever missed her,



NET OF THE TRIANGLE SPIDER, AND ITS PROPRIETORS.

and I gave her up as lost. After awhile she returned — a most woe-begone, forlorn-looking object. Her plumpness had all disappeared. She was not only thin, but wrinkled.

At that time I had never studied the lives of spiders, and this change was quite a mystery to me. But I at last suspected that she had made a cocoon; and on looking among the vines a little, at one side of the orb I found a great pear-shaped cocoon or sack hung by numerous threads fast to the vines.

The sack or cup was made of a firm paper-like texture. Within was a loose, dark-brown mass of silk surrounding the true cocoon which was about as large as a small cherry, holding the eggs in a compact mass. No wonder my pet looked thin, when that entire mass of material was made from her own body.

The eggs of *Argiope Riparia* hatch in the autumn, and the young spiders crawl out of the inner cocoon into the larger, nicely prepared warm room, where they remain all winter. In the spring they leave this snug retreat, and set up house-keeping, each for itself, each fulfilling its life-destiny in one brief year.

There is but one other spider in the genus *Argiope* known in our country, and this is called by Emerton, *A. Transversa*. It is found in the same localities with *A. Riparia*, and has similar habits. It is not quite as large as *Riparia*, and the markings are different. The ground color is white, and the abdomen is crossed by a number of transverse black lines which show very distinctly in adult specimens, but are partly obscured in the young by a thick covering of silvery white hairs.

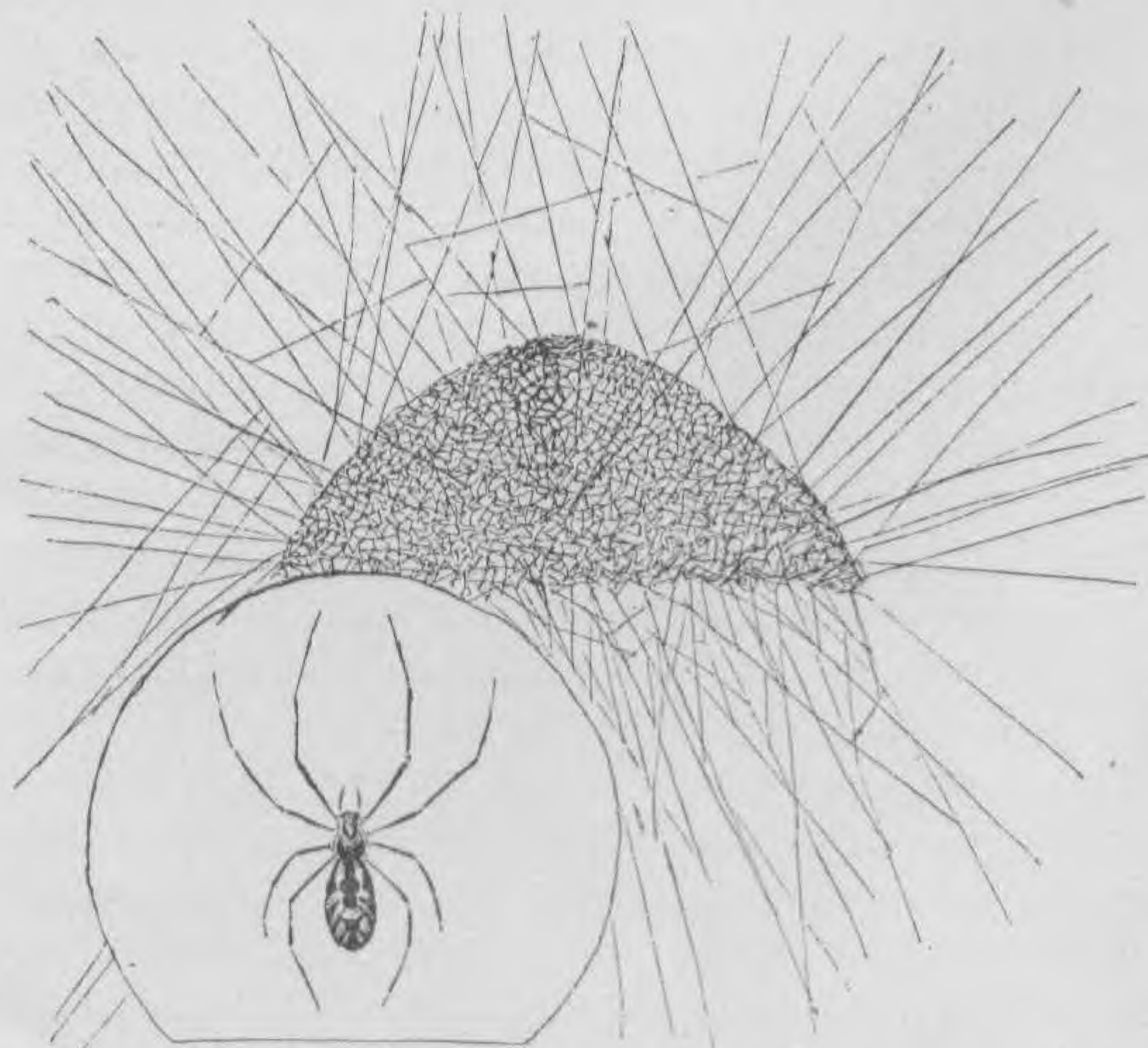
I had a fine female of this species in the garden. She always placed her orb in a perfectly horizon-

tal position, and rested on the under side beneath the zigzag band of silk. I have noticed other individuals with their orbs partly inclined. Possibly the ancestor of this genus constructed a sensible horizontal orb and sensibly used the white band to hide under, and her descendants still keep the habit of spinning the zigzag line, although they hang their orbs perpendicularly, when it can be of no use as a screen.

The cocoon of *Transversa* is peculiar. It is shaped like the half of an egg-shell, perfectly flat on top, without any stem, and is hung near the orb fast to bushes by numerous threads. If the pear-shaped cocoon of *Riparia* was cut transversely through the middle, the lower half would be a very good representation of the cocoon of *Transversa*.

On a clump of flowering perennial peas I one day noticed several triangle nets which looked like sections of round webs, but they were all constructed the same way — with four diverging radii — never more, never less. I soon concluded they belonged to Professor Wilder's "triangle spider," which he described in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April, 1875.

The female "triangle spider" is a little gray creature possessed of much cunning. She always sits near the apex of her net. Holding the apex line tight, she brings it up with her feet in a loop. When a fly comes in contact with the net, she instantly lets go of the line. This loosens the net so



DOME-WEB OF LYNIPHIA MARMORATA.

that the struggling fly is quickly entangled in its meshes.

Every one of these curious little creatures who had their homes among the pea-vines, attached the foundation line, which held the apex of their nets, to the dry brush that sustained the vines; while the two opposite attachments of the foundation lines were sometimes to the green vines and

sometimes to the brush, just as it seemed most convenient. Now, as the owners of the nets invariably sat at the apexes on the dry twigs where it was difficult to distinguish them from the little inequalities in the wood, we must conclude that they could recognize color, and that it was not accident but an intelligent choice of a resting-place.

Professor Wilder thought the males of the triangle spider very rare, as for three years he never found one among more than a hundred females. My observations have been more fortunate in this respect. The two past seasons I have found several males at home with the females among the pea vines. They are comical-looking little objects, not more than half as large as their mates, and darker in color. I never found them in webs of their own, but always in the upper corners of the nets of the females — where the foundation lines are fastened to the twigs — opposite their mates at the apex, and apparently watching all their movements with great interest.

Whenever a fly became entangled in the net, Mr. Triangle became comically excited. He would start off down the line toward it, but he never captured it. Madame was always too quick for him — and as soon as he saw her coming toward him he seemed to be afraid and ran back to his post. It is possible though, that we mis-

judge him; he may have been too gallant to take a fly from his mate.

Just back of the homes of the "triangles" was an evergreen-tree on which was hung a dome-shaped web, secured by long threads extending up into the branches two or three feet.

Under this dome lived a pair of spiders by the name of *Lyniphia Marmorata*. Madame was amiable and quiet, and the two mates lived together in harmony. They both captured insects, and they took their meals together.

When Madame is ready to make her cocoon she goes from home and leaves her little partner to keep house. She always has departed so slyly, and under cover of the night, that I have never yet been able to find where she secretes her cocoon.

Sometimes Mrs. Marmorata never comes back. In this case her mate remains a few days, when he too disappears. But more frequently she returns, looking thin and wan.

Another very common species belonging to this genus, with the specific name of *Communis*, has similar habits, but differs in making a double web — two horizontal sheets hung one above the other, by innumerable threads, fast to bushes and weeds. This is a most interesting little species, and will well repay a careful study of its habits.

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.

(Foreign Series.)

BY MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

V.

A NOBLEMAN OF THE OLD REGIME.

OFTEN, in the earlier morning, I would hear a soft bustle in the anteroom and the sound of a woman's voice giving directions; then I knew I had a visit from our delightful old friend the Count de la Garde, and that his servant-nurse, Jeanne, was reminding him not to stay too long.

On the way back from his regular morning airing in the Bois de Boulogne, he would stop for a visit to me, then leave punctually in time for his mid-day breakfast.

Medes and Persians are fickle compared to French laws for the care of health, and regular and good food they justly consider as of vital importance.

If the Count forgot the hour he would be reminded by Jeanne, a motherly middle-aged upper-class servant who attended him always. She would

bring in his *douillette*, a long, wadded wrapper of gray silk — a garment resembling the long quilted Japanese gown — and wrap him in it carefully before he quitted the warm room. "We begin and end with women-nurses," he would say; "men are not patient or sensitive enough for infancy and age."

The good Count was already well past his three-score and ten, but he had no intention of dying yet. He used to say, "It is not the right moment just at present. I want to see the outcome of this political upheaval which has brought the Bonapartes again into power. *Je me cramponne à la vie.*"*

He had seen so much! He loved to tell me the personal inside part of all that terrible drama of which France was the theatre in his boyhood; of his wandering life of exile and poverty in Sweden and England which followed; of fortunes restored

*In our expressive slang that would be "I do not mean to lose my grip on life."

through Bonaparte — of the overthrow of “*CE GRAND HOMME*”; the brief restoration to the throne of the Bourbons, and their family cabals ending with the reign of Louis Phillippe. And now, again a Bonaparte. “Decidedly *I must* live on,” he would say; “*ceci m’ interesse.*”

And he did live for ten years longer. Whenever I was abroad we resumed our pleasant acquaintance, and he wrote me the most delightful letters when I was back at home.

Dying, he bequeathed me a precious collection, which he had selected for me from among his treasures, to illustrate topics we had talked upon. My part was to listen, though my father’s tastes and training fitted me to be the kind of listener that encouraged the memory and talk of one who had lived through those great days. There are in this collection original letters, and autograph and intimate personal letters, from almost all the members of the Bonaparte family. An ivory miniature by Isabey for which Bonaparte sat in 1804, other heads — one full of a stern cruel power, which I lent to the sculptor, Launt Thompson, as the true war-head on which he made a statue to order from France. Josephine from youth to age; poor vain weak tender-hearted Josephine; I like her thinned temples and cheeks and sunken eyes better than her looks as Empress; they shew both tenderness and character. And many, water-colors as well as engravings, of Queen Hortense. Through a marriage between his father’s family and a “Fanny de Beauharnais,” Hortense and her brother Eugene were his near cousins. The authenticated page from the “Golden Book of the nobles” accompanied these portraits giving the family connection in full. And there is a most interesting steel engraving of Josephine’s first husband, the Marquis de Beauharnais; a head of the old type of nobles, not so much disdainful as absolutely unconscious of the world at large. Very handsome too. Thin, “lofty” features and an expression of extreme reserve and yet gentleness.

This same reserve and yet a most winning gentleness, was the characteristic of the Count de la Garde himself. A gentleness so innate that in telling of the most cruel scenes of the revolution — which as a boy of ten he fully appreciated — no harsh expression escaped him, which we might think only befitting. “My mother, and all the women I knew at that time, remain with me as a vision of tears, of prayer, of tender consolation to one another — of constant secret endeavors to earn money with which to save some failing life — for all were made one common family by the common calamity.”

His father had been one of the ministers in the last Cabinet of Louis XVI. His mother had among her family that gallant Count de Fersen, ambassador from Sweden, who risked his life to save those of the King and Queen. You remember how the

pig-headed Bourbon lost this last chance by insisting on a hot supper — the time wasted to roast a chicken allowed them to be overtaken near the frontier and all was lost through the selfishness, the unrestrained greediness of an otherwise fairly kind and good man; an uncommonly good man as Kings went in his time.

Another relative was the brilliant and famous Prince de Ligne, whose portrait is enough to explain the rage against “aristocrats.” The moulding effect of habits of thought and action is frightful. We do, each one of us, stamp *ourselves* on our faces, our gestures, and our manner of moving as well as speaking.

There is a collection of Watts’ Portraits at the Art Museum here which is wonderfully in proof of this. But you can all see it for yourselves in the daily free exhibition of common life. The thing that tries me is the number of anxious or shrewd faces among little babies. The thoughts of their fathers and mothers have told on them — poor little creatures.

But the sweet mothers who prayed and worked, while tears were wrung from them by distress they could not remove, transmitted their saving influence too. Certainly no man could be more humbly aware of our human weakness and helplessness than the Count de la Garde; the lesson of his life remained with him as its awful proof. But with this he had an elastic sweetness and light-heartedness, a simple philosophy of cheerful acceptance and intelligent shaping for the best of what did come to him, which has been a distinguishing feature of the good French. Of the common people as well as those trained to comprehension.

Paris was very homelike to me from the start. It was only a splendid amplification of the old French life of Saint Louis to which I had grown up. I was happy to have again French servants about me, and though it is diverging a great deal let me tell here that not one change was made among my first household there during a fourteen months stay. Two of them came back with me to America, one living with me fifteen years, and another twenty. I would write that I was coming over and when I reached Paris I would find the old servants ready for me if I was to make some stay and keep house. If to travel only, there was one man who was always ready, even coming here once when suddenly needed.

Going back after a four years’ absence, I wrote from New York to ask the dear old Count to dine with us the Fourth of July. We landed at Havre the first of July. When he found the same men waiting on him at table, and had a favorite dish offered him and was told the same cook had prepared it as he used to prefer with a simple sauce-*blanche* (which means cream and chicken gravy usually), he broke out into exclamations over our “wonderful American heads” that could organize such results at

such a distance and when we had "that serious, that dangerous ocean voyage to make!" That ocean always lent us its own vastness and vagueness. The channel was his one sea-going experience, and ours was as three thousand miles to that twenty-seven.

We knew him first through an English friend who had said "You will find in him the lost type of the *Grand Seigneur*," as he was. Noble in all respects. And we were to him a study. He said I was the first American lady he had known. "Not but that I have met charming Americans, but they were not original; only charming copies of the Parisian women — *charmantes mais toujours des copies*."

Our living in a whole house to ourselves, our keeping the children at home and having the governess in place of a school, the baby, then a year old — all these surroundings of family "transported from continent to continent" and across "*Cette vaste Atlantique*" gave him new ideas of Americans. "And you have the cleanly morning habits of the English too," he said finding me always ready for his early visits; and my French, and my intimacy with the personnel of French life in domestic and political and military aspects all delighted him.

How much more was I delighted by him. My letters about him to my father opened an acquaintance between the two, and I became their medium on some interesting points of French modern history.

All these letters from me, many letters to me which I treasured, were in my father's house when it was burned in '55.

Tout passe.

From his family-rights of intimacy the Count de la Garde could ask anything he wished of the new government. Himself going nowhere, for excitements he avoided, he intended us to see to the best advantage all there should be to see. From the first military fête which gave back to the army the Imperial Eagles, throughout all our stay, cards were sent us from the Tuileries for every fête, or ball, or fine occasion where the Court took part; both at home and at the great balls and fêtes given to it.

The English coachman and footman we sent back to England by the advice of experienced friends. Indeed the men showed so much fight that we should have been victims to their international quarrel had they remained. An Irish coachman who had grown up in Paris and was willing to conform to their street regulations, and a French footman, put us on a peace footing. One regulation was for the coachman to cry out his warning aloud as he drove. No London coachman on a private carriage would demean himself to this law. The street boys and men, "*les gâmins*" and "*les blouses*," rather liked to get in the way and get a little knock-down. Then they had a

right to a fixed sum in money from the carriage-owner and had a nice idle time in hospital. It sounded very vulgar to me to hear my man calling right and left, but all had to do so; "*Gâre la bas*" (Look out there), "*hey la bas*" (mind down there). But Peter was a good coachman as well as an adaptable man and we had no more bad adventures. He too came over to America with an American gentleman to whom I recommended him, Mr. Charles Astor Bristed. Here he could drive in silent dignity which however relaxed into nods and smiles when he met in the Park our children and their ponies and would answer to their "Hello, there's our Peter."

I ought to be "talking Kings and Queens" and wars and fine fêtes, but the underneath of our lives — so much that makes its usefulness by an unruffled smoothness, and pleasant atmosphere of willing intelligent service — depends on those nearest us, servants as well as family, that I like to remember the good French servants who made so long a part of my life.

We went forth from a home-atmosphere of perfect harmony throughout, and most lovely surroundings, into the fine palaces and had nowhere a jar to the sense of completeness.

As it was summer the Prince President gave a "*thé dansante*" at St. Cloud, the favorite summer palace of Marie Antoinette, after, of Josephine. The town of Sèvres lies outside of its grounds and the royal factory of porcelain furnishes some of the most beautiful objects in the palace. There was a most brilliant and exquisitely dressed company, but not, as at court in England, the old names and great nobles of the country. These would have suffered exile rather than make part in that society. But people are people to the uninformed eye and although practised eyes gave us a running catalogue with comments on those who were there, it did not hurt the picture to me. And having grown up among fine china and its lovers, I was most happy in the beautiful room where tea was served. The usual many mirrors repeated all the beauty within and the picturesque groups that walked on the terrace upon which it opened. Far below the steep hill was the Seine, and the Bois de Boulogne lay between the river and the city four or five miles away. A full moon was shining on this and made a perfect picture as we sat by one of the great open windows — opening to the floor as they do in France. All about the room were small tables with large comfortable arm-chairs and short sofas drawn up to them. The tables were inlaid with paintings on china, the tea equipage, complete on each table, was of varied and loveliest Sèvres, the small tea kettle alone being of silver. There were in this way pinks and pale blues, and white or buff tea setts, and with the love for harmony in color belonging with French taste one would see ladies assort themselves to the color on the tea-table.

Louis Napoleon was even more dim-eyed and silent and absorbed than later, after years of security relaxed him somewhat. There was no "presenting." He entered, followed by a train of ladies and gentlemen brilliant in dress and diamonds and uniforms, walked through the parted lines of guests, bowing (without looking) right and left, and seated himself where the diplomatic corps were grouped. With him, on his arm, was a lady, young tall and of great beauty of the dark order. Her very black hair was simply put back and coiled low at the back of her neck; with her clinging soft white drapery which had no ornament but a broad band of gold embroidery around the bottom, she looked like a noble statue — the arms were ungloved and quite bare to the shoulder, as everybody has worn them of late without the justification nature gave her for there was not a line out of drawing in her whole stately beautiful person. A coronet, a collar, and bracelets of immense lustrous pearls fitly completed her classical toilette. This lady however only represented money. She was the wife of a foreign banker who had staked great sums on the success of Napoleon. And he never forgot his friends.

The last time I drove through the palace grounds of St. Cloud was after the Franco-Prussian war. I got out and walked about the broken charred ruins of this lovely palace but that night we saw it in its old loveliness and the moonlight drive home across the Bois was a dream of satisfaction.

Telling of it all to the Count de la Garde he talked much with me of the Prince President. He had known him, a child, at his mother's home in Switzerland, the chateau of Arenenberg. She would say of the elder boy, who was very animated and gifted, "Yes, he is all that — but my little silent Louis, *qui boude à part*, (who sulks alone,) has the head for governing. He loves power. He loves nothing else — not even himself." And again the Count would say, "*Ce n'est pas le moment de mourir; il me faut le dernier mot de ceci.*"

The next word was the formal declaration of the Empire December 2d.

Kinglake and some other writers have said the Emperor had not personal courage.

That day it was tested.

The Republicans who had put him in power warned him he should die if he altered the republican form of government.

We saw his official entrance as Emperor. This

time from our own house as the procession came into Paris from St. Cloud and passed down the Champs Elysées to the Tuileries. Our house being midway between the Arc de Triomphe and the Palace we saw everything from our own balcony. We had been told privately, and were further officially notified, that each house would be held responsible for the conduct of its inmates. We were very safe that no shot or angry word would proceed from ours. There were some agreeable American friends in town whom we asked to come and breakfast with us after watching the parade from our balcony, but judge of my annoyance when a number of persons — twenty at least — quite strangers to me, came, led by an American lady I did know, but would not have invited on this occasion as she was very much of a politician and loud in her denunciation of the Emperor. She had lived much in Paris and had always about her a set of wild-eyed long-haired young men who talked of Liberty and Tyrants.

There could not have come a set of people who could make me so anxious and uncomfortable. They quite spoiled the day for us, the responsible people. And they quite spoiled our pretty breakfast to my invited friends for all had to be altered to a stand-up luncheon.

It was a serious moment when Louis Napoleon came in sight. One shot and confusion would return to France.

He had used the Republicans to get into power and now he was breaking every obligation to them. He knew he had deserved all their anger and hatred.

Whether he had courage or not I do not know. What I do know is that I saw him ride, alone, no troops, not a single officer within forty feet of him to his front or rear, and open space on either side of him, along the broad avenue densely lined by crowds. Quite separated and alone. His head bare. In one hand he held the reins. In the other his hat. Only his horse was to share any harm that might come to him. To us, the thrill of response to such evident calm courage came with sudden conviction and the applause from our balcony was strong and sincere. The wild-eyed-men were good enough only to look their displeasure, while the lady who brought them, and who was wonderfully well-read, recited instance on instance where one act of daring had captivated and misled the public.

SOME ITALIAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

V.

HORACE, THE SATIRIST.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS was one of the most agreeable of Roman men of letters. With Cicero we should have felt awed, constrained; Virgil might have proved a reserved companion, but Horace would have put us at ease by his genial manner, and charmed us with his delicate humor.

He is the most modern of the ancient writers. Change the names of his characters, modify the local descriptions, and his satires are almost as applicable to our times as to his own. With Horace, we are "personally conducted" through the Rome of that old day. He leads the way with jest, and comment, along the streets. He shows us up the *Via Sacra* crowded with Roman dandies whose togas are worn in the latest style, and whose sandals have been recently imported from the East. He points out the noble ladies who are borne past in their litters, and you may be sure that they all have for him a bow and a smile. We halt on the Appian Way where the lovers of horse-flesh are driving their chariots at full speed and no policeman interferes. A fashionable hunter, his slaves laden with nets and spears, passes driving before him a donkey which bears a dead boar. "Wonder where Gargilius bought the boar?" says our guide with a quiet smile. Is this not worthy of the nineteenth century? Was a modern angler never suspected of catching his fish in the market?

After watching the crowd of chariots a while, we pass to the Campus Martius, where men young and old are running, leaping, playing ball or throwing weights. Horace watches the sport with a look of regret. "When Mæcenas goes out to play, Virgil and I go to bed. We cannot stand ball-playing; it's bad for weak eyes and weak stomachs," says he.

We turn away and enter the crowded business streets. Horace jests about the people we meet. points out good-naturedly the follies of many. An elaborate funeral passes, and our guide tells us that this is an excellent plan for discommoding everybody, and impoverishing the heirs of the deceased.

So with many mishaps and adventures upon all of which he gayly comments, we make our way toward the Esquiline Hill, where Mæcenas, the patron of letters, has built a stately palace and surrounded it with gardens.

We are to dine with the great prime minister. Horace presents us to our host in the spacious court of the palace. Dinner is announced. Reclining on the soft couches which surround three sides of the table, we are served with delicacies from many lands. Horace is the life of the party. He tells graphic stories of his adventures in the streets, and gives humorous descriptions of men, wittily ridiculing the extravagance of one, and the vice of another.

Mæcenas is not silent. We find him shrewd, and not without dry wit. Virgil lies quietly on his couch, smiling now and then, but rarely speaking unless himself addressed. It is a delightful evening, and as we bid our host good-night, and descend through the fragrant gardens, we are curious to know how the short, jolly little man who leads the way, came to be a constant visitor at this lordly mansion.

Horace was of humble parentage. His father, a liberated slave, owned a little farm near Venusia. Here, like Virgil, the future poet grew to boyhood, among the hills and woods, and near the banks of the swiftly-rushing river Aufidus.

The elder Horace, dissatisfied with the Venusia school, took his twelve-year-old son to Rome and placed him under a teacher known, among the boys, as "the flogger." Horace got his share of the rods, and, to his mind, a great deal more than his share of the early Latin poets.

In those days Roman young men were formed roughly at home and sent to Athens for a polish, so at seventeen Horace bid his father farewell and set out for Greece. The parting was unusually sad. From childhood, and even at Rome, this father and son were constant companions. In his poems and satires Horace repeatedly pays tribute to his father. He tells how he went everywhere with him, warned him, and counselled him. Horace owed his way of looking at men and things largely to the influence of this kindly, sensible and devoted man.

At Athens Horace enjoyed himself thoroughly. There were a number of young Romans in the city at the time, and they probably imagined that they could show the Greeks a thing or two.

When Cæsar was assassinated, there was great enthusiasm for liberty. Horace and his fiery companions joined the army of Brutus. But the young poet was not made for a soldier, and he came out, or rather ran out of service, after acquiring, like Mark Twain's recruits in the late war, "a good deal of experience in retreating."

On returning to Italy, Horace found that his estate had been confiscated, and in this emergency he set to work writing verses, which as they were bright and humorous, rapidly became popular. With money earned by this sort of writing Horace bought a place in the treasury office. This position made him independent, and did not overtax his strength. His first verses were directed against civil war; a sort of fairy tale quickly followed, and the foundation of his reputation was made.

If Horace had lived in this century he might have begun his career by contributing light verses and social satires to the *Bric-à-brac* of the *Century Magazine*.

Virgil introduced Horace to Mæcenas who in time became his warm friend and patron. Horace was fond of country life, and Mæcenas presented him with a farm, in which the poet took great delight. He often sings the praises of rural life, and seems glad to escape from the turmoil of the city.

Many of his odes and satires are addressed to his princely patron. Horace was a poet rather

than a satirist. His satires have no stings, are not fierce attacks on men and morals, but rather are witty descriptions of daily life, of pleasant and amusing essays on the foibles of his fellow-citizens. His odes are in praise of honesty, virtue and contentment. He believed in never crossing a bridge before he came to it. His motto was "Live for the day;" he continually preached contentment. He never married, although his heart must have suffered considerably if we are to believe the odes which he addressed to more than one young lady.

Horace's poems are more frequently quoted than any other Latin verses, and it is safe to say that he has more readers to-day than any other Roman writer.

Mæcenas died 9 B. C. and a year later Horace followed his patron.

We cannot but feel a warm friendship even at this day and distance for "the wit who never wounded, the poet who ever charmed, the friend who never failed."

STRANGE TEAS, DINNERS, WEDDINGS AND FETES.

BY SARA KEABLES HUNT.

V.

A COPTIC WEDDING.

I KNEW the little bride; a pretty child, not a day over fifteen, with great, dark eyes and dimpled cheeks, white even teeth, and rich fair complexion. She had often come in to spend an hour with me in my home in Cairo, affording me much diversion by her childish, artless ways and merry laughter.

But now she was to be married — this baby girl. Her future husband had never seen her face; for, according to the custom of the people, the parents had made all the arrangements, and the contract usual in such ceremonies had been drawn up by the fathers and mothers and signed in the presence of a priest without a word or suggestion from the parties most concerned in the transaction. The intended bridegroom was a young clerk in the employ of an English friend, a handsome, intelligent boy, but with little experience of life. We had heard the wedding was to be a grand affair, and were glad to accept an invitation to this Egyptian ceremony.

On the night of the marriage, the bridal procession, or zeffeh as it is called, looked as if wrapped in flames as it came slowly up the narrow street in the midst of hundreds of colored torches. A band

was playing Arab tunes and women were ringing out the *zaghareet* — wedding laugh of joy — which is a kind of trill made with the tongue and throat. The entire way was lit with expensive fireworks of brilliant variety, and all the street wraps worn were of gorgeous colors.

Our little friend marched in this slow procession, her features concealed, as usual; that is, she was wrapped in a cashmere shawl, not covered by a canopy, as in Arab weddings, although in many respects the Coptic ceremony is similar to that of the Moslems.

She wore a white silk gown embroidered with gold, and over this a long flowing robe of lace, while masses of diamonds fastened the white face-veil to her turban.

Just before her walked two little boys carrying censers the smoke of which must have poured directly into her face as she walked slowly on enveloped in her cashmere wrappings.

On either side and a little in advance of the bride were the male relatives and friends, while behind her, continually trilling the *zaghareet*, followed the female friends; and along the whole procession two boys ran back and forth, bearing silver flasks of pomegranate form filled with perfume which they jetted in the faces of the guests in a most delicious spray.

The house of the bridegroom's father where the marriage was to take place, is situated in a narrow street off the Mooski, and as we reached the entrance we were met by black slaves who handed us each a lighted taper. Then a sheep was killed on the door-stone — a custom, I believe, observed only in Cairo, and some of the larger cities of Egypt. The bride, glittering with her diamonds and gorgeous costume, was carried over it and then the whole procession walking over the blood — the body having been removed — all of us bearing our lights — went in to the marriage, and the door was shut. Does it not remind you of the Parable of the Ten Virgins of old?

We were conducted to a room, very lofty and spacious. A low divan reached around it and constituted its sole furniture, excepting the table on which was spread the marriage supper.

At this supper I witnessed a custom which reminded me of an old Roman story. A slave brought in two sugar globes on separate dishes. When these were placed upon the table, one of the guests was invited to open them. Immediately upon one having been broken, out flew a lovely white dove, its neck encircled with tiny bells which rang merrily as it flew about. The other dove did not at first fly, when liberated from its sugar cage; but one of the guests lifted it up until it fluttered away like the other. If either of the doves should not fly, these superstitious people would draw from it an evil omen.

Many Arab dishes were set before us, among them boned fowl stuffed with raisins, pistachio, nuts, bread and parsley; sweets and melons following. But as an Arab eats with remarkable

rapidity, one course was hardly brought, before another took its place.

We were soon ready to accompany our host to the room where the marriage ceremony was to be performed, into which we were ushered in the midst of Arab music, sounding cymbals, smoking-incense, the *zaghareet*, and the unintelligible mutterings of many priests.

The bridegroom, clad in an immense white silk cloak embroidered with silk and gold, sat waiting in one of two palatial-looking chairs. In the midst of a perfect storm of music and confusion a door opened, and the bride, her face still veiled, entered and took the chair beside the bridegroom.

There were four priests to officiate in this novel marriage, three of whom were blind; these muttered Coptic prayers and filled the air with incense, while the priest whose eyes were perfect tied the nuptial knot by binding the waiting couple to each other with several yards of tape, knocking their heads together, and at last placing his hands in benediction on their foreheads and giving them a final blessing.

This concluded the ceremony.

We were glad to escape from the close room into the pure out-of-door air. We drove away under the clear, star-lit heavens, through the narrow streets with their tall houses and projecting balconies, out into the Mooski, the Broadway of Cairo, now silent and deserted; on into the wide, new streets, and so home; but it was nearly morning before I fell asleep, for the tumultuous music and trillings and mutterings of that strange ceremony rang in my ears and filled my thoughts with as strange reveries as if I had eaten hasheesh.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

XXXVII.

HOME-MADE SNOW-SHOES.

BY H. E. KING.

THESE snow-shoes are wholly of my own contrivance. I use them every winter, and I think other boys will like them. To be sure they are not "stylish" and a fellow might not like to visit the Montreal Carnival with them, but you can have great fun on them in the country, walking around over the snowdrifts in the fields. I have walked on mine over drifts of freshly-fallen snow ten feet high without sinking in more than five inches.

Then, too, they cost "next to nothing." The

materials I used can be found on almost any premises. They were as follows:

- (1.) Five or six barrel staves (without knots, if possible).
- (2.) Six strips of leather, quarter of an inch wide and about three feet long.
- (3.) A piece of strap about eighteen inches long.
- (4.) Twenty seven-eighths-inch screws, and some shingle nails.

Don't be scornful of this "lay-out." These snow-shoes are for fun, not show.

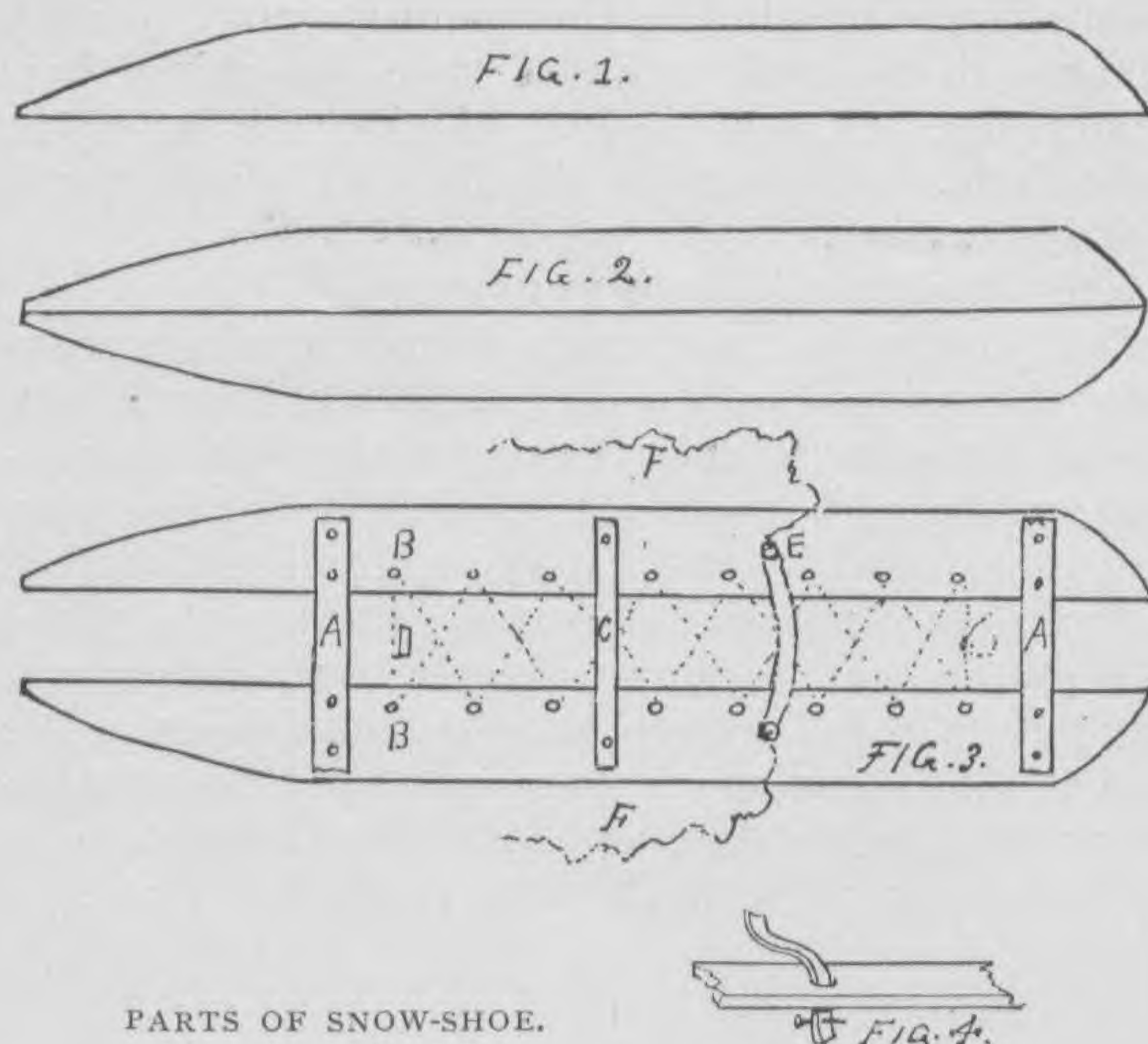
DIRECTIONS.

Select four barrel staves about two inches in width. Plain the edges down until they are even, and the staves of the same width.

Then take two of these prepared staves and plane and round off the ends as in *Fig. 1*, so that when placed together they will appear as in *Fig. 2*. Leave the remaining two for the other shoe.

Now take another stave and saw it lengthwise into two strips; one, about an inch and a half wide, the other, about half an inch wide. From the wider strip cut four pieces six inches long; from the narrower one cut two pieces the same length. Lay aside two of the wide, and one of the narrow, for "the other shoe."

Now to put the shoe together: Take two of the planed and rounded staves, and lay them side by side, convex side down of course, with about two inches space between as in *Fig. 3*. Lay two of your wide six-inch pieces on these staves, one at each end where the outer edges begin to curve, as at *A*, *Fig. 3*. Fasten lightly with shingle-nails.



Then observe if the frame thus made looks even; if it does, fasten down the cross-pieces firmly with two screws in each end.

Next, with a three-sixteenth-inch bit, you bore eight holes in each stave along its centre edge, as shown at *B*, *Fig. 3*. These holes are for the "lacings," *D*. Now tie two of your strips of leather together and, beginning at one end of your frame, run the ends of the leather-strips through the lacing holes, and lace it up, criss-cross, as you would a shoe, fastening the leathers when you come to the other end.

Now place your foot on the frame, toe toward the blunt end, so that your heel will come a little back of the centre. Make this place, and fasten one of your narrow six-inch strips across at that point, with two screws, *C*, *Fig. 3*. This strip is for your heel to rest upon.

Now cut that eighteen-inch strap into two pieces.

Next, three and one half inches from *C*, toward the front of course, cut a hole at *E*, through each

of the staves large enough to let the strap through; this you fasten on the under side by running a nail through each end of the strap, as in *Fig. 4*. Pass the ends of one of your thin strips of leather, *F*, up through these strap-holes.

Now your snow-shoe is done. You will make the other in the same way.

To fasten the snow-shoe on, you slip your foot through the loop formed by the strap; then you cross the ends of the leather strips over your instep and fasten them at the back of the ankle.

XXXVIII.

CALENDARS.

BY MARGARET LAKE.

SOMEONE told you about making a "sacred calendar" — this is something different, which you will like to prepare for a present for somebody. Novel and pretty, and useful. Calendars are among the necessities of the age. They have come to stay, for we cannot get along without them.

You know how, in old-fashioned houses, you used to see the Almanac hanging by a leather loop over the mantle-piece, or under the odd, little looking-glass between the windows, and there it kept its place, growing smokier and dingier from day to day till the thirty-first of December came around when it was ousted to give room for the new comer, or the new comer was strung over it, and so the file accumulated, till in certain antiquated houses you could take down a bunch running back for twenty years. It was indispensable — well! — for several reasons: first, being the chief end and aim of all Almanacs to give the day of the week and month; second, to foretell and calculate eclipses and give the whereabouts of certain planets which would be morning or evening star, and to furnish the important information as to changes of the moon, and all about the tides; third, that absurd hit-and-miss, running statement about what the weather is to be for the whole twelve months, which, I grieve to say, many sensible (otherwise sensible) persons actually believed in, running zig-zag after this vague fashion:

About this time — prepare for — storms — squalls and wind — and expect cloudy — weather — shifting to fair; — expect — changes — about this — time.

Fourth, the places for memoranda, where the farmer used to set down items like these:

"Turned the sheep out to pasture." "Began to plough over to the Bailey lot." "Sowed wheat." "Brindle had a calf." "Sold the crumple-horn oxen." "Mated the two-year-old with Cap'n Coffin." "Azariah White's wife died." "Took up Stearnse's note." "Wife went to Plainfield to see Ann." "Hoopin cof prevailin." "First green pease." "Settled Elder Hopkins."

You will find old Almanacs diversified by just such entries, making a farm and family record. But now, in place of them, almost every man has a pocket diary; the Signal Service takes care of the weather. The newspapers keep us informed about the movements of the heavenly bodies.

So we — fall back on Calendars. We want a tiny one for the pocket; a big-lettered, big-figured one for the dining-room; a beautiful Emerson, or Whitney, to hang on the knob of one of the book-case doors; and then a private and personal one, pretty and attractive, for our own den or cosey corner — where we write our letters, and — “ways to do things,” compositions, essays, school exercises, poems, what not. Everybody has such a little nook, and everybody writes more or less, and must know the date without having to jump up and run to sitting-room, library, or elsewhere, to find out.

Therefore, the necessity of *your* calendar, the calendar *you* can make.

You know, as has been said before in some of these “ways,” that your friends usually prize something of your own work far more than the same kind of article that they can buy. All the tasteful, “boughten,” hand-made things are done by somebody; and why, in the present case, should not that somebody be yourself? Therefore, try your hand at a Calendar. You have plenty of time before you so as to be ready about next Christmas with your surprise for 1887.

I will go into particulars about one way of doing it. Provide yourself with common card-board, or with photographer's board, which costs a mere trifle, and have twelve sheets carefully and smoothly cut of a size you like — six inches by eight is a neat, convenient size — large enough, and of a right proportion; but in any case you want an oblong, not square shape. Next, line off very carefully a space three and a half inches wide and three inches high down in the right-hand corner, for the actual calendar part. You can buy slips already prepared at places where they publish calendars, and paste each nicely over its appropriate space, in which case your printing will all be done. But, if your brother or other boy-friend has a printing-press, get him to print, in as elegant a shape as you can devise, figures, names of months and days of week, plain to be read. Or, if you write a very handsome hand and a very legible one, you can do this work without the aid of type, and so much the better.

Now you have the space left all ready for a sketch or painting. I take it for granted that you have some skill with the pencil, or with colors, for in these days nearly all girls can do something in this decorative line. For January draw a pine tree, or throw a spray of an ever-green vine, or a branch of hemlock, or even a leafless branch across the space; sketch it with pencil or in India ink, or do it in colors. For February copy in green a

trailing piece of the ivy in your window; for March a bunch of snow-drops, and so on. You catch the idea. Paint a crocus for one of the spring-months, or a sheaf of pussy willows. By and bye, try a rose-bud, try hyacinths (they are easy to do); a red or orange lily for midsummer; try grasses, cat-tails, grains (grasses are easily sketched or painted), a few clover-heads (not difficult), two or three stems of carnation or clove pinks; a twig of brilliant sumach leaves, or other autumn leaves for October — something that indicates the season — your fancy will readily suggest.

If you have never tried to draw and paint flowers from Nature, give yourself a little practice before venturing on your cards. If you have a good eye, and any kind of skill with your pencil, you can, after one or two efforts, easily draw some of the simpler forms of flowers, and you will be surprised at your success. Should you not be fortunate enough to have at command the flowers you would like, you *can*, of course, avail yourself of the work of others, and copy in new arrangement from Christmas cards where pansies, roses, geraniums and all beautiful things are to be found perfect to the life. But it is better to use material at first hand. You surely can have a twig of something pretty, a bit of moss, a piece of pine bough, a rose-bud, some wild grasses — there are lovely forms everywhere about you.

If you prefer, you can sketch bits of landscape; a bridge — and bridges can hardly by any possibility be other than picturesque — a gate or pasture-bars with a little shrubbery at the side; an old well with its surroundings; an old, gnarled tree that has taken your fancy; a wood-path; something as simple as the patterns of your first drawing-lesson, if you cannot do anything more elaborate.

Do not overcrowd your decorations, give a graceful effect on much space to set off your vine or flower, or sketch. Learn a lesson from some of the artistic work done on the covers of books. If you have read that sweet story of *Heidi*, by Johanna Spyri, you will remember the bough of pine across the cover, done by Mrs. Whitman; and on so many books a cluster of wild roses or apple-blossoms, a flight of birds, even a spider's web.

“A word to the wise” runs the proverb, and the girls for whom this is written are wise in girl-wisdom, bright, keen-witted, inventive, artistic — I somehow seem to have Mrs. Whitney's quick, ingenious, thoughtful girls in mind all the time — and they, which means you, will plan far better than I can, as soon as they begin to think it over.

See now what charming sketches or paintings, twelve in number, you can design and execute. Then, have holes punched in the top of your cards and tie them together in order with ribbon, January outermost, so when that month has gone by it can be slipped off for the next to come to the front.

If you prefer painting in oils, buy panels all

ready for use, and act on the same plan. Your panels can be tinted, or white, or black, just as you wish your back-ground to be. Now, on such a panel secure your little oblong of the calendar table, if you like, and go on to make your twelve as pretty as you are capable of.

One word more: If you have not crowded your space you can have a very brief motto from the poets for each month. If you can do it in old English letters, or in picturesque letters of some kind, and in scarlet ink, or in soft brown, it will add much. Have something appropriate, brief, and to the point, like this, from Mrs. Dorr:

Here gay sweet-peas, like butterflies,
Flutter and dance under summer skies.

"H. H." and Mrs. Browning abound in exquisite things; and so does Alice Cary.

One word more: If you like a fringe to your calendar, make one of ravelled silk, or buy a narrow one, of the same color you mean to have your ribbon, put it around the December card, and fix a back to it after the manner of the fringed Christmas and Easter cards. Now string on your eleven, and then the packet will hang against the glowing silken edge almost as in a frame—"a thing of beauty," as well as service.

SEARCH-QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

V.

AUTHORS AND PLACES.

81. What literary man resided at Strawberry Hill in Twickenham?
82. What author's name is associated with the church of St. Mary Redcliffe at Bristol?
83. Of what place was Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley the dean?
84. What writer lived at Penshurst Castle and what famous book was written there?
85. What writer spent the greater part of his life as Rector of Selborne in Hampshire?
86. Name the most noted writer ever born in Warwickshire?
87. Where is Abbotsford and by whom was it made famous?
88. What famous novelist is buried in Winchester Cathedral?
89. What writers have made the Yorkshire village of Haworth celebrated?
90. What author lived at Gadshill in Kent?
91. What noted writer sometimes styled "The Chartist Clergyman" was for over thirty years Rector of Eversley?
92. What writer spent much of her life at the village of Three-Mile Cross?
93. What author was for a long period a clerk at the India House in London?
94. What great theologian, now a high dignitary in the Roman Catholic Church, was Vicar of St. Mary's at Oxford from 1828 to 1843?
95. What two young English poets are buried near each other in the Protestant cemetery at Rome?
96. What noted Irish poet lived for a short

time on the banks of the Schuylkill within the present limits of Fairmont Park at Philadelphia?

97. Name at least six prominent writers who resided in the "Lake District" for any length of time.
98. What author lived for a long time at Farringford on the Isle of Wight?
99. What three English poets of note are buried at Florence, Italy?
100. What great writer lived for nearly fifty years in Cheyne Row, Chelsea?

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

41. Geoffrey Chaucer.
42. Bulwer-Lytton, in his *New Timon*.
43. James Shirley.
44. Oliver Goldsmith.
45. Mrs. Letitia Elizabeth [Landon] Maclean.
46. John Wilson "Christopher North."
47. Wm. Shakespeare. See "Pericles."
48. Geoffrey Chaucer.
49. James Spedding.
50. Sir Thomas Wyatt.
51. Philip Bourke Marston.
52. James Henry Leigh Hunt.
53. Charles Lamb.
54. Edward Lear. Author *The Nonsense Book*.
55. Adelaide Anne Procter.
56. Alexander Pope.
57. Wm. Wordsworth.
58. Shakespeare, "Ossian," Spencer, Chaucer, Milton, Cowley, Drayton, Wm. Browne, Marlowe, Webster, Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Burns, Shelley, Keats, Byron and Coleridge.
59. See the poem addressed "To the Queen," second stanza.
60. Alexander Pope.



PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

(American Series.)

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

VI.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

YOU need no introduction to the lady whose name stands there, for even if you are unacquainted with other books of hers — which is not at all probable — you know *Uncle Tom's Cabin* better than you do your spelling-book, and you are on as good terms with "Topsy" as with your own black cat that you named for her. Not the slightest need of saying anything about a book so popular all over the world, and in more languages than I can enumerate; as Dr. Holmes read, at the garden-party in honor of Mrs. Stowe's seventieth birthday:

Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and Low Dutchman, too,
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian and Mantchoo
Would shout, "We know the lady!"

There are two other forms of her literary work, showing other phases of her genius, that you are now to have brought before you — her representations of New England life and character, as shown in such books as *Oldtown Folks*, and her everyday sort of wisdom, of which the *House and Home Papers* are example.

Mrs. Stowe is a genuine New Englander, with the deepest sense of Yankee humor, and the most thorough appreciation of the picturesqueness of old-fashioned life. If you wish to see one of her most characteristic chapters and a capital sample of her off-hand, ready way of writing, take the opening one of *The Minister's Wooing*. Notice the happy tact in getting started!

Mrs. Katy Scudder had invited Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones, and Deacon Twitchel's wife to take tea with her on the afternoon of June second, A. D. 17—

When one has a story to tell, one is always puzzled which end of it to begin at. You have a whole corps of people to introduce that *you* know and your reader doesn't; and one thing so pre-supposes another, that whichever way you turn

your patch-work, the figures still seem ill-arranged. The small item which I have given will do as well as any other to begin with, as it will certainly lead you to ask, "Pray, who was Mrs. Katy Scudder?" — and this will start me systematically on my story.

By the time you have read so far, you will feel sure that your author knows what she is about, and that she is going to act on a principle she once laid down for those who desire to become writers: "FIRST THINK WHAT YOU WANT TO SAY, AND THEN SAY IT." Before you have turned the second leaf, you will have become aware of another



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

thing — that that quick, bright brain of hers is peopled with New England characters, of whom Mrs. Katy Scudder is a representative as one possessing "faculty," which is a quality indigenous to that locality. Here follows a part of Mrs. Stowe's exposition of it:

Faculty is the greatest virtue, and shiftlessness the greatest vice of Yankee men and women. To her who has faculty nothing shall be impossible. She shall scrub floors,

wash, wring, bake, brew, and yet her hands shall be small and white; she shall have no perceptible income, yet be always handsomely dressed; she shall have not a servant in her house, — with a dairy to manage, hired men to feed, a boarder or two to care for, unheard-of pickling and preserving to do, — and yet you commonly see her every afternoon sitting at her shady parlor-window behind the lilacs, cool and easy, hemming muslin cap-strings, or reading the last new book. She who hath faculty is never in a hurry, never behind-hand.

In the same spirit here is Mrs. Katy's gospel, wherein she declares

Never say there isn't time for a thing that ought to be done. If a thing is *necessary*, why, life is long enough to find a place for it. That's my doctrine. When anybody tells me they can't *find time* for this or that, I don't think much of 'em.

In this admirable novel, which gives an insight into the theology of the day, portrays an old-style divine, and, in sharp contrast, the brilliant Aaron Burr, we have along the thread of the story the warmest, most inviting atmosphere of neighborly life, the quilting and gentle gossiping, the parties in the parlor and cooking in the kitchen. It is to this book that we owe the big-hearted, black servant (slave indeed), Candace, "Queen of Ethiopia," who, when she had her freedom given her, wanted them all to understand

"dat it's my will an' pleasure to go right on doin' my work jes' de same: an' missis, please, I'll allers put three eggs in de crullers now; an' I won't turn de wash-basin down in de sink, but hang it jam-up on de nail; an' I won't pick up chips in a milk-pan, if I'm in ever so big a hurry."

And to *The Minister's Wooing* we owe, too, the little, dapper, old-maid dressmaker, Miss Prissy Dimond, as nimble with her tongue as with her fingers, who had such professional pride in being able to get a wonderful dress out of a small pattern of silk; reaching the climax of skill in making over a gown spoiled by another of the craft, and not a scrap of the goods left to do with, so that she had to piece "one of the sleeves twenty-nine times, and yet nobody would ever have known that there was a joining in it."

The Pearl of Orr's Island, like the above, has one of the delicate heroines who represents the ideal New England maiden, an apple-blossom of a girl, dainty as the sweet-brier rose, like the May-flower whose tints are on her cheek; another of the clergy, whom Mrs. Stowe delights to portray, for she knew his kind from her childhood; and two more of the typical, good old maids — we shall come upon the hard and cruel one in Miss Asphyxia in *Oldtown Folks* — aunt Ruey and her sister, aunt Roxy, who is introduced as presiding over the steeping of catnip tea in a snub-nosed tea-pot on the hearth, at the same time patting with a gentle tattoo on the back of a baby she was trotting on her knee. It is a pa-

thetic story of the Maine coast, but brightened up by the "yarns" of the old captain whose imagination run away with him, and sprinkled with those bits of wisdom which remind us of the author's English cotemporary, George Eliot; like aunt Roxy's remark about bringing up children:

"All children ain't alike, Mis' Kittridge. . . . This 'un ain't like your Sally. A hen and a bumble-bee can't be fetched up alike, fix it how you will."

Or, in another story:

A satin vest and a nutmeg-grater are both perfectly harmless, and even worthy existences, but their close proximity on a jolting journey is not to be recommended.

It is in *Oldtown Folks* that we have some of her boldest strokes, masterly delineations of character. Sam Lawson goes into the picture-gallery of ne'er-do-wells in fiction to which Walter Scott furnished so many subjects. See what a favorite he is with her:

Work, thrift, and industry are such an incessant steam-power in Yankee life, that society would burn itself out with intense friction were there not interposed here and there the lubricating power of a decided do-nothing — a man who won't be hurried, and won't work, and will take his ease in his own way, in spite of the whole protest of his neighborhood to the contrary.

Sam Lawson and his fireside stories, the boys know, or ought to know. One wonders what Hawthorne would have done with such a personage, or with aunt Lois, or any of the inconsistent very faultily human beings Mrs. Stowe handles so easily. There is this difference between the two authors: she took people as she found them, and made us see them, natural beings whom we recognize as such; while he furnished individuals from his own brain to be used in carrying out certain purposes he had in mind.

If one were to select from her books the juiciest one, the one warmest with pulsing life-blood, richest in experience, lighted up with finest humor, at once homely and romantic, which but *Oldtown Folks* should it be?

Oh! that kitchen of the olden times, the old, clean, roomy New England kitchen! — who that has breakfasted, dined and supped in one has not cheery visions of its thrift, its warmth, its welcome?

She seems to have revelled in that culinary region redolent of savory odors, and besides giving a rapturous but not over-done chapter to its praise in *The Minister's Wooing*, and reverted to it lovingly and lingeringly again and again in other stories, she has delectable, tempting chapters where she tells of the Oldtown days. For three that are incomparable in what they reveal to us of a kind of life that will never be seen

again, read VI., XXII. and XXVII., and bear in mind that there is a deal of family history therein. If you should read the biography of Lyman Beecher you would identify scenes, occurrences and individuals. Harriet Beecher as a child was one of a family where there were sometimes thirteen, besides visitors, so that the old carry-all was forever on the go: there were aunts and children, faithful domestics, brewings and bakings, great festival days of cooking election cake and Thanksgiving good things, roaring fires in the wide chimney and big woodpiles without. You must not fail to associate her with that warm, generous, genial family life; with the "Firelight Talks in my grandmother's kitchen," and the "Daily living in Oldtown."

Now come we to the practical papers. Commonsense is a great gift, and Mrs. Stowe possesses it. When we read her *House and Home Talks* and *The Chimney Corner*, which includes *Little Foxes*, we shall appreciate it, and wish the gift was a more universal one. Meanwhile, let us avail ourselves of her practical way of seeing things and put it to personal use. If there was only space to quote liberally from the store-house which she, under the name of Christopher Crowfield wrote!—about dress, cooking, economy, home-making, housekeeping; wise, helpful words for everybody, the outcome of her own experience and keen way of looking on at the modes and manners of others; words which are of use for every-day living, for nobody knew better than she that it is our common life we need to make the most account of—company days can take care of themselves. The rambling papers with the above general titles cover the whole ground of which they treat, and family life, the home life of brothers and sisters and their elders, would be much sweeter, more delicate, refined, genial, and what home should be, if these things could be laid to heart.

Read what she says about "the economy of beauty," and see how all things that a woman of a certain style touches, will "fall at once into harmony and proportion." Read that admirable picture of a "New England saint," who was her own aunt Esther. Read that tempting description of her library, her chimney corner, around which the others had pitched their winter tents, while "Rover makes a hearth-rug of himself in winking satisfaction in front of my fire."

Of all the papers, perhaps the most helpful are the "Little Foxes," worthy of earnest heed, "by which," she says, "I mean those unsuspected, unwatched, insignificant, *little* causes that nibble away domestic happiness;" and she numbers "the pet foxes of good people" as seven: "Fault-finding, Intolerance, Reticence, Irritability, Exact-ness, Discourtesy, Self-will;" while fretfulness and grumbling come in as specific ones.

Here are some of her words:

How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed. . . . We can make ourselves say the kind things that rise in our hearts and tremble on our lips,—do the gentle and helpful deeds which we long to do and shrink back from; and little by little it will grow easier . . . till the hearts in the family circle, instead of being so many frozen islands, shall be full of warm airs and echoing bird-voices answering back and forth with a constant melody of love. . . . I do not think that it makes family life more sincere, or any more honest, to have the members of a domestic circle feel a freedom to blurt out in each other's faces, without thought or care, all the disagreeable things that occur to them, as, for example, "How horridly you look this morning!" . . . "What makes you wear such a dreadfully unbecoming dress?" etc.

You will find a great deal in her writings of insistence upon the powers and gifts of even the most ordinary women and girls to make life cheerful and charming, and praise of that "art of arts," appointing a household rightly and making the wheels run smoothly, which belongs to the "sisters of the most holy and blessed order of the fire-side."

She also gives much advice about writing, and tells (in papers in "Hearth and Home") how she began at about ten or twelve years to try her hand at composition, how she helped her style by reading *Ivanhoe*, which she read through seven times within six months, till she knew most of it by heart. There were none but grown people's books in her family, but she says of herself—using the editorial "we:"

We read a few things a great many times over—read and thought and re-read, until the words and the sentences were fixed in our minds, . . . and in that slow way we were twenty years in learning to write—older than that before we ever thought of having a piece in print; and for years our first pieces were always given away; . . . and we found it pleasant to learn so, because we liked writing, even when we did not write well, and we loved study and reading and thinking for themselves, and without a dream of any use we might make of them or what other people might think of us.

That is the way the foremost woman-writer of America, with gifts "of the Walter Scott pattern," began her literary work. It was in the parsonage at Litchfield, Connecticut, that the girl, Harriet Elizabeth Beecher, was born, June 14, 1811; the seventh child, so you may be sure she was in no danger of too much coddling and petting. Part of her education she obtained running wild on the long, breezy hill of Litchfield; and at home, though teachable and docile, she must have been, as Rose Terry Cook says, "a very little pickle" of a girl, for one of her mischievous acts was to beguile her brothers and sisters "to eat up a bag of rare tulip-roots under the impression that they were onions and very nice."

They were wide-awake, bright, healthful, happy children in that family, in the whole numbering twelve, of whom eight became authors. She

probably meant her own big and miscellaneous household where she says in *Oldtown Folks* "we were a sharp-cut and peculiar set in our house," and she surely means the comradeship of her childhood in the chapter where, "we begin to be grown-up people," and she speaks of the influences "all homely, innocent and pure."

At fifteen she was associated with her talented sister, Catherine, in a girls' seminary at Hartford, at twenty-one she became the wife of Professor Stowe, at forty-one she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (her first printed work of much importance), and almost at once took the place she now occupies in literature, for, however admirable some of her later books, that was the one that made her famous.

Her winter home, as you are aware, is in Mandarin, Florida; her other is in Hartford, and in a late number of *Harper's Monthly* it is briefly described — a slate-colored cottage, modestly fitted

up, where, "a very quiet little lady, plainly attired," the writer of that article found her, appearing "the wife, the mother, the grandmother, living in her domestic interests, rather than the woman distinguished in national history and literature."

Long may it be before she passes on to join the great company of immortals on the other side!

NOTE. — A list of Mrs. Stowe's prose writings: *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (which has been translated into nineteen different tongues), *Nina Gordon* (or *Dred*), *Agnes of Sorrento*, *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, *The Minister's Wooing*, *Oldtown Folks*, *Sam Lawson's Oldtown Fireside Stories*, *My Wife and I*, *We and our Neighbors*, *The Mayflower and other Sketches*, *Pogonuc People*, *House and Home Papers*, *The Chimney Corner*, *Little Foxes*, *Little Pussy Willow*, *A Dog's Mission*, *Queer Little People*, *Palmetto Leaves* (Florida Sketches), *Men of our Times* (being brief biographies of eighteen persons whom she calls "specimen citizens," to teach how a Christian republic trains her sons, and how out of our society grow such men as Lincoln, Grant, Greeley, Farragut and others).

MY GARDEN PETS.

BY MARY TREAT.

VI.

JUMPING AND WANDERING SPIDERS.

THE Jumping and Wandering Spiders were the most common in my garden. But even among the most commonplace of the race I found enchantments of construction and habit greater than was ever conceived by the imagination.

The study of Attus — a genus of jumping spiders — is to me still a source of never-ending pleasure. These spiders can walk backwards, or sidewise, and can leap long distances. They make no webs to capture prey, but spring upon it, like a cat. Their chief attraction to me, however, consists in the love and care of their young.

A plant of the wild prickly *Smilax rotundifolia* had found its way into the garden and had clambered through an evergreen. I noticed that two of its leaves were fastened together by a close lattice of silken threads so as to form a small hollow. On pulling them apart I found the nest of a little gray jumping spider — Attus nubillus.

I carefully opened this nest. The little spiders were apparently just hatched, and were of a pale green color. But their circlet of black eyes — which is peculiar to this genus — gave them, even then, an animated look. But in spite of their wide awake look, they were almost helpless and moved slowly around the leaf in an aimless way.

At first the mother was not in sight. But I knew that the Attus remained with and cared for the young until they could leave the nest, so I waited, and the bright little creature soon returned. For a moment she seemed to look with dismay upon her pretty couch so ruthlessly torn asunder, her spiderlings scattered all about. But she very soon gathered them together and tucked them back under the silken canopy. One had wandered farther than the rest — to the verge of the leaf. This she picked up bodily, as a cat would carry its kitten, and put it back to bed. Then she set about repairing the injury to her house. After she had mended the rent none of the young were visible. She also tried to bring the shielding leaves together again, but either they had become less yielding with age or she concluded it was not worth while, for presently she abandoned the idea.

This gave me an excellent opportunity to further watch her proceedings. She remained on the outside of the nest, and no threatened danger would induce her to leave. Evidently she would give up her life sooner than forsake or expose her young. She sprang toward my hand and fiercely grasped the point of a pencil whenever I put it near her.

I visited the nest several times daily, hoping each time to find her absent, but she was persistently present, until the third day when I missed her. Again I opened the nest and found the little ones still in their first baby-clothes. They had

made no perceptible progress and crawled as slowly about as before.

When the mother came back and found the young disturbed the second time, she behaved quite differently from the first. She now intelligently looked for the cause of the disaster — springing around the leaves, over and under them. Finding nothing, she soon became quiet and put the spiderlings to bed again, and again repaired the damage.

And now the couch *must* be concealed — it would not do to have it longer exposed. So she perseveringly went to work to bring the leaves together. The tips now stood two inches apart, while at the base, or stem-ends, the space was half an inch. The leaves were thick and leathery, and the petioles stiff and firm — surely it would be a herculean task for this small seamstress to unite them. She fastened a thread of silk first to one leaf and then to the other, and back and forth she went strengthening this cable. Then she made another, and another, strengthening each, and gradually shortening them, and slowly, very slowly, bringing the leaves together.

The next morning I found they were joined, the nest entirely hidden.

By this time I had become so much interested in this little mother that it seemed cruel to further disturb her. It was with some reluctance that I again separated the leaves. She was absent. I did not disturb the young.

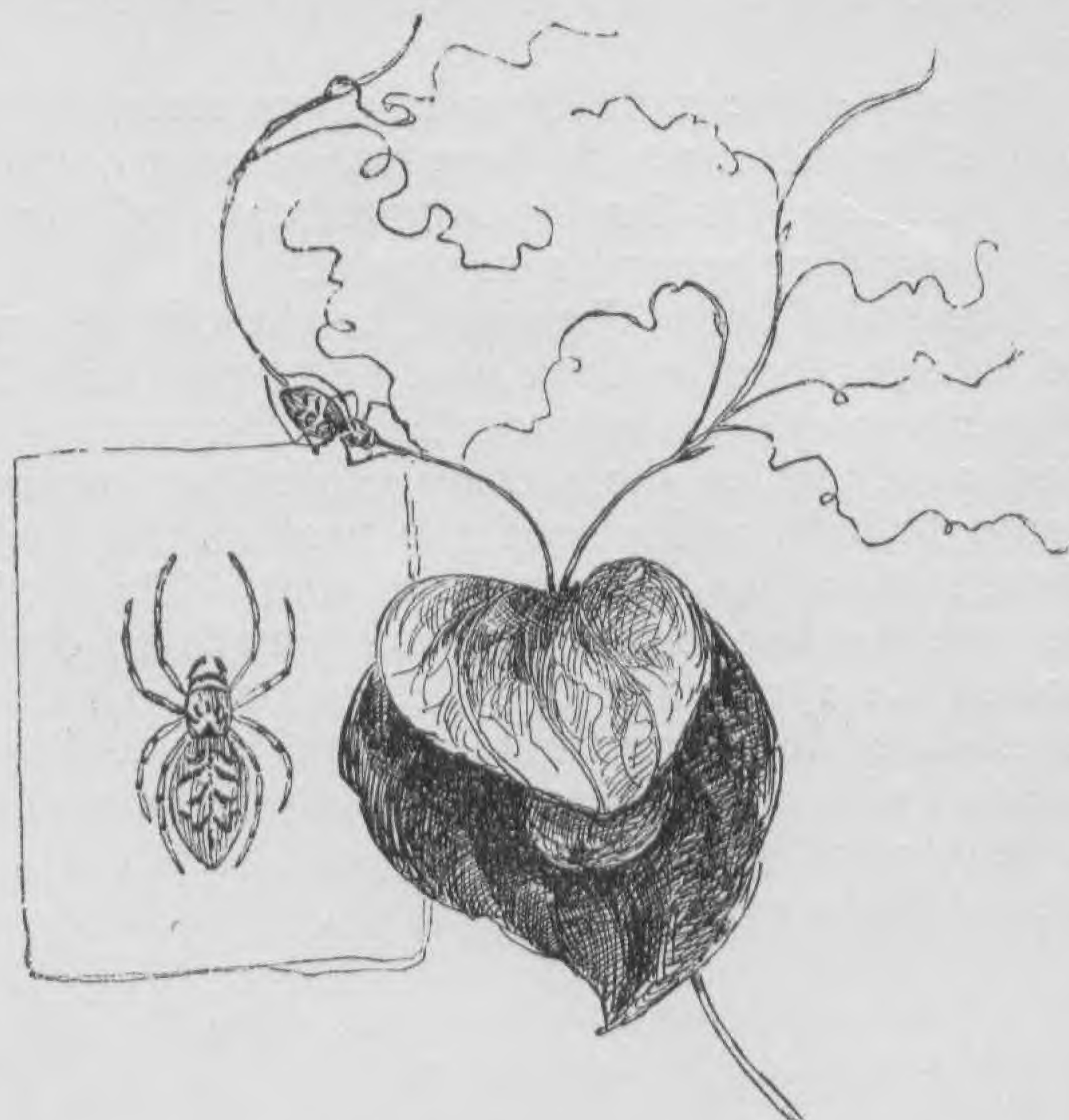
This time she did not attempt to connect the leaves. But in a day or two after, I discovered that there was a door made in one side of the nest, and after watching awhile I saw the spiderlings came out in light gray suits — almost the exact counterpart of the mother's. They were quite lively. Several were on the leaf. They seemed to be playing, springing at each other, then back into the nest and out again. I touched the leaf — every one disappeared in a moment.

On my next visit I moved my pencil over the nest a little harshly. Instantly they all fled from the abode, spring-

ing out in every direction, but before leaping they each must have fixed, almost instantaneously, a thread to the leaf, for they soon returned, slowly ascending, taking in their cables until they reached the leaf, when very cautiously they approached the

nest. I was somewhat puzzled at their return, after such a flight, until I saw the mother with a fly and the little ones all around her sucking its juices. This then, was the reason of their remaining together. They were fed by her.

A large plant of *Lactuca canadensis* grows near the stable, and at one time, I noticed that one of

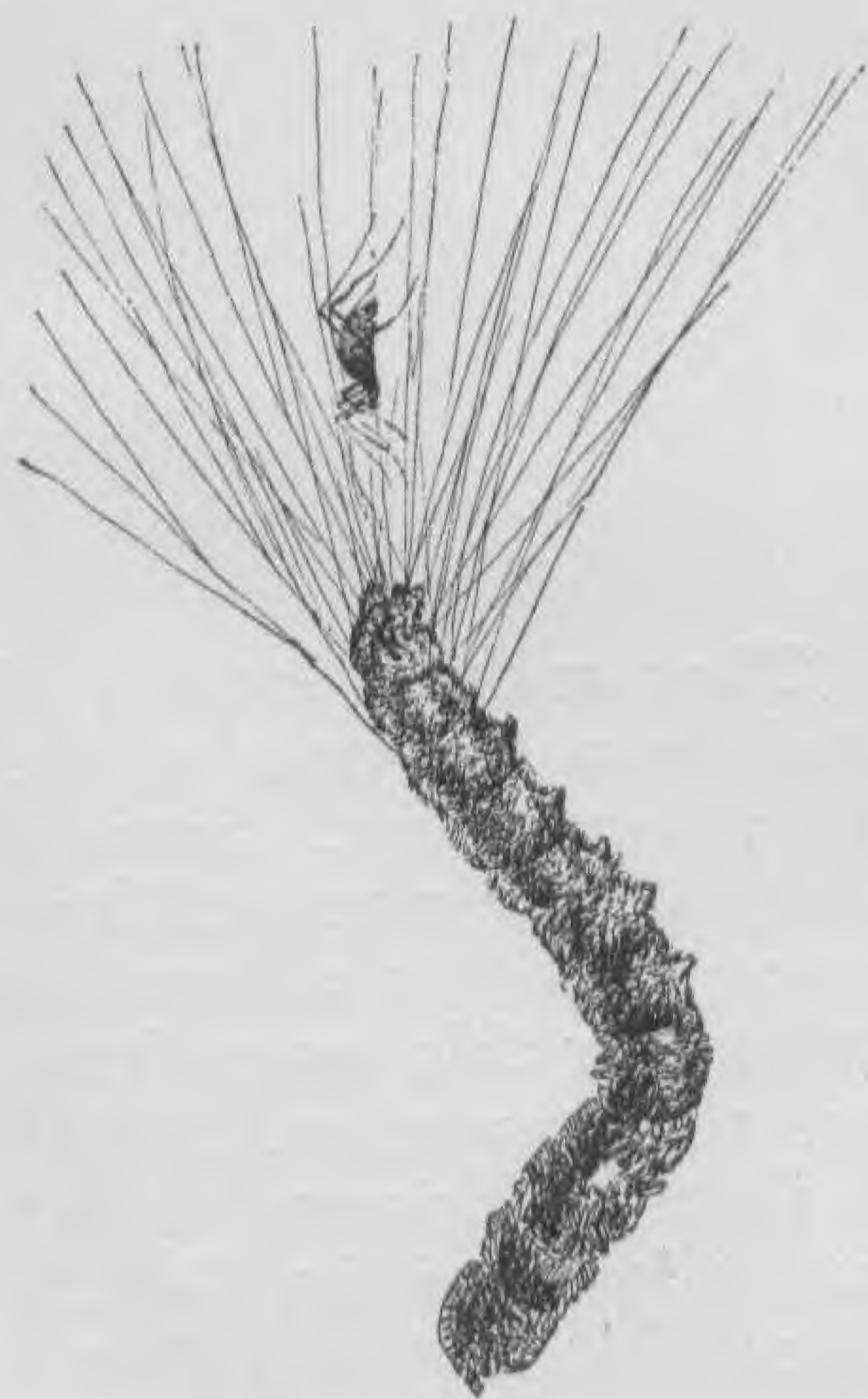


ATTUS NUBILUS AND NEST.

its great leaves — eight inches in length — had three of its divisions folded over in a way to make a neat little chamber. The end of the leaf was straight, two inches in length and about one in breadth; this was rolled and sewed together at the edges forming a tunnel leading from this chamber.

Carefully raising a portion of the leaf, I found the occupant was a spider belonging to the genus *Clubiona* — a nocturnal species. She had a cocoon of eggs which I found she would not forsake under any circumstances. So I cut the leaf and laid it upon my table. In the evening she came out through the tunnel. It was very amusing to see her reconnoiter. She made a careful survey of the available points around her. Then she commenced mooring one side of the leaf to a glass goblet with numerous strands of silk. The other side she secured to a pile of books. Then she fastened all to the cloth that covered the table. This was remarkable from the fact that no web was on the outside of the leaf before I cut it from the stem.

The nest remained on the table until the young were hatched. Then I loosed the fastenings and laid it on a bit of board, and put a large pin through the leaf into the wood, and took it to the garden and placed it under a bush. But it was not necessary for me to assist her in securing the nest. She soon had it strongly lashed to the bush. Then she ran a cable from the head of the pin to the leaf,



HOUSE THERIDION.

and also fastened it to the board. The wind could not move it in the least.

I once brought to my study another species of *Clubiona* — somewhat smaller than the above — in a leaf-nest and put nest and spider under a glass tumbler. The next morning I found the ingenious creature had raised the leaf nearly to the top of the glass and fastened it there with innumerable lines.

I then put the tumbler out of doors, arranging it so that the mother could have free passage out and in. She seemed to like the snug retreat, and reared her young here secure from storms.

A beautiful little *Theridion*, bright orange and red in color, had made a nest on a rose bush by bringing several leaflets together in the form of a cone, under which she had suspended her cocoon. I brought it in and placed the nest on the table where it stood up — a miniature tent. This little creature and her cocoon were so pretty that I often showed them to admiring callers, which each time necessitated breaking the tent from its fastenings. One day with much pride I was boasting of the little beauty and raised the tent to exhibit her, when I found that she had outwitted me.

She had folded her tent like the Arabs,
And as silently stolen away.

She had become tired of being "a show," had gone, and taken her cocoon with her, and I never

saw her again, although I looked carefully through the room and around the house, and in the shrubbery near.

At one time I was experimenting with silkworms, and when they had become full-grown one of the number would not accept the bushes I had set for their accommodation, but wandered off in quest of better quarters in which to spin its cocoon. During its peregrinations it became entangled in the web of a small spider — a house *Theridion*. The worm was so large and strong that I supposed it would soon extricate itself. On visiting the room an hour or so later, I found the spider had attacked it — was putting strands of silk around its head and neck, while the worm was making strenuous efforts to become free. Still thinking it would soon regain its liberty, I left it. On my next visit it was a helpless prisoner. The following morning I found it executed, dangling in the air, hung by the neck until dead.

The executioner was still at work, hauling the huge creature up, strengthening her cables here and there, and gradually shortening them. She did not attempt to swathe the victim in a film of silk, and drag it to her den as she would a fly. This game required other measures which she was fully competent to meet and perform. Her engineering methods might have served as a model to Captain Gorringer in accomplishing his great feat of removing Cleopatra's needle to its destination in Central Park.

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.

(*Foreign Series.*)

BY MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

VI.

PARIS.

THE English embassy of that time was more dignified and imposing in its receptions than the actual Court, which still remained at the neighboring palace of the Elysée Bourbon — now changed in name to suit the Bonaparte occupant.

When Wellington held Paris during the allied occupation he bought for the English government one of the largest and most stately of this neighborhood of palaces; where, with high walls and gates and a deep courtyard separating them from the street, they had also in the rear small parks with noble old trees. Apparently Wellington did not find it a necessary "military precaution" to

cut down these trees. They make a stretch of wooded ground separated from the trees of the Champs Elysées by only a narrow street. Some of these palaces have sold of late for many millions of our money. Wellington gave but a hundred and twenty thousand dollars for this magnificent framing for his country's representation. With that England gives an immense income to her minister there, and special allowance for all state feasts. That for the Queen's birthday was always the most splendid.

I was there just before going to the evening at St. Cloud I have told you of, and felt the marked difference in the tone of the company. The Queen's portrait, in royal robes, was placed as she stands when holding a Drawing-room, and was treated with almost the deference given to the Queen her-

self. The large picture rested on a raised dais, with hangings around and above it of scarlet and gold and the steps of this throne were also covered with the same velvet. No seats were in that room except the few reserved for the Prince President and his family; represented then by his cousin the Princess Mathilde Demidoff, as it was many months before his marriage.

We have no private buildings which give any idea of those residences built by the great nobles before the revolution. The size and height of the rooms, their continued succession on the same floor—their splendidly frescoed ceilings and lavish gilding—the immense windows opening upon their own secluded parks reflected in the long mirrors lining the walls opposite the windows, made an effect of space, of light, of greatness not known to the richest private modern buildings.

From the main body of the house stretched a long wing on either side; one being the state dining-room, the other the ball-room. This opened by a high, draperied arch to the "Throne-room," and as seen from the ball-room the Queen herself appeared to be looking on.

This night England's royal flower, the Rose, was the only flower used for the decorations. The walls of the lofty ball-room were entirely covered by growing roses, a clever framework of wood upholding the blooming plants which were so arranged that only a surface of continued roses and fresh green leaves met the eye. Garlands of roses swung across the faces of the mirrors, and the dark rich frescos of the ceiling and the polished dark inlaid floor framed in this sweet blush of color. Only wax lights were used in the many chandeliers and side-lights of quivering prismatic Venetian glass.

All wore roses—on the dress and in their bouquets. The open space between the wings had been roofed over, far overhead, with a scarlet striped awning—and converted into a rose-garden; mosses covering the pots, and rich green carpeting making the paths. Surrounding this was, on three sides, the illuminated palace with music floating on the air from its many open windows, and from the band placed in the grounds on the fourth side.

The Minister himself was Lord Cowley (whose father had for so long resided there as Minister before him), the nephew of the Duke of Wellington. It added to the feeling of English permanence and stability to have one family in this manner representing their country for nearly half a century.

The best French as well as the best English and other society met there. Very clearly-defined differences among them, but all of the proper subdued dignified tone belonging with the presence of royalty. There was nothing of this at St. Cloud. It was only a gathering of well-bred and

beautifully dressed people of good society in a lovely old palace. But there was no special imprint of idea—no unity or undertone that one feels without reasoning over.

The supper-room was equally superb. An English friend who lived chiefly in Paris made the evening complete by his knowledge of everyone. An old Washington friend of my mother's was then a guest of Lady Cowley and had known me from my babyhood. Her father, Governor Vanness of Vermont, had known Lafayette well and had him much at his house. Later when Governor Vanness was Minister to Spain, his two daughters were married while they were abroad; one to an American, Mr. Roosevelt, the bride being invited by Lafayette who seems to have always cherished his American associations to spend the honeymoon at his country seat, La Grange; the other married an Englishman, Sir Gore Ouseley, and, though living in India and England, yet kept her warm recollections of American friends. Lady Cowley was also sister-in-law to my friend Lady Bulwer, so I was among people who knew me and I felt all the more pleasure from being of, as well as in, the company.

A feeling impossible to me in the great French entertainments where I was an outsider and spectator only.

There came to be a great many of these when the Emperor married. The astonishment, and indignation too, of French people—high and low—was great when they knew it was to be only a lady of society, and not even a Frenchwoman, who was to be their Empress.

All Paris knew her by sight and her fine horsemanship made her specially noticeable where so few women rode; and her undeniable beauty was offset by an equally undeniable "loud style."

The Italian opera of Paris is a small house holding only about eighteen hundred people and every one is distinctly seen and heard. Long before I knew the name of the lady, or had any idea connected with her than that she was so beautiful I was always glad to look at her. I was often surprised by the noisy talking in her box—so contrary to the usage among a foreign musical audience. One night while Madame de la Grange was singing in one of the most delicate passages of *Lucia* the listening silence was broken by a distinct and prolonged laugh from that box. Half the heads in the house turned that way; another and another laugh followed, and to that answered a volley of hisses, showing the house would not tolerate this disregard of and infringement upon the enjoyment of the many, by any one person.

It was noticed that after the marriage when the Emperor and Empress made the round of all the theatres and opera the Italiens was the last place they visited. And then she seated herself with her back to the house. But the other wall of the

Imperial box was all mirror and so the whole figure was given.

She looked more exquisite and lovely that night than I ever saw her — much more so than on the day of the marriage when she was very pale and her features contracted and almost hard in expression.

But this night her dress suited her. It was of palest pink satin entirely covered with narrow overlapping ruffles of Brussels lace — fine and feathery in its softness. Fastened to her hair behind was a small veil of the same lace which she drew around her mantilla-fashion and a pink rose nestled behind the ear. Josephine's famous pearls which had been lent to Madame Walewski to fit her out as Ambadress, were now restored to duty as crown-jewels. Josephine had not been like our early Washington — she could and did tell a little pack of stories as to how she came by these pearls, but she was no match for Bonaparte who frightened the truth from her and made her miserable about them — but all the same *kept them*. And now they were adorning another Bonaparte empress.

The French pulpit and the French Senate spoke through Monseigneur Dupanloup and the Senator Dupin-Ainé and made their solemn warning to France — during the high days of success and splendor of that French court. When you read of the facts brought to knowledge by the lurid light of the Franco-Prussian war, and know the dreadful jobbery and emptiness which was behind the parade of the French army you will understand one effect of money having been put in place of character in high posts.

The Empress is a broken woman now — the lonesome, cruel death of her only son, a fine amiable lad, softened feeling towards her, and it is not a gracious task to go back to such hard truths; but one evil of that time has not diminished, an evil dating conspicuously from that Empire, and from the Empress, exacting that no lady should come before her in the same dress twice. There is no calculating the spread of this development of dress being made first, last, and always, the test of position. I find I cannot turn myself from the feeling that I must say something of it, although this should properly be a paper to amuse and not to moralize. Especially as I cannot have the space to show it to you as I have seen its contagion invade simpler homes and countries and bring discontent and debt — and worse.

But the day of the marriage we did not see that. We saw a splendid procession of troops, horsemen, and the quick-moving, fiery-eyed small soldiers, of picked grenadiers and the splendid "Cent Gardes," all in new and glittering uniforms, emerging from the grand Court of the Tuileries and pouring like a fast-running stream into the cleared street where soldiers made the border and tens of thousands

of brightly dressed people were like wild flowers thick on the banks.

I had not again risked myself in a crowd. It was an "all-day show" and we had taken a corner room of a building, so placed that its projecting corner window and balcony gave us the view of the bridal procession as it left the Tuileries and came directly down a light descent into the broad street along which we commanded its full view as it progressed towards the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame where the ceremony was to be performed. We had our invitations for the church — but a crowd indoors is more suffocating than even my street experience, and so we went very early to our prepared look-out and were comfortable in our own way. Having a bright wood fire and cosy breakfast and the children safe, though they were nearly wild with the music, the horses, the different splendid bodies of troops. Ten months living on the Avenue of the Champs Elysées with its daily exhibition of the world's wealth as well as the special features of French military and social magnificence, had made them critical connoisseurs.

There was one most interesting venerable figure — a man of eighty, but sitting his spirited black horse like a young officer. The Marechal de Loëstine represented the remains of those great French Marshals who had overset thrones, changed the map of Europe and forced all Europe to ally together to terminate their victorious career.

Punctually, so exact to the moment that with a look at the clock the young heads would turn to the window, and there sure and true to the time, would the Marshal be seen riding past on his long-tailed black Arab — a present from the Sultan of Turkey. At the proper distance behind him followed on another young and fine black horse, his orderly; a perfect picture of the "*vieux moustache*," erect, grim, his long grey moustache covering his mouth, but his faithful eyes fixed on his master and chief.

That was a picture we never tired of. All hats went off as the pair passed. They were an embodied and *true* page of glorious days, and soldier and general with their record in common, appealed to all classes.

This marriage day, when after awhile a clear space followed the dense stream of troops, there came the single figure of the Marechal. His horse as well as himself gorgeous in gala-day dress and excited by the crowds and music showing off its beauty in its light graceful undulating movements, and showing off too the horsemanship of its venerable rider.

Then, slowly advancing, came the bride and bridegroom in a "glass coach" drawn by four superb English horses — bright bays. This "glass coach" we had seen at the Trianon at Versailles where it was kept among other State carriages of past royalty. It had been used by Marie Antoi-

nette and Marie Louise the royal Austrians whose fate it had been to become political hostages to France. High-swung with great length between the front and hind wheels, it seemed more like a great bonbonnière than a carriage; of the shape children know from English fairy-tale pictures of Cinderella's coach, it was completely of glass except the floor and the roof and its necessary supports. These were all thickly gilded. On top was a gold crown. The seats were covered with white satin. The Emperor and Empress—for the civil marriage which French law requires to come first had legally made her Empress the day before—sat beside each other; on the front seat was her ermine wrap and an immense bouquet of orange blossoms. His uniform and stars and orders gave him some brilliancy, but all eyes were on the pale bride. She must have had the feeling attributed to her; for everywhere her peculiar look was noticed and all the papers, foreign and French, said about the same we thought—and what time proved true—that the French people did not like her and that the crowds which were there to see her marriage would more eagerly drive her from the Tuileries.

As they did. And but for the Italian Minister M. de Negra, M. de Lesseps, and the American Dr. Evans, they would have taken her life.

Certainly she was pale to a blanched look of lips as well as cheeks—she who had the purest complexion of tender rose and cream. She seemed a wax image, so still—so *controlled*—not a look or smile, but an evident painful self-control.

This, with the Emperor's half-shut eyes and rigid upright attitude, gave no idea of a bridal pair. But the dress was all right. Though there she had given serious offence to not only the French pride but the French pocket. The Queen of England had her wedding dress made of Honiton lace—the same she gave lately to her youngest daughter to be married in—in order to set a fashion and bring prosperity to English lace-makers. The French lace-makers of Alençon had prepared the veil and dress of the finest Point d'Alençon for the bride of the French throne. This she would not wear but instead, her dress of uncut white velvet was covered with old English point lace and a veil of the same English lace wrapped her. This was a blunder. Coming as you see from the governing passion of Eugenie for costly dress—for old English point is greatly more costly and rare than the most beautiful of modern manufacture.

She had not been brought up to the duties of royalty which are many and heavy, and require constant remembrance that if accident has placed you in position to govern, the country to be governed has its rights and usages which must be respected. And with all her exquisite beauty, this Empress of France was thoroughly selfish and had none of that gentleness and quick sympathy and consideration for others which made for poor weak story-telling Josephine friends in all ranks. This courtesy of the heart is inborn, but its imitation, the courtesy of high good-breeding, can be taught—the two combined make the perfect lady be she queen or quiet gentlewoman.

SOME ITALIAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

VI.

PLINY, THE YOUNGER.

WE must now leave the pleasant company that gathers about Mæcenas's princely table, and come down through the times of the vindictive Tiberius and the crazy Caligula, to the reign of terror under Nero and Domitian which gave way to the kindly rule of Nerva and Trajan.

Pliny, the younger, was by no means the leading author of the age; but his literary taste was of the best, and he gathered about him the foremost writers of his time. In making the acquaintance of Pliny we shall meet men of letters about whose lives and characters history is comparatively silent.

By this time the reader must have a suspicion at least, that there was a Pliny the *elder*, and as the influence of this Pliny upon the younger was considerable, a brief sketch of his life and work will not be out of place.

Born in the reign of Tiberius A. D. 23, Pliny the elder early developed a fondness of natural history, and manifested great interest in the splendid beasts which fought in the Roman games. In his youth he served as a soldier in Germany, and during the later years of his life travelled extensively in the prosecution of his studies. On the death of his brother-in-law—the father of the young Pliny—he became the guardian of the son whom he soon after adopted into his own family.

Pliny and his ward were at a summer house on

the bay of Naples, opposite Mt. Vesuvius, at the beginning of the famous eruption which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, in the year 79 A. D. Pliny the elder, noticing the strange appearance of the mountain, resolved to investigate in the interest of science and, boarding a galley, hastened across the bay. The storm of ashes and smoke settled down rapidly, and the brave old man, after trying to reassure those about him by his own calm deportment, perished, probably from exhaustion.

The younger Pliny whose lack of curiosity, and whose interest in a book had saved his life, tells us almost all we know of the uncle's habits. He was an indefatigable worker. Every moment not spent in literary labor he counted lost. At dinner a slave read a book to him, and he never went for a walk or on a journey without an amanuensis at his side. A mere enumeration of his works will give the best idea of what this tireless man accomplished: *On Javelin-Casting*, *Life of Pomponius* (2 books), *German Wars* (20 books), *On Oratory*, *On Grammar* (8 books), *History of My Own Times* (31 books), *Natural History* (37 books). After giving this formidable list in a letter to a friend, no wonder that Pliny added: "It makes me smile when people call me a student; for compared with him I am a mere idler."

Pliny—we need no longer add "the younger"—was born, as we say in these days, "with a gold spoon in his mouth." Of an honorable and wealthy family, the favorite of an illustrious uncle, and the pupil of the most famous teachers of that day, he had nothing to desire in the way of worldly advantages.

Pliny early showed a taste for literature, and is said to have written a Greek tragedy at fourteen. Eloquence however was his especial study, and he is deemed second to Cicero among Roman orators. The young pleader entered the law-courts at nineteen, and soon won a name for himself as a prosecutor of dishonest officials in the provinces.

During the reign of the "fly-killer," Domitian, Pliny retired from active life, since it was dangerous for any man to risk the displeasure of the tyrant. At the death of the emperor, a document was discovered which would soon have ended the life of Pliny, had Domitian lived a little longer. Under Nerva and Trajan, Pliny was recalled to public offices, and honored until his death which occurred somewhere about 110 A. D.

Pliny has been called the best type of a "pagan gentleman." He was a lawyer, an orator, and a critic. Possessed of fine literary taste, he was the friend and confidant and patron of the ablest writers of his day. From his letters, which unlike Cicero's, show the best side of his character, we conclude that he was a loving son, and a considerate husband. He was refined, gentle, attractive. His town house and his villas were resorted to by such men as Tacitus the historian, and Martial the

poet, together with large numbers of Greek scholars and writers in whose society he particularly delighted.

This circle, while not the equal of that which we knew in Mæcenæ's palace on the Esquiline, was composed of many remarkable men. Tacitus, the noted Roman historian, was a man of broad culture, and Martial must have raised many a merry laugh by his sharp epigrams.

One feature of literary life at this time is especially interesting—the public reading. Juvenal the satirist—not a gentle humorist like Horace, but a man terribly in earnest, and abhorring the corruptions of the time—gives a description of these readings, and Pliny often alludes to them in his letters. They were conducted somewhat as follows:

If the author who, like Mr. Cable or Mark Twain, was to read his own works, was wealthy, he gave the reading in his house; but if, as was often the case, the reader was poor, he was compelled to ask a rich friend the loan of a parlor. Then benches were brought in, and a desk and high chair placed for the reader. The author usually dressed himself elaborately, in order to attract attention to his worthy and impressive appearance should he fail to do as much for his book.

If all reports are true, the Romans did not flock to these free readings with the alacrity with which Americans seek similar entertainments. Whether the manuscripts were dry, or the people impassive, it is hard to say. Juvenal declares that most citizens would rather lounge in the sunshine than listen to a man read himself hoarse.

It was considered in those days, as now, a proper thing to have applause, and as the listeners seemed to think that attendance was all that could be expected of them, the freedmen, or family servants, were given back seats, and instructed to applaud at proper times.

Pliny gives an amusing anecdote connected with one of these readings. The author cleared his throat impressively, and looking at a senator who was influential but not "quite right in his mind," said by way of introduction: "Priscus, you bid me;" whereupon Priscus replied "I do not bid you." It is not hard to believe that "this threw something of a damp on the proceedings," and Pliny's advice on this point is sound: "Those who mean to read in public should not only be sane themselves, but also bring sane friends to hear them."

To judge from his letters Pliny was a constant attendant upon these literary pleasures, perhaps guided by the Golden rule, since he himself gave occasional readings.

Though Pliny declares himself a "mere idler," compared with his uncle, yet from his letters we must conclude that he was a busy man. He dictated a great deal, polished his speeches for pub-

lication, wrote many letters (afterwards issued in ten books) and beside all this attended to his official duties, entertained his friends and as we have seen devoted much time to literary entertainments. He reminds us of his uncle when he says, "I never go out hunting without a note-book, so I am always sure to bring back something." He

was devoted to country life, and did a great deal in behalf of his native town of Comum, which he presented with a public library, and where he founded a school-fund.

Pliny may not have been a great man, but he approaches most closely the modern idea of a "well-bred, cultivated, blameless gentleman."

STRANGE TEAS, DINNERS, WEDDINGS AND FETES.

BY CAROLYN HUSE.

VI.

IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

THE first few years of my life were passed in Paris and, though my parents were American, I grew up quite like a French child as did, indeed, my brother and two little sisters.

The greater part of our time was spent in Paris and as we lived near the Bois de Boulogne we were taken there every day by our *bonne* and allowed to play to our hearts' content. Some of you have probably been in this beautiful park and walked through its broad avenues and its hundreds of shady little alleys.

You may have followed as we did some of the merry little streams to find out where they would lead you, or better than all you may have joined in the play of some of the French children and discovered games new and strange to you. All this was very familiar to us and I often think of the good times we had there, when all the days were like fête days, and of the pretty games we used to play.

French children think "the more the merrier;" so when a game is proposed the first thing they do is to look about and see if there are not other children near by whom they can ask to join them. This is done as much for the sake of showing politeness as to increase numbers, and as it is the custom, the mammas or the nurses of the invited children never refuse to let them take part in the fun.

Hide-and-seek or "*cache-cache*," blind-man's-buff or "*Colin Maillard*," tag, marbles, all these we also played; but there were other games I have never seen in this country.

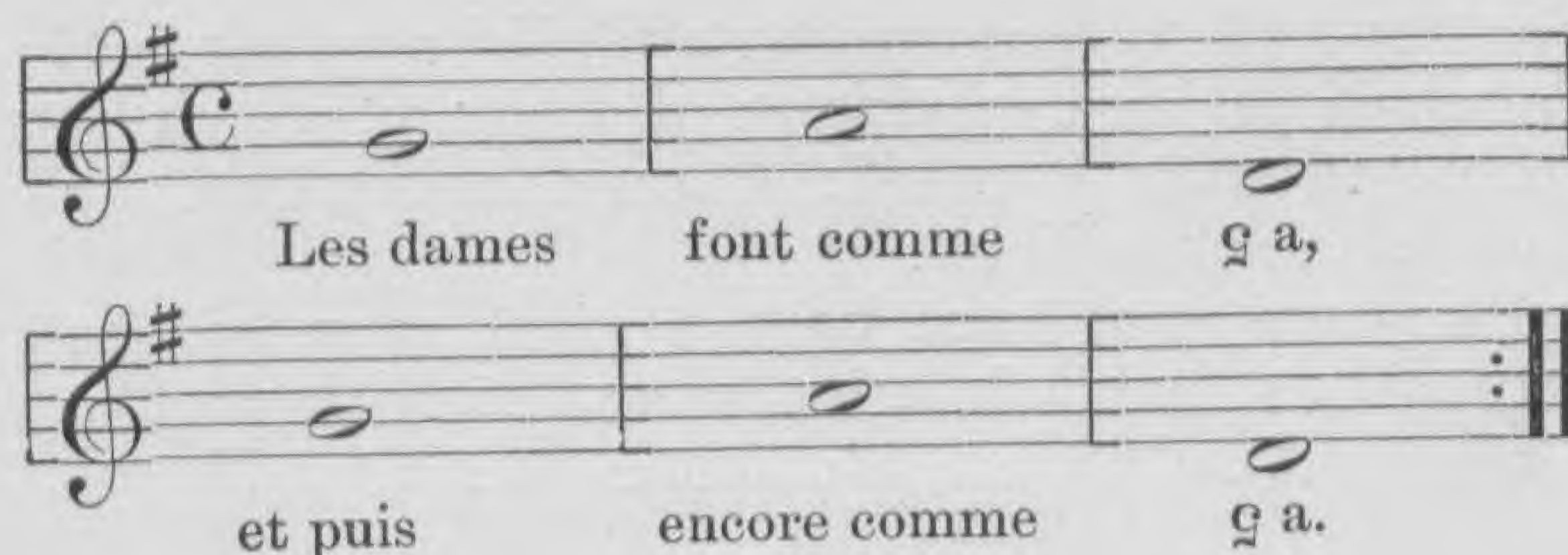
One of which we never tired was "*Le Loup*—the Wolf." A boy was usually chosen for the wolf, and while he withdrew a short distance the others sauntered about among the trees, leisurely singing this little song:

Prome - nons nous dans les bois
Let us walk in the woods,
pen - dant que le loup n'est pas.
while the wolf is not a - bout.

Then they call "*Loup viens-tu?* — Wolf, are you coming?" "*Non, je me levè* — No, I'm getting up," replies the Wolf. Then they sing again and call, "*Loup viens-tu?*" "*Non, je m'habille* — No, I'm dressing." This goes on for some time, the wolf prolonging the agony as much as possible, and stopping to get his hat, his cane, or cigar, but finally making a rush with, "*Je viens* — I'm coming!" he dives into the crowd, scattering the children in every direction and making general havoc. The first one captured is the "wolf" the next time.

Another game more limited to little girls, was, "*Sur le Pont d'Avignon*." We formed a ring and danced around singing:

Sur le pont d'Avig - non
on y danse, on y danse,
Sur le pont d'Avig - non,
on y danse, tout en rond.



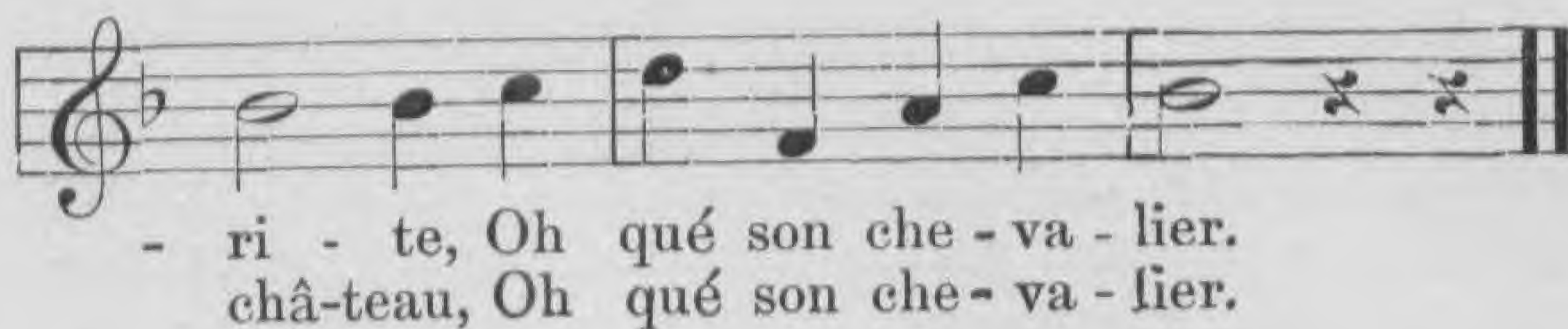
"On the bridge of Avignon the people dance in a ring, the ladies do this way" (courtesying).

The next time it is "*Les blanchiseuses font comme ça*—the washerwoman, etc.," suiting the action to words; then "*les couturières font comme ça*—the dressmakers do this way." Every trade or occupation was gone through with in like manner with the greatest earnestness.

Here is another of the same character:



But the prettiest of these singing games was "*La Marguerite*." To play this a circle was formed around *La Marguerite*, who was supposed to be a beautiful princess waiting to be rescued from her imprisonment. Two knights seeking her walked round the ring singing:



And then, one by one, a stone was loosened from the tower; that is, the ring was made smaller and smaller until *La Marguerite* was set at liberty.

The skipping-rope and the hoop are, or were then, much more used there than here; and to skip the rope gracefully, or guide a hoop dexterously, was an accomplishment.

Whoever was agile enough to pass the rope under the feet twice while giving one skip was looked upon with admiration. New developments constantly took place with the skipping-rope or "*corde à sauter*," and all sorts of evolutions were gone through with, many of which were pretty and graceful.

Lively games were usually played in some wide open space near the Porte Maillot, one of the entrances to the Bois, as there was always sure to be a great number of both grown people and children thereabout. But there were retired nooks where our little band sometimes gathered and made merry. One favorite retreat was a pine grove; "*Les Sapins*," we called it.

Here the little girls liked best to play dolls, or make a *dinette* with their *goûter* of a tablet of chocolate and some bread which forms the regulation lunch of most French children. Sometimes we amused ourselves in gathering the resinous matter which oozed from the pines, sticking to the bark, and from it we made little plasters and doll medicines.

"*La Mousse*" was the name of another haunt; this was a mossy bank which on one side sloped gently down to one of the main avenues and on the other descended abruptly into a ravine called *La Fosse*. It was a great place for the boys and such a turning of somersets and racings down the steep sides of the Fosse as there were!

A favorite occupation was the making of gardens; and then there was a hunt for the prettiest mosses, the tiniest, brightest pebbles and the most tree-like twigs. Then a place was marked out on the side of the smooth sandy path and usually near a bench where would be sitting our *bonnes* or whoever was taking care of us. Paths were traced and bordered with the pebbles; smooth lawns made of the velvety moss, and small branches stuck 'in for trees; while miniature flower-beds were made and filled with the smallest flowers to be found.

These gardens were often very pretty and much ingenuity could be displayed in laying them out. We sometimes made them in some secluded spot hoping to find them again the next day; but we never did, for Paris is the neatest city in the world and the Bois de Boulogne receives its share of

cleaning and garnishing every day in the year. There is nothing "snubby" or ungracious about French children, and I remember how many a time we helped poor peasant children pick up stray bits of wood to make their fagots, or invited them to share our fun.

One day we saw a crowd of these children carrying baskets filled with acacia-blossoms which they said were to be made into fritters!

We found that a large acacia-tree, laden with the snowy fragrant clusters, had been cut down

and the people were plucking as much of the booty as they could carry away with them. We followed their example and that evening we had the addition of some delicious fritters to our dinner. The grape-like clusters had been dipped into a light batter, fried and sprinkled with sugar; truly they made a dish fit for a king.

Happy hours were those spent in the dear old Bois de Boulogne and if any of you girls and boys who read this ever go there, may you have as happy ones!

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

XXXIX.

WORD-STORIES.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

THIS "way" does not belong with the mechanical, nor does it require dexterity, practical ingenuity, inventiveness, taste or skill; but skill and quickness of a mental sort. In a word, it is a bit of brain work and investigation, something after the manner of Mr. Gilman's "Stories from the Dictionary," only our young people used to carry it farther and make winter evenings and rainy-day entertainments out of it. It was work, amusement, study, research, combined.

Most words have a story of their own, sometimes quite a romantic one, often philosophic, always suggestive; frequently taking the one who would explore for himself away down deep into the roots of things. To trace them, follow them up, look into their derivations and combinations, hunt up the compounds and collaterals, and find out incidents about them is a study absolutely inexhaustible; and that it may become a pleasant pastime you shall see.

Our company was made up of two elderly persons, several in the sophomore class, from the college close by, and three high-school girls. The elders had the advantage of much reading and experience; but the others had something quite as available, for they were fresh from their Latin, German and French; and the proposition, by the bye, came from one of these young damsels who thought there was romance enough about language to make it worth while to look into it. Our chief tools were two big dictionaries (unabridged); and some modern school-books were resorted to as helps. We began alphabetically, and for our first experiment (if I may call it so) selected words beginning with A. Of course picturesque words

were chosen, not dry adverbs or prepositions or such as nothing special could be made of; and the idea was for such to find out everything possible about the special word he or she had picked out; what it was derived from, and any incidents connected with it, including the reading of any poem or quotation from the poets where it was especially the subject. You will at once perceive that this brought into exercise not only research but the critical, discriminating faculties, and that the horizon widened and widened as we went on, and that we found ourselves in the very best company.

Now, for an illustration, let me tell you a little about the experience with the letter C. The list brought in was one of the most picturesque; and at one word—the first—we were away back in the region of romance and poesy, of history and tyranny. The list began with *curfew*, and the one who had chosen it immediately gave the derivation and explained what the *couvre-feu* was—"an immense bowl-shaped cover with one third cut out, ornamented, and with a handle; in fact, an elaborate fender, shutting over the fire and almost enclosing it"—I give her own words. Then the story of the Norman tyranny over the Saxons was told, and in five minutes every one was on the alert to tell something about the curfew, whereupon one enthusiastic girl cried out, "O, life is not long enough to learn all one wants to; isn't this delicious!"

You see this one word "curfew" means and comprehends so much that all the other words were, for the time being, "left out in the cold," as the most roguish of the sophomores said. You would have thought those youths and maidens had discovered a gold mine, all of a sudden. It was a perfect treasure-house of things poetic and romantic—that word. They read the meaning in Webster, they read it in Worcester; they made it out to be from Norman French; they produced a

dilapidated Johnson's dictionary of MDCCLX. and read the venerable Doctor Samuel's definition; they went to the history of England to see when the order to put out the lights and fires was first enforced, and when in the reign of William Rufus, the *curfew* was abolished; one of the sophomores who was a law fledgeling, quoted Blackstone on the subject, and the fair suggester of the word referred us to the third chapter of *Ivanhoe* (recommending us to read that romance afresh, and so setting us all agog to renew our acquaintance with the Waverley Novels), and then, having come prepared, she quoted Milton's lines in *Il Penseroso*:

Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,

and the verse in Gray's *Elegy*, finishing her part by repeating the familiar "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Well done for curfew," said the eldest of the elders, "that is a good beginning."

The other words were *candidate*, *coif*, *cur*, *coin*, *cup-bearer*, *chrism-losing*, *croquet*, *Christmas*. Volumes of matter at that rate of choice, was the unanimous opinion. What was to become of the C family if here was a sample? Above all where would the rest of the Alphabet find a chance?

Here the company took a vote to postpone *cur* and *coin* that we might come speedily to all the romance that was about *cup-bearers*, from old Testament times, from Hebe and Ganymedes, through Eastern courts, on and on and on; and being done with that, find out about the next, concerning which every one was curious, for what, pray, was *chrism-losing*? Was it indeed a lawful word for the occasion? We voted to accept it, and then demanded an explanation.

So our one antiquarian proceeded to inform us that in England, in early times, when people became converts, as sometimes a whole army professed to, that is, changing from paganism to Christian faith, they were baptized, and this was called "chrism-losing." Thus Guthrum and a host of his warriors were baptized by the Saxons in the camp of Alfred. The "chrismal" was a white linen cloth put on the head at the time as a token, and worn a certain number of days. This was news to us; and we agreed that "chrism-losing" was a matter to look into and report upon. It was a case for heroic treatment; Saxon annals must be examined, if Saxon annals there were within reach. We must see if any of the English historians said anything about it; we must search the volumes of that curiosity-hunter, D'Israeli, for a possible ray of light; and O for access to that long row of volumes named "Notes and Queries" which public libraries have, or ought to have; and lucky thought there was a biography of King Alfred—happily more than one author has written of him.

You see we had strayed, or been pushed right into the realm of very ancient antiquity, and, one said, "obsoletism," but "No," protested the antiquarian, "'chrism-losing' is a lawful and proper word, or compounded word."

An embarrassment of riches. "Why, we have drawn the elephant," said the irrepressible lawyerling. "It is like the portrait of the Primrose family in the *Vicar of Wakefield*—so large that it could not be got into place."

There is not space to say much about what happened with those other words. A student told us about *candidatus*, and how among the Romans those proposing themselves for high office wore white, and he had something bearing on the subject about Solomon's white robes, and said very complimentary things about people who were *candid*, and informed us that *candidum* was the sub-name of the sumptuous, fragrant, perfect white lily of our grandmothers, the *Lilium candidum* of old-fashioned gardens.

Coif took us back to the Saxon queens, and we were favored with facts from Agnes Strickland's Histories about the head-gear of the royal ladies; and if time had allowed, no doubt the discussion on wimple, and cover-chief and veil would have waxed to exceeding length.

The consideration of *Christmas* had to be postponed *sine die*. As for *croquet*—that was the selection of our youngest who was much addicted to the game, and she explained as well as she could, and then hastened to make known what she called a little "find" in her reading, which made us think the game was not so new after all; she said they used to have in England what they called *pall-mall*, which was played by driving a ball with a mallet straight along an alley through a ring attached to a post. The balls were made of box-wood highly polished, and the alley was strewn with pounded shells; she believed that only men played it, and she had seen that the famous Pall Mall probably originated in this way.

Now, *was* it croquet in its infancy?

You see the capabilities, the resources, the pleasure, the profit, the endless and delightful surprises of this "Way to do Things;" and you need no further hints.

I will just add that when D came up, the words were *daffodowndilly* (think of the treasures in English poetry, the beauty of old-fashioned gardens and Kate Greenaway pictures!), *damask* (Damascus blades, luxurious draperies, silks, fine linens, tapestries, damask roses!), *dulcimer* (delicious work), *ducat* (thinks of Shylock!), *dromedary* (caravans, old Testament times, the atmosphere incense-laden of the east, oriental scenes!), *drone* (bees, bee-hives and idle people who are a burden!), *dower* (that was the choice of the lawyer expectant who probably would have his head full of English law), *Doomsday-book* (which has a

wealth of history in it,) *Don*, (Spanish gentleman and Spanish romance!) and some of them wished they *could* have time for *Dominie*, *don-jon* and *diadem*.

You will be amazed and fascinated by the panorama that unrolls from a single word, while all the time you will respect our noble English language as you have never done before.

Try it—the story of words. The romance of it will enchant you; the study will do you good.

XI.

THE AQUARIUM.

BY E. B. GURTON.

AQUARIUM, an artificial pond for aquatic plants—this is a dictionary definition, but it doesn't tell half the story.

An aquarium—from the Latin *aqua* meaning water—is for fish and other aquatic animals, as well as plants; you see, the dictionary left out the most interesting part in its definition.

Spring is the best time to start an aquarium, for then can be found the young fish and even the eggs of some kinds, and it is very interesting to watch their growth from the earliest stage.

But first the aquarium itself must be prepared, and carefully prepared too, if the attempt at fish-keeping is to be successful; it is a common mistake to suppose that any one can succeed in keeping an aquarium. And there are certain things that one must know before getting any fish.

Do not buy what is advertised as “an elegant, octagonal, running-water aquarium,” for it is too shallow for beauty, and its pipes are a trouble.

Secure a rectangular frame—iron is the best—about twenty-three inches long, fourteen wide, and twelve deep. This makes the proportions good, and is large enough for a comfortable family. When the glass is put in, be sure that it is done with the cement which is made expressly for the purpose, as common cements affect the water, and also are likely to be loosened by it. The tank must be left for three or four days that the cement may “set” properly. Then wash it thoroughly, using plenty of soap, and fill it with water.

The aquarium should stand by an eastern or southeastern window, where it can have the sun and air.

Change the water in the tank two or three times a day for three days, letting the sun shine on it as much as possible. Then, for use, fill the tank to within three or four inches from the top, using clear cold water.

Now seek some pebbly brook or pond, and collect enough small stones to cover the bottom of the tank to the depth of two inches. Before putting them in place, they should be boiled, to

cleanse them perfectly and free them from the confervæ—a low order of vegetable growth—that would otherwise soon spread all over them until they looked dirty and disagreeable. Spread the pebbles evenly on the bottom of the tank, and then take two or three larger stones and place them so as to form an arch or cavern—where the fish may hide from the light, and under which some may live if they like.

It is a good plan to have one stone project above the water, as some animals like to crawl out and sun themselves at times; but it is not necessary as a large cork floating on the water will answer every purpose. Of course the cork must be thin, not more than three fourths of an inch in thickness, and six or eight inches in circumference. These large stones also should be boiled before using them.

Now you need plants; and you should understand the uses of them, so as to select judiciously.

Plants, in growing, use the carbon from the air, and throw off the oxygen. Animals use the oxygen, and throw off the carbon. If there be a right proportion of animals and plants there will be no waste, and each will have what it needs. Geology shows us that plants grew on the earth before animals appeared, and, as it were, prepared the way for them. We must work in a natural manner if we hope for success, so we will try and arrange our little world after the fashion of the greater one. Plants, then, are what you need first now that the foundation is ready.

The common pond star-wort is very pretty and grows fast. The name comes from the four-pointed star formed by the leaves when the plant has grown to the top of the water. There are others that grow well, and contrast nicely with the star-wort, for they are of a dark bluish green while that is bright and yellowish. They are varieties of *Valisneria*, I believe, and easy to obtain. Get two or three kinds of weed, and make five or six bunches each, containing from twenty to thirty pieces. It is no matter if they have no roots for those grow very quickly, and need no earth or sand.

Tie each bunch to a stone and sink all of them in the aquarium, arranging them in the prettiest way you can. These are the useful plants. Many people put in calla-lilies, arrow-head, and other ornamental plants, but these take up the room you want for animals, and add very little beauty to the effect. Should you conclude to use them, you must put a layer of brook-sand under the stones, plant them in it, and pile a few pebbles around the stalks, to keep them firm.

Next come the scavengers. Scavengers are the cleaners of the ponds, brooks, streets, everything in fact. Those of the aquarium are the water-snails, a few kinds of fish, and the pollywogs. Begin with snails. Three kinds are common in our

ponds, rivers, and brooks, and two of them are fine cleaners. They keep the glass and stones free from conferval, and eat up the refuse and decayed bits of weed. The other, the one with the long, pointed shell, eats too much, and will soon destroy the plants. Avoid that kind unless you can find but few of the others. They can be obtained by pulling up the weeds in a pond, and picking off the snails which are usually to be found on them; or by dragging a net in the mud near the margin of

the pond. Put forty or fifty into the aquarium at first; if you find them too many, remove them.

Having the tank, stones, weed, and snails in proper condition, leave the aquarium in the sun and air for a week, or till the plants have begun to grow well. This you can easily find out. After two or three days you will see little bubbles rise from the plants. These are the oxygen thrown off by them, and are a sign that the plants are settled and growing. Now you are ready for the fish.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SEARCH-QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

VI.

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS.

101. What noted poem begins as follows:
"The way was long, the wind was cold."

102. What Tennysonian song of three stanzas contains but seven words of more than one syllable, the sixteenth word being metrically a monosyllable?

103. Name the Poets Laureate from 1630.

104. What novels were left unfinished by Dickens, Thackeray and Mrs. Gaskell at their deaths?

105. Who was the author of the stanza beginning, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow"?

106. What poem begins with these two lines?

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea.

107. Name the first English comedy.

108. Name the first English tragedy.

109. Who are the seven unnamed women described in Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women"?

110. From whom does Shakespeare quote the song in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. Scene I.?

111. Who wrote "God Save the King"?

112. Which is Shakespeare's shortest play?

113. What was the Domesday Book?

114. Who wrote the hymn "Abide with Me"?

115. Name the authors of the following poems:
(a.) "Edwin of Deira," (b.) "The Christian Year,"
(c.) "The Spanish Gipsy," (d.) "Atalanta in Calydon," (e.) "Philip Van Artevelde."

116. What four writers established *The Edinburgh Review*?

117. Name the authors of the following songs:
(a.) "Auld Robin Gray," (b.) "The Land o' the

Leal," (c.) "Twickenham Ferry," (d.) "The Three Fishers," (e.) "There's Nae Luk About the House."

118. What novel ends thus?

Her finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Cyrus broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name upon the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive: for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you or me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

119. Who wrote *The Caudle Lectures*?

120. Name the authors of the following books:
(a.) *Eothen*, (b.) *Frankenstein*, (c.) *Sandford and Merton*, (d.) *Vathek*, (e.) *Rab and his Friends*.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

61. William Makepeace Thackeray.

62. Mrs. Isabella [Fyvie] Mayo.

63. Henrietta Keddie.

64. Rev. Andrew Kennedy Hutchinson Boyd.

65. Francis Mahoney.

66. Mrs. Charlotte [Brontë] Nichols.

67. Frederick John Fargus.

68. Charles Lamb.

69. Thomas Chandler Haliburton.

70. Charlotte Tucker. [A]lady [O]f [E]ngland.

71. Elizabeth Sara Shepard.

72. Charles Lutridge Dodgson. 18 —

73. "Barry Cornwall."

74. "George Eliot."

75. Alexander Wilson.

76. Mrs. Charlotte Elizabeth [Brown] Tonna.

77. William Makepeace Thackeray.

78. Charles Dickens.

79. Sydney Dobell.

80. Mrs. Mary Louisa [Stewart] Molesworth.

NOTE. — The answer to Question 54 should be "Shakespeare's Henry VIII.," instead of "Edward Lear," as printed.



PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

(*American Series.*)

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

VII.

ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.

SEVERAL years ago — perhaps fifteen — Whittier published a sweet and tender poem, called "The Singer," beginning:

Years since (but names to me before),
Two sisters sought at eve my door;
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,
A gray old farm-house in the West.

Very likely you have it in your scrap-book, and may have wondered whom he meant. The two were Alice and Phœbe Cary, then on a sort of pilgrimage from their home in Ohio, to see face to face their literary friends in New York, and so kept on to Amesbury to pay the homage of admiring hearts to the Quaker poet who had written in kindly terms of their verse. That was in 1850; Alice was then thirty, her sister twenty-six. Alice was the one whom he commemorated as the "singer" (though both were poets) in these lines, which were not written till twenty years after the visit, when he heard of her death.

There is to me something almost as pathetic about the early history of these girls as there is about that of the Brontë sisters, though the families were wholly unlike; the Carys were loving and confiding, whereas the Brontës, while having deep feelings, were held from manifestations of tenderness by a kind of unnatural repression that seemed hard, and at times almost cruel. In both households there were many deaths, and sorrowful fortunes; in both, the children were excessively fond of out-of-door life, and of simple pleasures; they dreamed dreams, and, shut in upon themselves, cherished aspirations which they shyly put into verse, and secretly sent forth into the world, of which they knew almost nothing, but which soon began to know them, and to wonder where these singing-birds were hidden away. Wonderful children in both cases, with heart-hunger and heart-break in their portion, and wistful longings that could not be satisfied with all the literary success that came to them.

To know just what privations and bereavements Alice and Phœbe experienced, you must read the pathetic *Memorial*, written by their dear friend Mary Clemmer, who has just passed out of life herself, and her own biography now adds one more to the fast-increasing list on the rolls of the dead whose names we know and honor.

She tells how their father and mother began their married life in a new settlement in Ohio, on the very land where is the Clovernook of Alice's stories; there they spent eighteen years of hard toil, and nine children were born; Alice was the fourth, born on the place called Mount Healthy (near Cincinnati) April 26, 1820; Phœbe, the sixth, was born at Clovernook, September 24, 1824. Two darling sisters out of the band, Rhoda and Lucy, died in one year, and that was one cause of so



ALICE CARY.



PHŒBE CARY.

much of the sadness in Alice Cary's writings. It was a loss and a wrench which she never could get over to the last day of her life. She was sensitive, and all such wounds cut deep, and never healed. Neither could she ever wholly overcome the influence of the hardships of her early life; for even, towards the close, when she had everything she wanted, she said:

The first fourteen years of my life it seemed as if there was actually nothing in existence but work. The whole family struggle was just for the right to live free from the curse of debt. My father worked early and late; my mother's work was never done. The mother of nine children, with no other help than that of their little hands, I shall always feel that

she was taxed beyond her strength and died before her time. . . . Rhoda and I pined for beauty; but there was no beauty about our homely house, but that which Nature gave us. We hungered and thirsted for knowledge; but there were not a dozen books on our family shelf, not a library within our reach. There was little time to study, and had there been more, there was no chance to learn but in the district school-house down the road. I never went to any other — not much to that.

It is marvellous the use these two made of their lives under their depressing circumstances. After a step-mother came to direct the ways of the house, she grudged candles for them to read by when their day's work was done; but the aspiring girls, who, unknown to each other, had already begun to put on paper the songs that sung themselves in their hearts, substituted a saucer of lard with a rag in it, and by that light studied and wrote. Phœbe's first poem was published when she was only fourteen; and talking about it with a friend, not long before her death, and of her rapture when the newspaper came and her eyes beheld in print the verses she had written, she said: "O, if they could only look like that now, it would be better than money!" She said she laughed and she cried:

I did not care any more if I was poor, or my clothes plain. Somebody cared enough for my verses to print them, and I was happy. I looked with compassion on my schoolmates. You may know more than I do, I thought, but you can't write verses that are printed in a newspaper.

Alice's first appearance was when she was seventeen, and she wrote only poetry until 1847, when she began a series of prose articles in the *National Era*, signed "Patty Lee." In a few years she became well and widely known by her papers on rural life, which are now in books with the titles *Clover-nook* (three series) and *Pictures of Country Life*. There is but one fault to be found with them, and that is the under-tone of sadness, before referred to, and which pervades many of her poems; but that we can forget, in the fond and faithful portraiture of scenes and characters she had known so well. In "My Grandfather" are some of her best reminiscences, of the days when she was a child stringing a wreath of sweet-brier berries which she called coral; there is the walk to the old mill, along the turnpike, then into a grass-grown road, thus:

A narrow lane bordered on each side by old and decaying cherry-trees led us to the house, ancient-fashioned, with high, steep gables, narrow windows, and low, heavy chimneys, of stone. In the rear was an old mill, with a plank sloping from the door-sill to the ground, by way of step, and a square, open window in the gable, through which, with ropes and pulleys the grain was drawn up. . . . In truth it was a lonesome sort of place, with dark lofts and curious binns, and ladders leading from place to place; and there were cats creeping stealthily along the beams in wait for mice and swallows, if as sometimes happened, the dry nest should be loosened from the rafter, and the whole tumble ruinously down.

The mill was a favorite theme with both sisters; Phœbe (who did not write much in prose) has delightful verses in the ballad of "Dovecote Mill," where she lets you see her heart, and tells you all her country love, and shows how dear was "the old mill rusty red" with its moss-grown roof:

Through a loop-hole made in the gable high,
In and out like arrows fly
The slender swallows swift and shy.

And with bosoms purple, brown, and white,
Along the eaves in the shimmering light,
Sits a row of doves from morn till night.

And there is a great deal here, as in other poems, about the children, and where they played — real children, who seem to come out of the past and be living before you, as you read.

They watched the mice through the corn sacks steal,
The steady shower of the snowy meal,
And the water falling over the wheel.

Homely scenes, of simple, rustic life, told in unpretending measure — but to those of us who love country ways, how sweet they are!

One of Alice's most entertaining sketches is that of Mrs. Joseph Dale in her "goose-room." No such picture could be made now, for no such custom, after just that pattern, can exist. Mrs. Dale, adhering to the primitive way, was engaged in her yearly picking of seventeen geese, though she was rich and could afford to hire some one else to do it, and though she had no need of the feathers, for says the story:

Her down beds were stuffed already to hardness with feathers, but that mattered not. She would have thought as soon of dispensing with her extra fine blue and red woolen coverlids with which all the chamber closets were heaped and which were only taken down about the tenth of July to garnish the garden fence and to receive the benefit of sun and air, as with the seventeen geese and two or three ducks. But passing these peculiarities, herself and the man-servant and the maid-servant with the larger children more or less, had succeeded, after many crosses and drivings hither and thither, in lodging the gobblers in the vacant room of an out-building, denominated by common usage the goose-room.

And there, this notable housewife, with a white muslin close cap on, and clad in an old-fashioned gown "used by her mother before her for a similar purpose," gave herself up to the stuffy, smothering work, emerging with a fringe of down on her eyebrows and around the edge of her hair.

You feel that all these things took place precisely as they are told; and that Mrs. Dale, and Mrs. Hill, and Mrs. Troost, and the Templetons, and the Wetherbees, the various uncles and aunts and deacons were her own old neighbors.

You know that the unfrequented road "traversed mostly by persons going to mill" actually existed. You see the horses in the door-yard, the turkeys, and that surly-looking little red cow with a white

line down her back standing near a trough of water in the lane. Little "bits," like still-life pictures, are they. After all these years, and the sisters so long in their graves, you can see, through the words of Alice, what they saw — their own humble home, and other homes; the old-fashioned dressers with the polished platters, and blue or red crockery; the sanded floors, the floors scoured white with a strip of home-made carpet before the blue stone hearth of the fire-place, which was filled with green boughs in summer, and in winter glowed with a blazing wood-fire; you can see the very room with its desk and table and few, plain chairs where the grandmother sat in her bereavement, with the black ribbon tied over her cap.

You know about the farm-work, the chopping, the smoke-house, the sugar-camp. In that graceful ballad, spoken of above, the sugar-making is told deliciously:

Ah! then there was life and fun enough,
In making the "spile" and setting the trough,
And all, till the time of stirring off.

They followed the sturdy hired man,
With his brawny arms and face of tan,
Who gathered the sap each day as it ran.

Both Alice and Phœbe delighted in these memories, half pensive though the atmosphere was through which they looked back. They could never say enough about the gray old homestead, the "old house with windows to the morn;" and there are always fruit-trees, cherries, and

The old, familiar quince and apple-trees,
Chafing against the wall with every breeze,

and there are always old-fashioned flowers, lilies down the path, and "prince's feather at the garden gate," and

the candytuft and the columbine
And lady-grass like a ribbon fine,

lilacs, and dearest of all to both, the sweet-brier. Phœbe writes:

And the lilac flings her perfume wide,
And the sweet-brier up to the lattice tied,
Seems trying to push herself inside.

Alice writes:

I search and find the flower that used to grow
Close by the door-stone of the dear, old home.

We come to love our simple four-leaved rose,
As if she were a sister or a friend,
And if my eyes all flowers but one should lose,
Our wild sweet-brier would be the one to choose.

The love of the Clovernook days grew upon them, and some of the later poems, written in their

city home, show how each was living them over, and it is noticeable what a similarity there is in their themes and also in their modes of treatment. In her poem "The Sight of Days gone by," where she calls up the new furrows, the hedges, the barn, and the well

that we used to think ran through
To the other side of the world,

Alice has:

I thought of the old barn set about
With its stacks of sweet, dry hay;
Of the swallows flying in and out
Through the gables steep and gray.

While Phœbe in one of her poems has:

The barn with crowded mows of hay
And roof upheld by golden sheaves;
Its rows of doves at close of day
Cooing together on the eaves.

Both wrote a great deal of poetry, and some of their best pieces are to be found in school-books, in collections and selections, re-appearing in newspapers from time to time, and always favorites. No danger but the memory of Alice and Phœbe Cary will be kept green, for poems from their hearts go straight to the deep places where love and tenderness abide in other hearts. Phœbe had a more joyous temperament than Alice, and saw life through a more cheerful atmosphere, and in her home she was always brimming over with merriment and fun.

That they should have gone to New York city to live, and there have become such a centre of attraction that cultivated men and women, the choicest, should have delighted to gather about them, seems like romance. It was Alice, broken in health and poor, but brave and resolute, who started off to seek her fortune, believing that New York would prove a good place for literary work; and in a short time she sent for Phœbe and a younger sister, Elmina, to join her; and there they made a home, writing for whatever papers would pay them, living frugally, and keeping out of debt. After a few years they were able to buy a house, where the two elder sisters spent the remainder of their lives, and in which Alice and Elmina died. To know how prettily and with what taste they fitted it up, what troops of friends they drew to it, what gracious hostesses they were, and how beautiful were the lives of the Cary sisters, you must read Mary Clemmer's book. Elmina died early; Alice on the twelfth of February, 1876; worn out with incessant writing during the many later years in which she did not give herself needed recreation in the country atmosphere she was born in, and which most probably would have given her help and healing.

Then, it appears that for Phœbe, who had always depended upon her, "the very impulse and power to live were gone. She sank and died, because she could not live on, in a world where her sister was not." Her death took place at Newport, Rhode Island, whither her friends had taken her, on July 31 of the same year.

One of the last things she had read to her, while lying sick, was "The Singer," to which she listened

with closed eyes, and then said, "It was all I could wish or ask for."

NOTE.—Alice wrote *Clovernook Papers* (three series) *Pictures of Country Life*; three novels, *Hagar*, *Married not Mated*, and the *Bishop's Son*; several volumes of poems; and two collections for children, *Clovernook Children*, and *Snow Berries*. Phœbe had two volumes of poems, and aided in editing several books. The record of their lives is in the *Memorial* by Mary Clemmer, who also edited their last poems.

MY GARDEN PETS.

BY MARY TREAT.

VII.

CAVE SPIDERS.

WE now come to a group of spiders unlike any we have heretofore mentioned. They dwell in caves, or burrows in the ground; they are the lions and tigers of the spider family. They spring upon their prey without the aid of traps or snares. They live several years, and some species continue to grow after they have become mothers. Many of them raise from two to three broods of young in a year.

The large size, together with the curious nests of some of the species, have made them more widely known and more dreaded than most of the other spiders. But nearly all of them are harmless and very much afraid of mankind, a race that has from time immemorial been their enemies.

Notwithstanding their great fear, with kind and careful training and treatment they may be made to outgrow their timidity and become docile pets.

Several of these burrowing spiders have their homes in my garden. Some are natural-born citizens. Others have been sent to me from various parts of the country, and a few have been brought from the surrounding neighborhood. All of these have been put near each other, in a special part of the garden called, "The Insect Menagerie." This consists of a circle enclosed by a tall hedge of arborvitæ. A few years ago it was photographed and published in *Harper's Magazine*.

The great *Lycosa Carolinensis* is the largest creature in this quaint menagerie. One of this species which was sent from New Hampshire looks almost as big as a mouse. When I opened the prison where she was confined during her journey, and released her, she trembled with fear. She seemed fully as frightened as a bird or mouse would under the same circumstances. But in a few days this intelligent spider seemed to learn

that there were exceptional, odd creatures among mankind who would *not* hurt her; and instead of running from me, as at first, she would come toward me looking for flies or for water to drink at my hand.

This species makes excavations in the ground from twelve to eighteen inches in depth, where it lives, seldom leaving its home. When it makes its burrow in level ground, it digs a deep straight pit; but on a steep hillside the cave runs back four or five inches and then straight down.

It is very interesting to watch *Lycosa* on the hillside, as she sits just within the door of her cave. We can see her eyes glisten like diamonds, and if we are quiet and patient we can learn something of her home-life. But we cannot tell whether she is always watching the various members of the insect world simply to make a meal of them, or whether she may not sometimes find amusement as they pass in review before her; certain it is that she often lets them go by unmolested.

One day I was sitting on a hillside in New Hampshire near one of *Lycosa's* caves, when a large grasshopper stopped within a few inches of the mouth of the den. *Lycosa* gave a spring and, quick as a flash, alighted upon its back. In the struggle they rolled over and over down the steep bank a foot or more, but the spider soon regained her equilibrium and ascended with the grasshopper and disappeared within her cave.

Lycosa has strong affection for her young. She carries them about on her back for several weeks. In her devotion and care and manner of feeding them, she manifests as much intelligence as a bird with its brood, or a hen with its chicks. Like the higher animals, when she considers them old enough to shift for themselves she sends them adrift.

Some of these burrowing spiders erect quite elaborate houses, or towers, above their caves. In the building they use sticks, moss, earth, and sometimes little pebbles are intermingled. There is

considerable difference in the architectural skill displayed by individuals of the same species. Still something depends upon the amount of material at hand when they are in a mood for building. When I find a busy worker I often break a quantity of sticks and straws, an inch or so in length, and lay them near the builder, who almost always makes use of them; but sometimes a cautious individual will reject the material. It seems to suspect something wrong. It takes the sticks, one by one, in the mandibles and strikes them with its forelegs, as we would snap our fingers, which sends them quite a distance away.

In New England, along the Merrimac, and other rivers, in the vicinity of cotton-mills where the *débris* from factories is thrown out, flakes of cotton are often blown about and scattered over the fields, and sometimes come in contact with a spider's dwelling, or else are purposely gathered and used as a lining to its burrow.

Dr. McCook, in his *Tenants of an Old Farm*, gives an account of a spider which he removed that used cotton for a lining to its burrow. The Doctor has the happy faculty of making even the removal of a spider interesting to his readers. He introduces us to "an elderly clerical friend, the Rev. Dr. Goodman," who goes with him on an excursion to look after "cave-dwellers." During this expedition he tells his friend the story of a spider as follows:

Having a desire to keep a turret spider under close study, I cut out a burrow and took it home, preserved entire in the midst of the sod in which it had been dug. The spider was shut in by the cotton forced into the opening, and was kept in by a cotton plug in the lower part of the tube. Having snugly domiciled the exile by inserting her nest into fresh soil and sod packed in a half-keg, I removed the cotton from the upper part of the burrow, and left the occupant to work according to her own fancy. I was compelled to be absent for three days, and when I left home the spider was engaged in pulling out the cotton plug which had been placed in the bottom of the tube. Several pellets were already scattered around the turret. On my return I found the tower strangely transformed; the whole interior was lined with the cotton, which extended an inch or more below the surface and lipped over the top-wall. This novel lining was laid on as smoothly as though done by the delicate hand of an upholsterer.

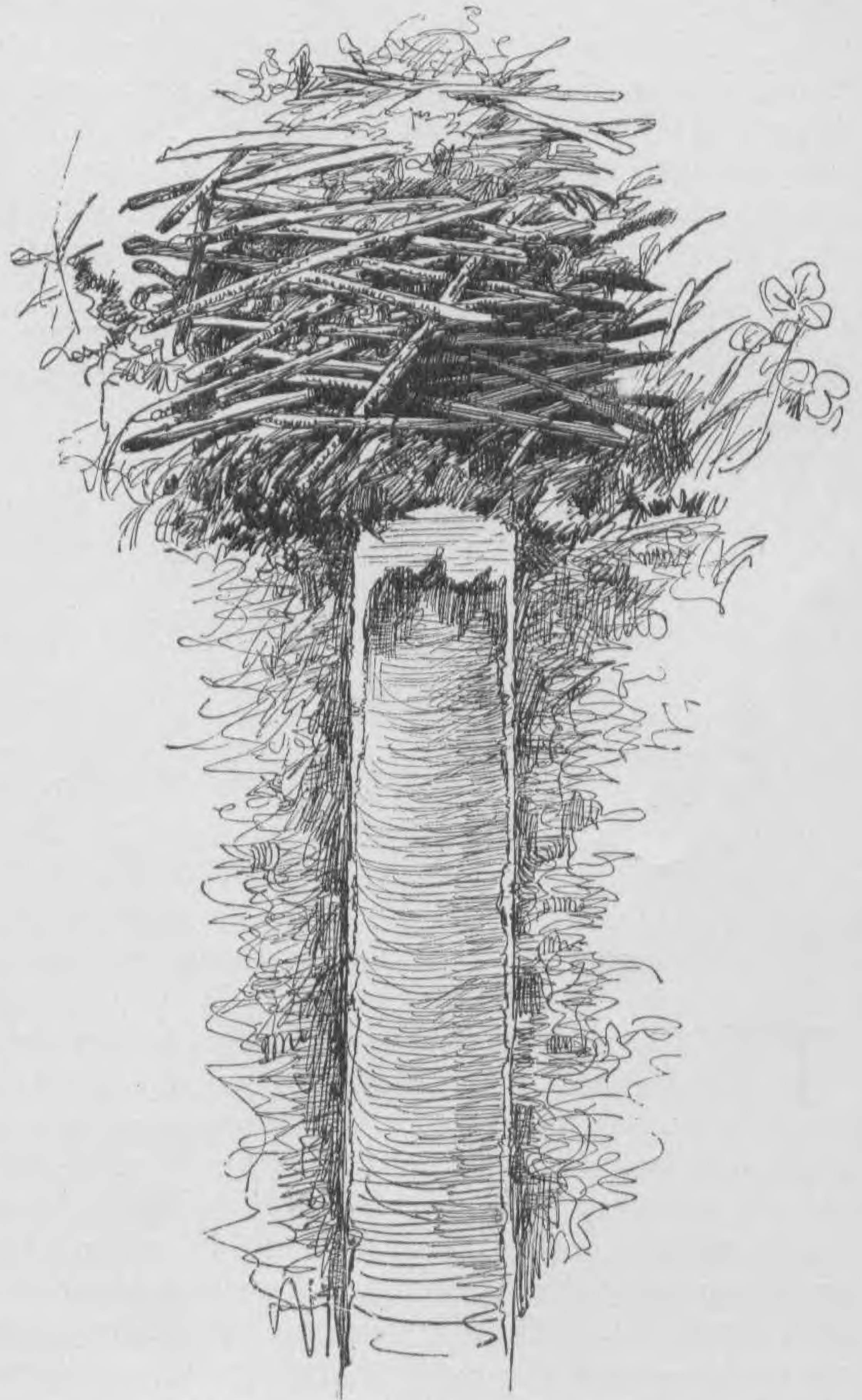
"Very strange, indeed!" the Doctor exclaimed. "A most admirable instinct! Although, perhaps, it is hardly after the manner of what I have thought an instinctive act to be. Certainly there could have been no hereditary tendency to such a use of the cotton fibre. What think you?"

Undoubtedly our spider had come upon new experience and readily adapted herself to it. It is impossible to think that she ever before had knowledge of cotton and its uses for wadding.

Dr. McCook took this identical spider from the lawn only a few feet from my "menagerie," where the New England spiders were at first domiciled, and several of them had come from the vicinity of factories, and his spider may have been one of the original numbers, or if not, one of the descendants. Probably in New England *Arachne's* descendants

have kept pace with the times, and where people manufacture cotton, she too has learned that it can be made available.

After the Doctor informed me of the use the spider had made of the cotton, it occurred to me to make an experiment. I placed cotton by the side of seventeen burrows in the menagerie, and on the lawn. Eight out of the number used the cotton as a lining. I then went quite a distance from home, along the edge of a woods, where I had



NEST AND BURROW OF A PET SPIDER.

formerly noticed many burrows, and placed cotton by the side of eleven of these, none of which was used by the occupants.

Of course this is not a sufficient nor conclusive test that spiders remember, or have a hereditary tendency to the use of cotton. Many such experiments must be made before this is settled; but on the other hand there might be some latent memory or inherited knowledge among the New England spiders of its use for building purposes.

One of the spiders on the lawn not only used the cotton fibre for a lining, but also for a cover or door to her dwelling. This door she made very

smooth on the inside, and she fastened it firmly down around the outer edge of her wall. She did *not* make the same use of the cotton that she would of soft moss, which she sometimes uses in building. The fibre of the cotton was drawn out and interwoven among the sticks around the upper portion of the tower, and made to take the place of web.

All of the burrowing spiders that I have observed close their dwellings just before they moult, and before making their cocoons. When this work is over they cut the threads and throw the covers back, sometimes entirely severing them; at other times a sort of hinge is left on one side and the door falls back attached to the wall. This last method was adopted by the spider who made the cotton door which I keep as a memento of her skill in utilizing a material so much in demand by mankind.

The most elaborate tower I ever knew one of these spiders to build, was erected by a pet which

I kept in a glass candy jar. The jar was about half-full of earth, and she made the burrow to the bottom of the glass. As she could go no farther in that direction, she exerted her energies in raising a lofty tower. She used many kinds of material in its construction — sticks, straws, moss, legs and wings of grasshoppers, and pellets of earth. When it was a little more than two inches in height I removed it and took it to an artist and had it photographed.

There are many interesting species among the cave-dwellers. One called the Tiger Spider often conceals its domicile in such a clever way that we are unable to see it except with the most careful scrutiny. But the great family of Arachnides, its various members with widely differing habits, have their homes all around us, and if these observations are the means of making any one more friendly toward these intelligent creatures, I shall feel that I have not written about my own pets among them wholly in vain.

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.

(Foreign Series.)

BY MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

VII.

MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS.

THE Count de la Garde had been friends from childhood with Madame Recamier whose lovable disposition was as well known as her remarkable beauty. They had lived near each other in the country where, though of very different ranks, their mothers had a bond in common in good works for the Church and for the poor of their neighborhood. The life of good Frenchwomen of all ranks — and the good make the immense majority — is founded on religion; and idleness, self-indulgence, waste of time or money, is not known to them. It is a bad stamp on any woman, rich or poor, noble or not, to live only for show and pleasure. Our Dr. Watts says Satan will find work to do for idle men and boys. He has a greater variety still of bad work for idle women and girls.

Public sentiment and long usage have settled this matter in France and to this is added the watchful care of the church, and the friendly relation between priest and parishioners is charming.

I do not speak of Paris where all things are modified by the tides of strangers pouring through and unsettling usages; but even there there is much of this. Outside, in France, it is another

life. For Paris is not France. Not any more than New York city is the United States. Although New Yorkers and foreigners think so, we know better, and that the Daisy Millers and their unhealthy sharp little brothers and feeble-minded mothers do *not* represent us all.

"Cent mille Americaines, chacune ayant cent mille francs en poche, courant ça et là, jettant leur argent par les grand routes — quel demoralization! A hundred thousand American women, each one with a hundred thousand francs in her pocket, rushing hither and thither, scattering their money broadcast along the highways — what demoralization!"

This is what a Parisian of age and position said to me.

"And they come alone! They come for a winter, a year, several years. They put their children in schools and then 'elles s'amuse.' Quel pâte sont ils les maris? (What sort of dough are the husbands made of?)"

The difference of language makes of French reading sealed books to those who do not know the language. For, as a rule, no translations are made unless publishers find them profitable. And good books are not so sure to make money for them as bad ones.

I am not sure that there is a translation of a little book which gives a lovely picture of plain ordi-

nary French life among people of small means and cultivated minds, and "good positions;" a very strong point with them and jealously guarded not by "appearances" but by *facts* of honorable living. It is called *Une famille à la Campagne*, and was written by Madame de Windt, a daughter of Guizot. It is a book to know and be the better for. And it represents better than any light modern book I remember that atmosphere of honorable economy; of care of their children by the parents and of the parents by their children; of simplicity combined with comfort and care of health, and of that sense of DUTY which is the keystone of family and public life, and which *does* belong to the French as a nation.

This was the public opinion which was both wounded and alarmed by the Second Empire; and the real France which instantly took up their war debt to Prussia; which is now, dimly, but perseveringly holding fast to the idea of a Republic and in time will get there.

Madame Recamier was the greatest beauty of Europe, and her husband one of the wealthiest bankers of France in the early days of this century when the young Count de la Garde was sent to Paris to try and get back some of his family property.

Bonaparte wished to please and bring to his new court the great nobles who were in exile, and had announced his intention to benefit those who gave in their adhesion to him. Many would not. Duchesses continued to knit purses for sale and live on scant earnings and small money rather than "humiliate" themselves. Dukes, marquises, counts, gave lessons in French, in fencing, in dancing, cultivated market gardens, did everything they could to support themselves; and the greater number only returned when the Allies opened the way and put Louis XVIII. on the throne — a selfish and ungrateful monarch who was not, personally, worth their loyalty — but he represented their idea. During the revolution and the long years of poverty in foreign lands which followed, the French nobles, women especially, gave a most beautiful sustained example of cheerful courage and fine acceptance of changed fortunes. There is no parallel to it until we come to our day, and in our own country see it equalled by the way the South has met its tremendous change of fortunes, and the gallant courage and success with which they are building up a new South.

The count was equipped from the remaining best clothes (ten years old!) and a small purse made up for his expenses. With the generous enthusiasm of youth and the trust of inexperience nerving him to the attempt to bring back comfort to some of these much-tried families, the young ambassador crossed the dreaded channel and arrived in Paris only to find himself unable to get a hearing at the

Department. And his queer costume brought ridicule on him from the lesser officials, as well as in the streets.

English nankeen trousers, French dress shoes with great gold buckles (a survival of flying feet in the "Days of Terror"), a court dress-coat of dark velvet with gold buttons, and on the shirt, frills of old Mechlin lace — with his boy's face and long light curls, he *must* have been queer.

"For the first time," so he told me, "the *bitterness* of poverty cut me to the heart and angered me. Our poverty was our badge of honorable suffering for a noble cause. We were respected in England and there our equals honored us. But here, in my own country, where my people were Grand Seigneurs and had spent and shared their wealth in a grand fashion, here I was only a figure to be mocked at."

The poor boy's heart sank as day followed day and he still failed to get a hearing. His small stock of money was getting very low.

It pained him to brave the laugh of the streets, but he faced it as his people had faced danger and death in battle; he too was doing battle for his father. The mother was at rest where there are no more tears.

He cut off the curls she had loved — and felt he was a man to do a man's work for the weak and aged.

Another sneering refusal to admit him to the Minister gave him the courage of despair.

He had seen the splendid equipage, and heard the praises of Madame Recamier, for all Paris was proud of her. She was an uncrowned queen of French society.

He remembered their playmate days in childhood when they followed their mothers into cottages and infirmaries and hushed their young gayety to join in the prayer for the sick or the ministering to the aged.

"I will go to *her*," he thought. And again a rebuff met him. The servants in their fine liveries looked down with derision on this strangely-clad and gentle boy. In *their* eyes he could not be a gentleman for his clothes were out of all fashion.

Desperate, his pride rose. "Go to your mistress," he ordered. "Go to Madame Recamier. Tell her it is the young Count de la Garde. Tell her it is To-to who asks to see LOTA (their home pet-names)."

The servant felt the authority and went off — leaving him, however, in the antechamber.

Quickly came the sound of light footsteps and a voice where tears and joy struggled — "*On donc mon pauvre To-to*" — and hurrying to him out into the antechamber, among the valets, ran the lovely sweet woman crying for all the sorrows of these years but glad to find again her dear playmate the dear child of her mother's noble and gracious friend.

You can fancy the change towards him now. Not only from the men in livery but from the men in office. M. Recamier took up the cause of the impoverished nobles, and his wife saw Josephine, and quickly all was changed.

Bonaparte was generous, and his graciousness won over other of their noble friends, so the boy's mission bore good fruit; and both his father and some of their companions in exile had their last years soothed by ease and familiar surroundings.

"By birth, and through suffering, I am a royalist," said the count; "but I am a Bonapartist through gratitude and (with a quiet smile) partly also through conviction."

The manner of marriages among us interested him. "EXTRAORDINAIRE!" was his comment on its being a matter of mutual choice. It is so different in France and especially in his class where it is made first a matter of mutual advantage; settled for the young people by their parents and their friends.

He had just arranged a marriage of this kind for the orphan daughter of a friend, and we were invited to the church marriage, and the breakfast that followed at the house of the bridegroom, who was very wealthy and much older than the bride.

You need not give her any pity. She was entirely contented and would have felt any other way of going about marriage very derogatory.

She was not handsome, nor very young, and had but a small dowry. But she was of great family and had powerful and wealthy relations. The bridegroom was of middle age, a Baron of good but not important family, but he had very large fortune. The wedding breakfast was at his house, a beautiful though not grand house in the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain.

The Count de la Garde was present at the church and gave away the bride but would not break his habits so far as to be at the breakfast which he said would be too long. He preferred coming the next morning, he said, for me to tell him of it.

It amused and interested me as the realization of things I had read of. First the bride, who was polite but indifferent and without interest in the occasion. The bride's mother and some other French ladies rather eyed me, but fell into courtesy and questionings;—taking me into a large drawingroom where the *whole* trousseau was exhibited from stockings to bonnets. The walls were hung with dresses and shawls and wraps—around the room were many tables covered with piles and piles of "lingerie" in many dozens, each dozen tied separately with pretty ribbons—bonnets, parasols, everything. And house-linen enough for a

small shop. While complete *parures* of pearls and diamonds and many smaller jewels were on the central table.

"Do you exhibit *all* such things in America?" I was asked, and was pleased to answer, no.

We were about twenty-four at the breakfast. Mr. Frémont was placed on the left hand of the bride and I had the same post of honor by the groom. He of course took in the bride's mother who was not amiable-looking, but very aristocratic—and evidently satisfied with the whole business. Mr. Frémont had a very witty talkative fine-looking old lady, a great deal of a somebody, who was as pleased with him as a child with a new toy, and was taking him to pieces with questions. She had evidently been coached to points—"that he was a traveller, etc., etc.," and she had made a droll jumble of lions and Indians and terrific heats and all she thought it would be appropriate to him to talk of.

I was better off, though to begin I was asked if we "had any oysters in America?" apropos to those before us. I was not asked if we had chickens or asparagus, but I did cause surprise by leaving my fork on my plate after each course. I did not notice this until, burning with curiosity, the Prince asked me, "Do you then in America do as in England and have a separate 'couvert' (knife fork and spoon) for each course. I see your husband also leaves his on the plate."

It was an old fashioned family, with all old customs and servants, and I was told that except for fish or dessert only the plates were changed; these calmly drew the knife blade through a bit of bread. And yet the service, dishes and all, was of superb silver and gold plate fairly embossed with armorial bearings. And the company was to match. The Prince de Montleart who took me in, an elderly sarcastic witty little Italian, was married to the Queen of Sardinia, mother of Victor Emanuel and grandmother to the present King of Italy. He too asked endless questions about usages of American society and concluded we were very like English people only "*plus souple* (more adaptable)" as we are.

"Was I not going to remain always in Paris? Why not? You have all that is needed for success here," he said, and counted over the requirements as he understood them. "Many American ladies do remain here—*des charmantes exotiques transplantées*."

"But," I said "you may transplant flowers, but an oak is not the same as a flower, and my family roots are in their own soil."

"Ah! ça—" he said, turning to fix his look on me. "You have then your pride of family even in a Republic!"

SOME ITALIAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

VII.

JUVENAL, THE SATIRIST.

IN every state of society there are those who find fault. Sometimes the complaints are personal, as when the disappointed candidates for offices in a young people's school-society severely criticise the management of the more fortunate members; sometimes the reason for attack is found in an honest and righteous indignation with vice and corruption.

When a man devotes his talents to exposing and holding up to scorn the wickedness and folly of his fellow-men, we call him a satirist. Horace, whom we met at Mæcenas's table, was a satirist, although his attacks were made with a smiling face, and ridicule was the weapon. In the days of the younger Pliny there was another Roman satirist, Decimus Junius Juvenalis, who differed in a marked degree from his illustrious predecessor. In place of Horace's smile, he wore a frown, and where the former thrust with sharp and flashing blade, the latter crushed with a battle-axe.

Of the private history of Juvenal, we know almost nothing. It seems probable that he lived from about 40 to nearly 120 A. D. He was the adopted son of a prosperous freedman, and was trained in oratory and rhetoric. It was not until his fortieth year that he began writing, and the occasion of his first literary attempt was the fondness of the Emperor Domitian for an actor. Juvenal seems to have felt contempt for the favoritism of the Emperor, but he had enough regard for his own life to not publish the satire; it was handed about instead among a few personal friends. This same production, however, eventually got the poet into trouble; for when years after Domitian was safely in the grave the satire was published, the Emperor Hadrian, who himself was not unfavorably disposed toward a certain comedian, took it as a personal insult, and banished the author, then nearly eighty, by appointing him to an office in Egypt. Soon after his return Juvenal died, leaving behind him sixteen poems, known as "satires."

As to Juvenal's motives in attacking the social life of his time, it does not appear that he aimed to satisfy any personal grudge, nor can we conclude that his satires are the complaints of a poor man against rich and fortunate neighbors, for the slight references the poet makes to himself go to prove that he was at least in comfortable circumstances. We must do him the justice to believe that he

hated honestly and intensely the vices of his age, and wrote with a view to opening the eyes of his countrymen.

Juvenal's satires as a whole are not pleasant reading. The subjects which he treats are not attractive, although one cannot but admire the vigor, earnestness and boldness of the man.

The satires which tell us about daily life in Rome, and describe amusing customs, are, however, interesting, and enable us to compare city life of the first century with that of the nineteenth. In the absence of information about the man himself, we may profitably devote our time to a few extracts from his works.

The opening lines of the first satire declare the poet's reason for writing to be simply self-defence:

Oh! heavens — while thus hoarse Codrus perseveres
To force his Theseid on my tortured ears,
Shall I not once attempt "to quit the score,"
Always an auditor, and nothing more!

One of the most famous of Juvenal's satires is the third, containing a description of life among the tenements of Rome. It reminds one of the account a country person might give of the terrors of New York. Carts rumble by at all hours, drivers shout at each other and at the foot-passengers, carpenters with long beams poke the unwary pedestrian in the back, while a hurrying messenger almost knocks his feet out from under him. The houses, ten-stories high and propped up on the outside with pieces of timber, shake with every blast of wind. The people in the upper stories recklessly throw from the windows broken crockery and whatever else they do not wish to keep, until walking the streets becomes a most dangerous undertaking, and the poet feelingly declares:

'Tis madness, dire improvidence of ill,
To sup abroad, before you sign your Will.

Again the poor man who rooms on the top floor of a tenement is always in danger either from water through the leaky roof, or from fire in the lower stories. He is sure sooner or later to be drowned or roasted.

The terrors of night are graphically described. The poor man, returning home rather late, encounters a party of young patricians "out on a lark," who think nothing of clubbing him over the head. If the victim resist, a policeman is called and, in a truly modern fashion, the weak and unoffending party lodged in jail, while his tormentors go on in search of further sport.

If the citizen be fortunate enough to escape these noble youths, he need not be too eager to congratulate himself, for he is almost sure to be stabbed by a burglar before daylight.

Without going further into the details of this satire, the reader can easily perceive that from Juvenal's point-of-view Rome was not an attractive place of residence. If the poet had been the champion of some rival city he could not have done more to depreciate the value of real-estate in the Imperial city.

The relations between patron and clients are made the subjects of bitter satire. In the early days of Rome's history every influential man gathered about him dependents who, in return for entertainment and favors of various kinds, attended their patron every day at his morning levee and accompanied him in his visits to the law courts, or other public places. If the patron made a speech the clients applauded to a man, and in other ways made themselves useful. It seems probable that at first the clients were really attached to their patron, and took a pride in his success and advancement. But gradually their allegiance became more and more selfish, and in Juvenal's time the old custom of the morning levee at which a light breakfast was served, had degenerated into a mere distribution of cold victuals which the clients carried away in baskets. The scene at the daily distribution must have been very much what we would see now-a-days if some one were to advertise that at a certain hour he would give away lunches from his front door to all the poor people of the vicinity. Juvenal is moved to indignation by this order of things. The client rushes into the reception room,

with his basket on his arms, shouts "Good-morning" to his patron, and then makes a dive for the steward who presides over the distribution of the food. This individual becomes of more importance than his master, and looks each applicant in the face carefully, to see that no intruder gets a share of the "dole." A man comes running up and asks for two portions, one for himself and one for his wife. "Where is your wife?" asks the steward. "In the covered litter yonder." "I will go and speak to her." "Pray do not, she is not well, you may make her worse." The steward, something of a custom-house officer, is bound to investigate, and draws aside the curtain of the litter which proves to be empty. There is a general laugh, and the husband goes off with one portion and his vacant litter. Sometimes the clients are invited to dinner, but even then they are served with poorer food than the rest, treated like dogs.

Juvenal hated the ease and luxury of the times. He longed for the good old days when Cato was censor, when economy and honesty were the rule and not the exception. He scorned the trickery, corruption and folly of his countrymen. He seems to have been a bitter and sarcastic man, never seeing the bright side, never hoping for anything better, but believing that virtue and happiness belonged to a remote past. With all satirists he mourns that things "are not what they used to be." The tenor of his whole work is well expressed in these lines from the third satire:

O! happy were our sires estranged from crimes;
And happy, happy, were the good old times,
Which saw beneath their kings', their tribunes' reign,
One cell the Nation's criminals contain!

STRANGE TEAS, DINNERS, WEDDINGS AND FETES.

BY JULIAN B. ARNOLD.

VII.

AN ARAB DINNER-PARTY.

ONE hot day towards the close of April, when the air fairly danced between the red sun and the reflected glare of the sand, our dahabeeah, the *Lohengrin*, was drifting with the current down the Negadeh reach of the Nile, in Upper Egypt. On each shore a rampart of bleak desert hills reared their craggy fronts, pouring from their gorges deep wind-silted shoots of sand which here and there swept over the narrow river-margin of

fertile field and date grove. Few were the villages that we passed, and those that could be seen nestled under their canopy of palms, as if seeking refuge from the fierce sun. Their dusty streets appeared untenanted save for the ever-wheeling flights of pigeons, and the inevitable dogs, and everything had shunned the track of the chariot of the Egyptian sun-god, Ra. Everything but the birds, which — glorying in the heat of the noon-tide — were abroad on their bright eastern wings in endless numbers by "field and flood." Indeed many of the mud-flats, left in mid-stream by the subsidence of the waters, seemed alive with the

noise and movement of feathered habitants, chattering in a thousand different tones — pompous old pelicans snapping their absurd bills in contemptuous disapproval of some silly water-gull's proposition; tall storks and cranes spoiling their dignity of blue-plumed head and neck by standing on one leg with the superfluous one tucked carefully out of the way; surly vultures fanning their wings in the hot sun, and stretching their ugly heads in gorged laziness; ragged kites swooping amongst a motley crowd of ravens; quarreling hawks and eagles, fastidious siksaks, terns, and coots running backwards and forwards over the dry mud, as if in continuous dread of being late for something, and wondering at the calm of ducks and geese who preferred standing stationary in the shallows, whence they in their turn could quack scorn of the spasmodic energy of the terns and their frantic brethren.

But there is an ennui that comes of watching the slow shifting scenes of the banks while the dahabeeah drifts onward with the Nile's current — an ennui that the heat of an Egyptian April day rather heightens than lessens, wherefore I determined to go ashore for a ramble. Our destination for the evening was the small village, El Wasta, some few miles further to the north; so telling my friends that I would rejoin them there, and taking with me my boon companion in all such enterprises, a pretty-faced Syrian boy named Gomah, whose knowledge of a dozen French words and about half that number of English made him a serviceable interpreter with the Arabs, I rowed to the western shore. We chose for a landing-place one of those desert offshoots already mentioned, and consequently had much tiring exercise trudging through the soft sand till the borders of the neighboring fields were reached. Here and there we passed a solitary palm or dwarfed cluster of sontrees, and occasionally our steps would lead us by some dry-mud hollow, startling the repose of some white ibis, or the meditations of the ubiquitous gray-headed crow.

We had wandered thus by a long circuit inland when, emerging again on the river, we sighted a small village half-hidden amongst its tall palms, and too insignificant on the map of the world to bear the dignity of a name. Between us and its small cluster of huts was a field of tall clover, by the borders of which were playing about some young goats too intent on their gamboling to notice how closely they were being watched by the keen eyes of an eagle perched on a mound amongst the fodder. This bird I endeavored to stalk by performing the somewhat tiring feat of crawling through the tall clover with my gun under me, and, successfully getting within range, brought him toppling down from his high pinnacle. The subsequent results, however, were very unexpected. No sooner had I risen to my feet than all the village dogs set on me, and commenced howling in most

atrocious unison, with the decided intention of resisting my unbidden presence in their domains. Happily these were soon silenced by a native woman passing at the moment, whose authority they were in nowise anxious to resent. One old yellow cur, however, dissatisfied perhaps with the peaceful turn things had taken, climbed one of the mud huts and from that stronghold of safety gave vent to most persistent growls.

Several of the men and boys now issued forth from the narrow lanes of the village, and, after the formalities of salutation had been interchanged, commenced examining my gun. They seemed greatly pleased with its appearance, but flatly refused to believe in its powers until convinced by actual experiment.

While we were thus chatting the shaykh of the village had joined us unperceived and now coming forward, with many salutations asked me to visit his house. This I readily assented to as well from a desire to talk with this gray-bearded old lion in his den, as from the necessities of Eastern courtesy.

So escorted by some of the Arabs carrying their long staves of wood or "nebuts," we passed on down the tortuous alleys of this animated dust-heap, by tumbling hut, and dusty square, by the village pond — half-dried with the summer heat, and from the margin of which two or three palms reared their feathered heads, until the party came to a standstill before a mud-hut, somewhat larger, perhaps, than its surrounding neighbors, but not a whit less simple or ruinous.

Mud-built, with a low door and two small windows, it had little to boast of grandeur, except a coat of whitewash which sadly needed renewing. Like its fellows it was crowned with many white and gray jars sunk into the muddy composition of the building, wherein a multitude of pigeons found habitation; while every nook and corner round about these earthen pigeon-homes was fitted with branches of sont or other wood to serve as perches for them. Over the doorway was let into the mud of the lintel the customary broken saucer to guard against and absorb the harmful intentions of those possessed of the "evil-eye," and having duly gazed thereon we were bid enter this unpretentious "home" of the village shaykh.

The bright glare of the sun streaming in through the empty doorway lent a sort of twilight to the interior of the hut sufficient to distinguish objects clearly by. It was a large room — that is large as things-Egyptian go — roofed with split palm logs intertwined with their leaves, and its floor, like the walls, bare mud save for the kind carpeting of sand which some windy day had carried thither. On two sides of the room a couple of earthen "divans" faced each other, and in the far corner was a large kulleh in which the grain provisions of the family were doubtless stored, but other furniture there was none. In the wall oppo-

site the entrance, the dark shadow of another doorway showed in contrast against the brown surroundings, but whether it led into the intricacies of the shaykh's domestic household, or out into some village lane, was wrapped in the secrecy of its own gloom.

In the centre of this square swallow's nest sort of habitation the shaykh, myself, Gomah and some half-dozen elders of the village had seated ourselves on the floor in a circle, and the inevitable cigarettes and coffee were handed round. Over these we discussed, more or less satisfactorily considering the extremely limited linguistic powers possessed by myself, Gomah and the company, various topics until the dinner hour of our aged host arrived.

I had hoped to have escaped this ordeal, but the laws of courtesy forbade any retreat. Moreover I had some ambition to witness the ordinary dinner of an Arab household, and this taking "pot-luck" with a shaykh was a chance too excellent to be missed. The arrangements were admirably simple, and charmingly well fitted to the general convenience. In the centre of our circle an Arab boy first placed a three-legged-stool affair on which he proceeded to balance a large circular tray, big enough to hold dinner for twice the number of guests present. In the middle of this improvised table he next placed an enormous bowl of boiled beans—a veritable vegetable Goliath, steaming and of decidedly savory odor—which he then surrounded with sundry small saucers containing butter, sour milk, cream, caraway seeds, and an infinitude of a peculiar kind of brown bread, which is happily only to be found in the land of Pharaohs and Ptolemies. By the side of each person was placed a small kulleh of water, and now the feast was ready.

Though I had attended at something of the same sort before in Egypt I did not feel quite confident of the *modus operandi* to be followed here. Believing that possibly local customs might differ I concluded the wiser course would be to await events and see how my neighbors managed, so that I might adopt their method as my own. But alas! Arab politeness was too rigid to allow me to carry out my desire, and from the general delay it was evident that I was expected to lead off the revels.

Accordingly putting a bold face on my doubts I broke off a piece of the bread, dipped it first into the cream (for the excellent reason that that particular saucer was nearest) then into the milk and anything that came handy and—purposely forgetting that awful mountain of beans—tried to look happy while I overcame the difficulties of the unsavory morsel. Apparently my attempts at guessing the method in vogue were not wholly unsuccessful, or the manners of my fellow guests were too good to allow me to think otherwise, and with this debüt away all started at eating.

And how they did eat! To judge by the appetites being displayed around me there had not been any food distributed in the village for many a long day. Into that fast diminishing mound of beans hands were plunging each moment, bread was being broken and dipped into all the smaller saucers seemingly indiscriminately, and water ever carried to the well-nigh choked lips.

In the midst of all this I saw, with much expectant horror, the shaykh arrange on a small piece of bread a choice (to him) assortment of beans, butter, cream, and all the strange ingredients of the meal. Too well I knew what that mistaken courtesy boded for me, and as its maker leant invitingly forward, I had perforce to allow the old dusky rascal to pop the undesirable morsel with all its hideous unpalatableness into my mouth. When I had duly recovered the effects of this moment, the tragedy had, of course, to be re-enacted on my own part. Calling into play therefore all my lost memories of how to feed a young blackbird, I concocted the counterpart of his admixture, and "catching his eye," I—well, reciprocated the compliment.

This incident seemed to end the first part of the entertainment and the despoiled fragments were now taken away to be replaced by a central pile of bread, adorned with similar small saucers, as before, containing milk in various stages of sourness, cream, caraway seeds, and honey. Here again was I expected to give the sign for beginning, and so taking a fragment of bread I dipped it bodily with all the contempt that comes of familiarity into the milk first, which loosened its already very flabby consistency and then into the honey in which it promptly broke off and stuck. This unlucky essay of mine proved too much for the mirthfulness of some of the party, but one burly neighbor, with a gentleness most foreign to his fierce aspect, undertook to show me how to overcome the difficulty. It was very simple and my fault was merely the ordinary one of reversing the order of things. First dipping the bread into the honey my kind instructor then dipped it into the milk and conveyed the result to his spacious mouth. Thus enlightened I did likewise and achieved success, and all set to work again at the edibles before them.

But this course was much less violent than the last, and soon disposed of. When it was over the boy, who had heretofore filled the part of food-bearer, now came round to each guest in turn and poured over their hands water from a pitcher which he carried, holding a bowl underneath meanwhile, and presenting a cloth to each after such ablution. A not unnecessary service, for the absence of knives and forks at dinner may have the advantage of economy, and revert for authority to the primitive days of Eden, but when carried out it is fraught with much that is compromising to the

fingers. Moreover Egyptian honey is no less sticky than that of other lands.

The dinner was now wound up with coffee and cigarettes — not the least pleasing part to me — and a hubbub of chatting. But as the evening shadows were already creeping amongst the palms outside, and El Wasta — my harbor of refuge for the night — was yet some distance off, I begged my kind host's permission to continue my way. His Arab courtesy, however, was not to be hindered even here, and he insisted upon accompanying me to the confines of his village fields, where with many pretty excuses for his years and duties he at last consented to bid me farewell.

He left me to the care of "two of his young men," as he called them — gray-headed old felahs whose years were certainly more than two score — charging them to take me safely to El

Wasta, the palms of which we could see far down the river standing out against the evening sky.

Of the many pleasant mental photographs which I have of travel that simple dinner with my kind shaykh of the unknown village holds a prominent tablet to itself. I had asked him for his ancient and time-worn tobacco-pouch when bidding farewell, that I might have the excuse of giving him mine in exchange, which at least had the advantage to an Eastern eye of plenty of color and bright metal. A fellow traveller whose wanderings have since led him by my steps of that day, tells me that he found the old shaykh still owning that poor gift of mine, and that he keeps strange talismans and Koranic-script in its recesses as an infallible preventive against the dangers of ophthalmia, and to guard against his pigeon homes blowing down.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

XLI.

THE AQUARIUM (*concluded*).

By E. B. GURTON.

MANY fish jump at night, and newts and snails often crawl out of water to the top of the tank, so that a cover of some kind is necessary. Muslin or netting may be tied over the top; but the best and easiest way is to have a piece of wire-netting two inches longer and wider than the aquarium, and then bend the edges down, making a cover like that of a box. This can be easily removed when necessary, and is inexpensive. It should not be painted, for bits of paint might fall off and taint the water.

A hand-net with which to catch the fish, a small net to use about the tank, two or three large-mouthed jars, and a tin pail in which to carry home the fish complete the aquarium outfit.

Trout cannot be kept in an aquarium, even in running water, unless the conducting pipes are of glass or wood, and then they are too delicate to be a source of pleasure.

Pickrel, bass, large perch, and large pout eat the smaller fish, and are too pugnacious to be put in the same tank, and you will do well to exclude them.

The best fish to have are dace, shiners, bream, minnows, suckers, *small* perch, horned-pout, gold fish, and silver fish. Newts and pollywogs make

an interesting addition, but both must not be kept, because the newts eat the tails of the pollywogs, which seldom survive the loss. A jar, stocked with weed and snails, makes a good home for the pollywogs, but the newts need more room.

These newts, or water-lizards, are very easily tamed, and are very interesting, for they change their skins two or three times a year, and careful watching enables one to see the performance. For two or three days before the change the newt is quiet, his colors seem dim, and a slight film may be seen spreading over the body. This film is the old skin, lifting and loosening, and soon the newt begins to pull it with his fore feet, and to rub his tail on the weed or stones. Then he pulls and pulls till the skin cracks throughout its length, and he can draw it off over his head. So beautifully does it come off that the fingers — or toes — may be seen, unbroken, looking like dainty little gloves! But this is not the end. When the skin is entirely off, the newt rolls it up, pats it into a small bunch, and swallows it!

This done the newt is very lively, and the spots on his back and sides are very fresh and bright; but sometimes he is not successful in the operation and then it causes death.

Fifteen or twenty fish, five or six newts, and one or two small tortoises — or turtles, as they are commonly called — make a collection large enough to be interesting, and to this may be added water-beetles, "skaters," and cray-fish, or fresh-water lobsters. Small eels are also interesting.

Fresh-water shrimps and mussels are to be

avoided, as they have a way of hiding and closing their shells when about to die, so that the gases formed by their decomposition have time to escape and taint the water before they are discovered and removed.

Sticklebacks are very curious, but they must be kept alone, for their spines form a dangerous weapon, and one which they are by no means slow to use. These little fish build a nest when breeding-time comes, and the male watches it carefully till the young fish can care for themselves. They are so small that a large jar, such as confectioners use, is large enough for their home.

The best food for fish is live worms; but in winter, when worms are not to be found, raw beef will do very well, with a few bread-crumbs, and small bits of cheese thrown in once in a while. The meat should be sliced thin, and fringed, that the fish may pull it to pieces easily. It is better to suspend the meat by a string from the cover, than to throw it in. It should be put in on alternate days—it would do no harm if a day were skipped—and it should be left in the water for three or four hours. By that time the fish will have eaten enough. When bread or cheese is put in, care should be taken to use but a small quantity, else it will spoil and effect the water.

When worms are fed it is a good rule to supply one worm for each fish, newt, and tortoise, and then add one or two extra ones—not more.

In the season that the snails spawn, less food will be needed, for the fish and newts eat great quantities of snails' eggs.

This spawn appears on the glass or weeds like a bit of colorless jelly full of bubble-like spots. Each spot is an egg and, as it develops, a black speck appears which grows larger till the form of the snail can be distinguished. Generally there are forty or fifty eggs in one bit of spawn, but only a few reach maturity, for the fish and newts eat them greedily.

To keep the plants in good condition the sun must be allowed to shine on them daily, but the water should not become warm—or the fish will die—so that the sunlight must be excluded after a short time. If the water should grow too warm a large piece of ice may be put in, or water may be removed and the tank filled up with ice-water.

If the fish stay at the surface it shows either that the water is not sufficiently aerated, or that it is tainted in some way. In the former case put in more weed; in the latter, remove the dead fish or whatever causes the impurity, take out part of the water and fill the tank with fresh. Should the trouble continue remove three or four fish, and it will probably cease. The great trouble in keeping an aquarium is the temptation to overstock it, for it is difficult to believe that one fish more or less makes any difference.

A sick fish should be taken from the aquarium

to a separate jar as soon as it is noticed. By doing this the fish *may* be cured and the others saved from disease, or from parasites which would kill them.

If the snails do not suffice to keep the glass free from *confervæ*, a nail-brush, covered with two or three thicknesses of cotton cloth, will be of use.

The requisites for a successful aquarium seem to be:

1. Plenty of plants;
2. Plenty of scavengers;
3. Just enough inhabitants;
4. Just enough food;
5. Patient, careful observation.

XLII.

WHAT TO DO IN EMERGENCIES.

BY SUSAN POWER.

WHEN you find what simple means will either prevent or cure the little ills which take the bloom off life, you will “be willing to know something about everything,” as Lord Beaconsfield said one should. You will find nothing more profitable than to know what to do for common ailments and emergencies. Of course somebody will have a fling at you for your “quacking,” in a superior sort of way, but acting on advice of the best physicians is not quacking, and when your father has sent a mile and a half in the middle of the night through the snow for a doctor and found that the raging symptoms which startled the house were only a violent cold to be treated with a dose of hot lemonade and magnesia, your mother probably wishes she had known as much in the first place. When the neighbors chased round town frantically after the doctor for a child that had swallowed a cent and was choking to death, and the old doctor only stood the boy on his head and thumped him on the back till the coin was coughed up, all the folks looked a little foolish to think not one of them knew enough to try such a simple relief before. When the smart people who sneer at quacking come down with a bilious attack or bad cold it is cheering to see how meekly they swallow pills and potions, and submit even to the humiliation of drinking herb tea and wearing onion poultice and mustard drafts.

Johnny goes out on a thawy day without rubbers and plays three hours by the brook with his boots wet through. Result, at least, snuffles for a week to come, perhaps crying a night with earache to the great comfort of the whole house. Possibly an ulcerated sore throat if he isn't taken care of promptly. Or there is a change of weather, and you take cold nobody knows how. A common cold, as you call it, will make one as uncomfortable as a serious illness and is too nearly related to

pneumonia to be treated with neglect. All the vital organs are depressed by loss of their normal heat and the remedy is to restore it, and put them under the stimulus of as high heat as you can bear. Take a hot footbath fifteen minutes long. A hot full bath is better, immersing the body in water comfortably hot at first, and adding boiling water every three or four minutes till it is far hotter at the end of the bath than it was at the beginning. That is a hot bath to do one good, and you need not be afraid of evil consequences after. Dress in dry hot flannels and sit over the register for the next hour or two. Sitting over the register is not called a healthy practice in general, but it is good for a cold. Take a bowl of hot lemonade on going to bed or a spoonful of powdered charcoal to prevent ulcerated sore throat if the breath is bad, following with a dose of senna, rhubarb or other prompt laxative.

For a cold in the head nothing is better than to wear a wet handkerchief between the eyebrows on the bridge of the nose for an hour or two. It stops the snuffles at once.

For sore throat wear a wet cloth, with a dry flannel and neatly folded kerchief over it. When going out anoint the throat with vaseline or sweet oil and wear the kerchief over it.

For scalded throat, not uncommon with young children who seize on food or drink almost boiling hot, give the patient lumps of ice to suck till they are smooth enough to swallow and put a mustard poultice or porous plaster on the chest and throat. For ulcerated throat or diphtheria inhale the smoke of sulphur as strong as the patient can take it with open mouth.

Nose-bleed is nothing to be anxious about, but is of benefit rather, if it doesn't last too long. Put ice on the back of the neck, or pour the coldest water on it. Put cold wet cloths between the eyebrows and on the saddle of the nose. Have the patient hold both arms as high above the head as possible for a length of time, resting them against the wall or door for support.

To get a splinter out of the flesh with least pain, pick for it with a needle at the end farthest in when it can be pressed out where it went in without difficulty.

If pins or bits of glass have been swallowed do not give emetics or purgatives, but have the child take the yolk of eggs boiled hard, lumps of pork fat broiled brown or fat beef which may carry the sharp substance with them. Half a dozen fresh raw eggs may be well taken in such a case.

When one is insensible from a blow or fall, lay him on the back with head low, dash cold water in the face and loosen the clothes, especially round the throat, and let the air blow freely on him. If vomiting occurs, the brain is affected, and the doctor must be called at once.

When an artery is cut, which you know by the

blood coming in quick jets of a bright red, lose no time in tying the tightest ligature you can make between the wound and the heart. A woman cleaning house for my mother broke a pane of glass and cut the artery in the wrist, a dangerous wound. The blood was spirting in full jets six inches high at every pulse, the doctor was three miles away and the woman would bleed to death before any one could possibly bring him. In an instant a school-girl who knew what to do had a handkerchief tied round the wrist above the cut, and a stout pencil twisted in the knot, making a tourniquet which stopped the bleeding in a moment. In such cases the bandage must be very tight, the knot directly on the artery near the wound, and must be kept on till the artery is properly closed by a doctor.

For earache, drop warm carbolated oil in the ear, or bind a hot roast onion over it with flannel, or lay the head on a warm soapstone heater with moist flannel over it and steam the ear. In a bad case, put a mustard plaster on the neck below the ear.

If an insect gets in the ear, fill it with warm sweet oil, then let the oil run out when it will bring the insect with it. If anything else gets in, hold that ear down, and give the other one two or three smart blows which will send the substance out, but don't poke for it, which may injure the ear. If a child puts anything up its nose, give a pinch of snuff to make it sneeze, or put a pair of tweezers or pincers up the nostril, and expand it gently till the substance drops out.

When a speck gets in the eye, open it in a basin of water, and wink many times, or press the lids apart facing a strong breeze and let the speck blow out, or let some one blow strongly in the eye. Either of these methods is better than fingering the eye. Iron or steel may be drawn out by holding a strong magnet close to the lids. If lime-dust gets in the eye, bathe it with lemon juice and warm water for half an hour to neutralize the caustic, or dangerous inflammation may come on.

Stings may be healed by wet baking soda, dilute ammonia, or a plaster of earth on the wound.

Bathe bruises with hot water as the person can bear, and keep hot compresses on. Care is everything in such cases. It is better to bathe a wound for hours and have it heal promptly than to use half-way treatment and have one laid up in pain for days. I have seen a black bruise bathed three hours steadily with water kept hot over the gas, with the satisfaction of keeping down agonizing pain which at first caused faintness, and all the swelling and discoloration were gone next day. Festers, inflammation and swellings of all kinds are eased by pouring very warm water over them or steaming them with wet flannels over hot soapstone or brick. Cold water is not half as good.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SEARCH-QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

VII.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF AUTHORS.

121. What writer who spent vast sums in building one of the most magnificent residences in England, was a man of immense wealth and the author of a famous Oriental tale?

122. What great satirist of the Restoration died in extreme poverty?

123. What poet who died in 1855 at an advanced age was a man of great wealth?

124. What great writer of the eighteenth century remained in constant poverty till after his fiftieth year, but before his death was one of the greatest literary figures in England?

125. What poet of the last century died at eighteen in great poverty?

126. What author wrote a *History of the World* in prison?

127. What Scotch royal poet was held a prisoner in England for nineteen years?

128. Who wrote :

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage?

Name the poem from which the quotation is taken.

129. What famous author was imprisoned in Bedford Jail for twelve years?

130. Why was James Montgomery the poet imprisoned?

131. What noted journalist was imprisoned for libel in 1885?

132. What religious writer going from the prison to the stake thus cried out to his fellow-sufferer? "Play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

133. What noted prose writer was imprisoned and executed in the reign of Henry VIII?

134. What writer was imprisoned in the Tower and there poisoned in the reign of James I?

135. What author when his imprisonment was ended by death at the stake held his right hand in the flames saying that it should suffer first?

136. With what noted literary lady did Pope quarrel?

137. What two literary men did Pope make successively the heroes of his satire called *The Dunciad*?

138. With what famous reviewer did Macaulay quarrel and in what famous Parliamentary debate were they prominent opposing figures?

139. State briefly the nature of the famous Boyle and Bentley controversy.

140. Against what inferior poet was Dryden's satire *Mac-Flecknoe* directed?

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

81. Horace Walpole.

82. Thomas Chatterton.

83. Westminster Abbey.

84. Sir Philip Sidney. At Penshurst Castle Sidney's romance *Arcadia* was written and here Spenser completed his *Shepherd's Calendar*.

85. Rev. Gilbert White. See *White's Natural History of Selborne*.

86. Wm. Shakespeare.

87. Abbotsford was the estate of Sir Walter Scott and is situated on the Tweede River a few miles from Melrose.

88. Jane Austen.

89. Anne Brontë; Mrs. Charlotte [Brontë] Emily Nichols, Brontë.

90. Charles Dickens.

91. Rev. Charles Kingsley.

92. Mary Russell Mitford. Three-Mile Cross where she resided for many years was the locale of *Our Village*.

93. Charles Lamb.

94. John Henry, Cardinal Newman.

95. John Keats, Percy Bysshe Shelley.

96. Thomas Moore.

97. William Wordsworth, Rydal Mount; Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Keswick; Robert Southey, Greta Hall near Keswick; Harriet Martineau, Ambleside; Dr. Thomas Arnold, Fox How; Hartley Coleridge, Grasmere.

98. Alfred Tennyson.

99. Mrs. Elizabeth [Barrett] Browning. Arthur Hugh Clough. Walter Savage Lander.

100. Thomas Carlyle.



PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

(*American Series.*)

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

VIII.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

IT was the unquenchable ambition of Bayard Taylor to be remembered as a poet. How intense was this longing, how steadfastly he labored to produce poems which should endure, how persistent was his determination to do worthy work in this line, is shown in scores of letters to his intimate friends. As he grew older, he put away from him the idea that he must depend at all on his volumes of travel, and constantly spoke of their popularity as something that could not last long, even becoming half disgusted at being called "the great American traveller." Only a few years before his death he wrote to a friend:

"The other day I looked into a volume of my travels published in 1859. Ye gods! what a flip-pant style! I assure you some things made me wince, with a feeling almost like physical pain."

There was no occasion for depreciating himself in this way. You will look long before you find his superior as a writer of books of travel—I am half ready to say you will look in vain, take him all in all. He did not depend on guide-books or on a mass of knowledge acquired in preparation for sight-seeing and, consequently, his letters are remarkably free from the statistics, traditionary lore and historic matter which cumber most works of the kind—greatly to the vexation of soul of the reader. He was an easy and natural writer, and did write well, notwithstanding his unmerciful criticisms of himself; he had the fair sense of proportion which is indispensable, gave variety, and did not dwell too long on any one topic.

More important than all, he was splendidly equipped by nature and temperament to be a traveller. He was strong and enduring, with ardor and buoyancy that nothing could overcome; he had great joy in out-of-door life, and had a craving that would not be put aside to go everywhere and see everything. The spirit of adventure was born in him. Here is what he says of himself as a child:

In looking back to my childhood, I can recall . . . the intensest desire to climb upward . . . and take in a far wider sweep of vision; . . . I remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday the first time this passion was gratified. Looking out of the garret window, on a bright May morning, I discovered a row of slats which had been nailed over the shingles for the convenience of the carpenters in roofing the house, and had not been removed. Here was at last a chance to reach the comb of the steep roof, and take my first look abroad into the world! Not without some trepidation I ventured out, and was soon seated outside of the sharp ridge. Unknown forests, new fields and houses, appeared to my triumphant view. The prospect, though it did not extend more than four miles in any direction, was boundless. Away in the northwest, glimmering through the trees, was a white object, probably the front of a distant barn, but I shouted to the astonished servant girl who had just discovered me from the garden below, "I see the Falls of Niagara!"

You will think of this incident and of the child Bayard in his Pennsylvania home, when you come to some passages in his books, where he stood upon the high places of the world and took in the widest sweep of vision, in his own country, in Africa, in Asia, and in Northern Europe.

A genuine, healthy-natured boy he was, who went fishing by torchlight, gathered lobelia and sumach to provide himself with pocket money, did chores and foddered the cattle at night and then sat down to his beloved books—a few of them his own, bought with money he earned by picking nuts—reading everything he could lay his hands on, but delighting most in travels, which set his imagination wild, as his own have kindled many a boy since; and he had presentiments "amounting to positive belief" that he should one day visit the cities of the Old World that he read of. So he made ideal journeys, and at about fifteen he learned French and Spanish, which came into use a few years later. He tells in one of his sketches how when he was in Spain (it was fourteen years afterwards) he could not speak the language, but after desperate efforts to recover it:

Like Mrs. Dombey with her pain, I felt as if there were Spanish words somewhere in the room, but I could not positively say that I had them. . . . I had taken a carriage for Valldemosa, after a long talk with the proprietor, a most

agreeable fellow, when I suddenly stopped, and exclaimed to myself, "You are talking Spanish, did you know it?" It was even so; as much of the language as I ever knew was suddenly and unaccountably restored to me.

This is but a single instance of the remarkable way he had all his life of packing things away in his mind, which he was always sure of finding when he wanted them. His memory was prodigious, and he would store up materials for future use on some poem he had planned and leave them till the right time came for them to be brought forth.

He taught school, wrote poetry, learned the printer's trade, and at nineteen began the realiza-



BAYARD TAYLOR.

tion of his early dreams by going to Europe, having a small sum of money advanced to him for letters he was to write home for publication. It was a wonderful thing to do, and so his countrymen thought, and when after two years he came back he found himself the hero of the hour. His first book of prose appeared in 1846 and had a great sale — *Views Afoot; or, Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff*.

Three years later, when the discovery of gold in California created such an excitement he was sent out to write letters for the *New York Tribune*; and, notwithstanding so much has since been written

concerning that period, you will probably nowhere else find so accurate a portraiture of the California of '49, and life in the gold diggings as his, taken freshly on the spot, when everything was novel, and a phase of crude, lawless, struggling, frantic life was seen such as will never be witnessed within our borders again. He was all aglow with his subject, and those letters are among the most spirited he ever wrote. He minded nothing about discomforts and hindrances; even over the dreadful journey across the Isthmus which was a terror to emigrants, he says, "I feel fresh enough to turn about and make the trip over again." The scenery of California, the mountain ranges, the deep valleys, the magnificent proportions of the scattered trees, delighted his eye and touched his poetic imagination; and numerous are the passages expressive of his enthusiasm, like this:

The broad oval valleys, shaded by magnificent oaks, and enclosed by the lofty mountains of the Coast Range, open beyond each other like a suite of palace chambers, each charming more than the last.

He spent five months in the midst of that rough, half-savage life, and says:

I lived almost entirely in the open air, sleeping on the ground, with my saddle for a pillow, and sharing the hardships of the gold-diggers, without taking part in their labors.

In a private letter, he writes in this rapturous way:

"It is so delicious to fall asleep with the stars above you—to feel their rays, the last thing, glimmering in your hazy consciousness.

. . . one night . . . I slept, or rather watched, all alone on the top of a mountain with vast plains glimmering in the moonlight below me, and the wolves howling far down the ravines. Was it not a glorious night?"

This record of travel was put into book form in 1850, under the leading title of *El Dorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire*.

His next long journey was to the East, whither he set his face in 1851; and there he went to what he called the "farther East," to India, where, characteristic of the child who wished to climb high and see off, he persisted, though he had scant time, in going to the highest point in the Himalayas which could be reached in the winter season; came home after two years' absence; and three books were the result: *A Journey to Central Africa*, 1854, *The Lands of the Saracens*, 1854, *A Visit to India, China and Japan*, 1855.

Just as before, he adapted himself to circumstances and climate. When on the Nile, he says:

Every day opens with a jubilate, and closes with a thanksgiving. If such a balm and blessing as this life has been to me, thus far, can be felt twice in one's existence, there must be another Nile somewhere in the world. . . . A portion

of the old Egyptian repose seems to be infused in our natures, and lately when I saw my face in a mirror, I thought I saw in its features something of the patience and resignation of the Sphinx.

The Southern letters are rich in coloring and steeped in sunshine, but for spirit, freshness and vigor they cannot compare with those from the North of Europe, where he went in 1856, publishing in the year following a volume called *Northern Travel: Summer and Winter Pictures of Sweden, Denmark and Lapland*.

I wish I could quote liberally from his account of the Thuringian Forest, and tell you how he and his friends went four miles deep into it and supped with the forester, how they piled on the logs "until the flames rose high and red and snapped in the frosty wind," and one of the forester's men "went into the wood for green fir-boughs, which crackled resinously and sent up clouds of brilliant sparks," and by the light of the flashing, sparkling, fragrant firwood they ate the royal meal of sausages and potatoes cooked over the coals there in the open air. It is like Robin Hood and his merry men in the greenwood.

He was determined to see the Polar day without a sun, and about the middle of January, he started from Stockholm, without having been able to find a man who had ever been up there in winter, or one who could tell him what to expect or what to do. Nothing daunted he set out and was gone two months, during which he travelled "nearly twenty-two hundred miles, two hundred and fifty of them by reindeer, and nearly five hundred within the Arctic Circle." Away up at Kantokeino he had his heart's desire, and saw at half-past eleven a red light almost as if the sun was coming up, but a few minutes after high noon it began to fade, and he records that at last, once in his life, he had seen the day which had no sun.

He made such close acquaintance with the Aurora Borealis that he felt he was almost touched by the marvellous presence; he says it changed

and fell in a broad luminous curtain straight downward through the air until its fringed hem swung apparently but a few yards over our heads. This phenomena was so unexpected and startling that for a moment I thought our faces would be touched by the skirts of this glorious auroral drapery. . . . Anything so strange, so capricious, so wonderful, so gloriously beautiful, I scarcely hope to see again.

That he was not much charmed by reindeer travel, you can judge:

Nothing can exceed the coolness with which your deer jumps off the track, slackens his tow-rope, turns around and looks you in the face, as much as to say "what are you going to do about it?" . . . This is particularly pleasant on the marshy table-lands of Lapland, where if he takes a notion to bolt with you, your pulk bounces over the hard tussocks, sheers sideways down the sudden pitches, or swamps itself in beds of loose snow. Harness a frisky sturgeon to

a "dug-out" in a rough sea, and you will have some idea of this method of travelling. While I acknowledge the Providential disposition of things which has given the reindeer to the Lapp, I cannot avoid thanking Heaven that I am not a Lapp, and that I shall never travel again with reindeer.

After seeing Lapps, Finns and Northlanders he was glad to get back to Germany; and after the polar twilight it rejoiced his eyes to see a blue sky and the sun riding high in the heavens, "like a strong, healthy sun again." As he left those Northern solitudes, he writes:

Not the table-land of Pamir in Thibet, the cradle of the Oxus and the Indus, but this lower Lapland terrace is entitled to the designation of the "Roof of the World." We were on the summit, creeping along the mountain rafters and looking southward over her shelving eaves. . . . Here for once, we seemed to look down on the horizon, and I thought of Europe and the Tropics as lying below. Our journey north had been an ascent, but now the world's steep sloped downward before us into sunshine and warm air.

He was indeed a child of the sun. Many a passage like these might be selected from his letters or diaries:

I feel strongest and happiest when I am where the sun can blaze upon me. . . . I am a worshipper of the sun. I took off my hat to him. . . and let him blaze away in my face for a quarter of an hour. . . . The Parsees worship the sun, as the greatest visible manifestation of the Deity; and I assure you I have felt very much inclined to do the same, when he and I were alone in the desert.

He was sensitive, "thin-skinned," as he said, and once he wrote to a friend: "Don't you know that slow moaning and crying of the wind, as if something ached? When it sounds that way I can't work. I long for friends; I think of the blue Mediterranean; I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand—or something else to keep me from sympathizing with all out-of-doors."

But such moods were rare. He was one of the most tireless of workers, never willing to stop to take rest, and he died in his prime of over-work. His brain was always full of plans, which he carried along till the time came to give them shape, and he could have a novel and a long poem in hand, writing every day on both, "prose by daylight, and poetry by night! a new tandem, which I never drove before, but it goes smoothly and well." Whatever he undertook he attacked vigorously, and held to it, no matter what the hindrances, till it was done; and always there stayed by him the conviction that presently he should do something better; that with his enlarged experience and mental discipline he should do himself justice and reach that ideal which was always advancing as he went on, keeping a little way before him but just near enough to allure and encourage.

It is with renewed reverence for the great, loyal, tender and sweet nature of Bayard Taylor that one reads such sentences as these:

The soul must sometimes sweat blood. Nothing great is achieved without the severest discipline of heart and mind; nothing is well done that is done easily.

My ruling passion as an author, is to do something better—to overcome, by hard work and honest study, the disadvantages of early sentimentality and shallowness.

Mere grace of phrase, surface brilliancy, simulated fire, cannot endure: we must build of hewn blocks from the everlasting quarries.

There is not space to do more than indicate the different kinds of work he engaged in; he was editor, newspaper correspondent, lecturer, translator, writer of books of travel, poems, novels and dramas. His translation of *Faust*—an arduous undertaking—is pronounced a master-piece, the best in verse in the English language. He succeeded in more departments than any other man of letters in this country; and no other ever labored so incessantly accomplishing so much in the same time. His first book (poetry) was published when he was nineteen, and he died at fifty-three; in those intervening thirty-four years he had written no less than thirty-seven volumes.

I have directed your attention to his books of travel almost to the exclusion of the others, for reasons which you will understand, and because an interest in such adventures is to be encouraged; everything that enlarges the boundaries of your thought, while giving you a pure and healthful pleasure and an added zest to life, is worth knowing, is worth reading; and, though I have told you nothing new, perhaps you may be stimulated to a study of the peculiarities and scenes of other countries.

I wish I could dwell upon his love of animals, his love of home, and speak at length of his stories. It was always a great pleasure to him when he struck a new vein, as when the idea of writing a novel came to him, and he constructed the plot of *Hannah Thurston*, and set to work enthusiastically, following it up eventually by three others. He also wrote shorter stories, depicting the gentle kind of life in his own Quaker neighborhood, with sweet, modest Quaker maidens, like Asenath in "Friend Eli's Daughter." Again he hit upon a happy thought in his "Home Ballads" or Pastorals, starting off with "The Quaker Widow," which he said popped into his head one day, and with which he was as much pleased as a child with a new toy. His home feeling and local attachments were strong. Pennsylvania was the State of his birth, and had been the dwelling-place of his kin since the days of William Penn. He knew the men and women of his beloved Chester County and all their ways, so that those "Pastorals" are warm and mellow with human love and experiences.

Bayard Taylor was born at Kennett Square in that beautiful county, on January 11, 1825, and it was in that neighborhood more than thirty years later that he built his new home, Cedarcroft, the

home of his dreams, just as he had long hoped to, just where his heart's desire was:

But when I build a house, I thought, I shall build it upon the ridge, with a high steeple from the top of which I can see far and wide.

And when at last he had it, he writes:

While I live, I trust I shall have my trees, my peaceful, idyllic landscape, my free country life at least half the year, and while I possess so much, with the ties out of which all this has grown, I shall own one hundred thousand shares in the Bank of Contentment.

There he lived delightfully, most happily—the ideal life come true—for a time exercising magnificent hospitality, on a scale with his warm and generous nature, throwing wide his doors for guests who came at will, and it seemed as if the fairies who wait on the doers of good deeds had nothing but kindness in store for him. His rare qualities were appreciated by the friends who were drawn to him in no common degree, and who, while they loved him, admired the industry and patience by which he had accomplished so much—this self-educated, hard-working man who was abundantly entitled to all the praise he had won and the success he had achieved.

But reverses came, and with them the necessity of change, increased toil of brain and production of books that should bring in money; and a harassing, wearing anxiety beset him, though his fortitude and hope never failed. In 1878 he was sent as our minister to Germany—and *such* a send-off! He was banqueted by his literary associates, his German fellow-citizens made addresses, sung songs, and their bands played, and they nearly went wild over his appointment. No man ever went from his native land so cheered on and with such happy auguries as he.

Just as everything was beginning to brighten, and he was preparing to settle to his official duties and a literary task he anticipated great pleasure in, he died at Berlin, on October 19 of that same year.

The beautiful testimony of his friends was in newspapers all over the country, telling what a charm there was about him, how frank and sweet-tempered and generous he was, how true and honorable, how high his aims, what a delightful companion, how faithful in his attachment, how earnest in his work; and poets who had loved him put their sorrow into verse.

You will remember Longfellow's lines:

Traveller! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast aerial space
Shines the light upon thy face?

In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

And the questioning of Aldrich :

What unknown way is this that he has gone,
Our Bayard, in such silence and alone?
What new, strange quest has tempted him once more
To leave us?

NOTE.—He wrote *Views Afoot; or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff*; *El Dorado; or Adventures in the Path of Empire*; *A Journey to Central Africa*; *The Lands of the Saracens*; *A Visit to India, China and Japan*; *Northern Travel*; *Summer and Winter Pictures of Sweden, Denmark*

and Lapland; *Travels in Greece and Russia*; *At Home and Abroad*; *Colorado, a Summer Trip*; *Byways of Europe*; *Travels in Arabia*; *Egypt and Iceland* (all of which you should read in connection with the Biography and in Chronological order); a book for young people called *The Boys of other Countries*; a collection of stories entitled *Beauty and the Beast*; and *Tales of Home*; also the four novels, *Hannah Thurston*, *John Godfrey's Fortunes*, *The Story of Kennett*, *Joseph and his Friend*. The list includes also many volumes of poetry, drama, translation and compilations. The biography which has for title *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor*, edited by Marie Hansen-Taylor and Horace E. Scudder, is in two volumes, and of great interest.

MY GARDEN PETS.

BY MARY TREAT.

VIII.

THE PAPER-MAKERS.

IN my garden are many colonies of paper-making, social wasps, belonging to the genus *Polistes*. A few years ago I passed these interesting people with only a glance of recognition, in fact with some aversion and some fear. But upon making their acquaintance, and after closely observing their habits, I am surprised to find them quiet and peaceful in disposition—never stinging unless provoked by our carelessness, or when wrought into fury by the downright warfare which human beings are continually waging against all creeping things. In fact there are several species of paper-making *Polistes* which may be quite easily tamed.

In the warm days of early spring, the queen wasp, who has hibernated during the winter in some snug quarter—selects a place to build her nest where she safely can rear her offspring. For a few weeks she leads a busy life; she is builder, nurse and purveyor. The first cells she makes are to hold the baby wasps, which do not look at all like the mother when first hatched. They are tiny bits of white things—one in the bottom of each cell. But they grow fast, and in a few days they are so big and so fat that they nearly fill the cells.

When full-grown they refuse to eat longer. Soon after, they wrap themselves in silken cocoons, and the mother seals them in by putting a thin paper cap over each cell. And now they are as still as if dead. But a wonderful and rapid change is going on in each white worm-like wasp-baby.

In six or eight days the little one cuts through the paper cap, and leaves its swaddling-clothes be-

hind, and comes out a full-fledged wasp, wing, sting and all. Loyal and filial to its queen-mother, it at once goes to work to assist in preparing and providing for future members of the household. As among honey-bees and ants, the great majority of wasps are workers; and now the queen depends upon her working children to manufacture the paper and make the cells and feed the young, while she has a resting spell.

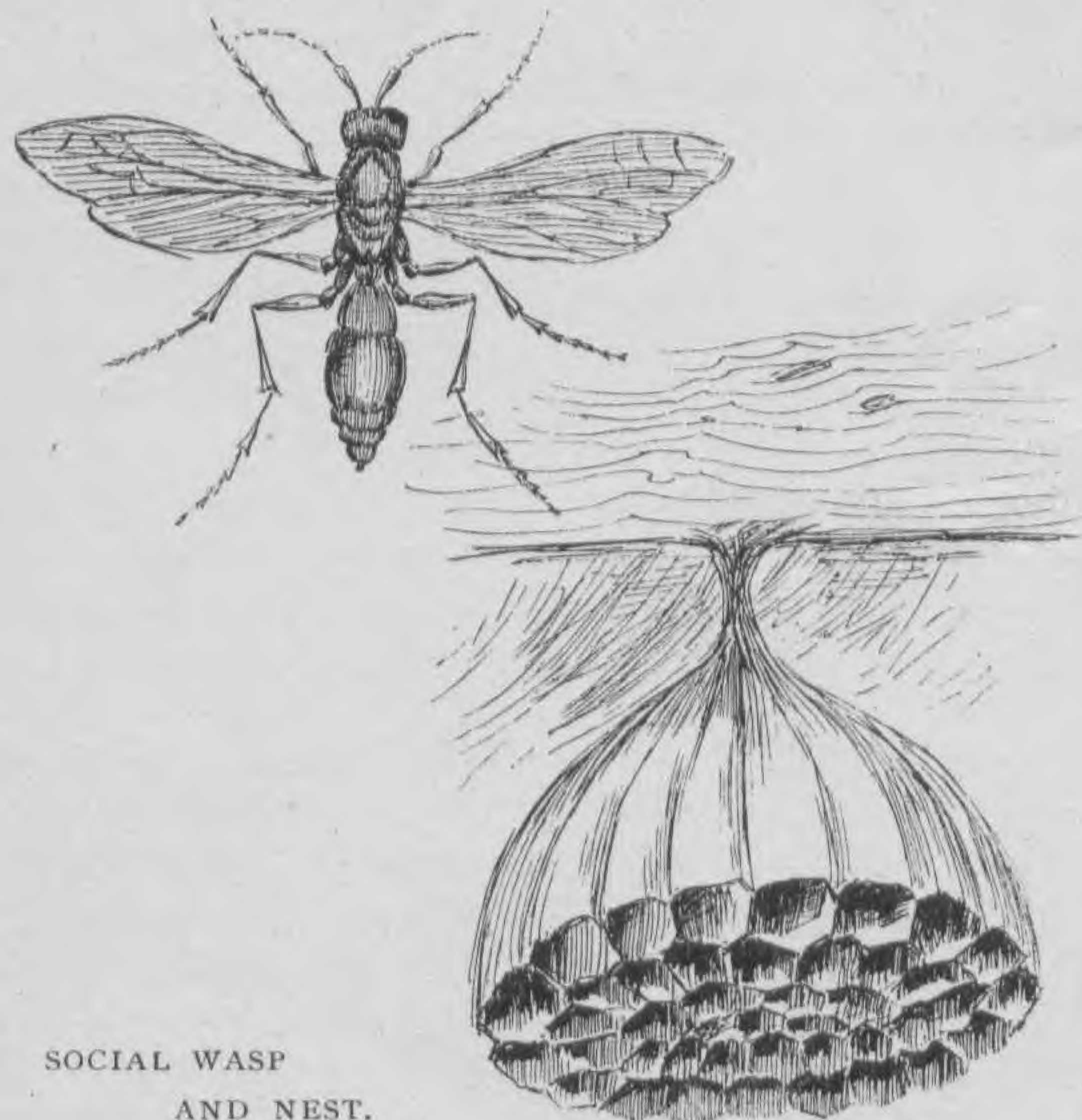
After this first brood, she remains quietly at home, apparently inspecting the work and giving directions, and depositing eggs in the newly-made cells—new workers are constantly added, cells multiply, and the home-nest grows rapidly.

Late in summer I noticed several cells that were larger than the rest. These, I have found, held the future queens. After this brood comes out, the colony disperse, and the nest is forsaken.

The workers and males die when the cold weather comes on, but the young queens live through the winter and found new colonies the following spring.

During the past summer I experimented with two colonies of these wasps. One of the nests I hung beneath a garden-seat in the menagerie. The other was located at one side and beneath the edge of the doorsteps. I treated the two colonies with the most marked difference—one with all gentleness and kindness, feeding and petting them; the other, in the menagerie, I often harshly annoyed, but was careful not to hurt them. I threw the seat over several times, causing the nest to lie sidewise. At first the wasps were greatly confused; and as they did not comprehend that I was the author of the mischief, I could stay near them and watch their behavior. They seemed greatly concerned to find their foster-babies in such a position, and apparently tried to put them in a more comfortable posture. After watching

them awhile I would replace the seat, and the next day repeat the experiment; and at last it began to dawn upon them that I was the enemy. They now watched me closely; one was constantly stationed outside on the seat, and evidently told the rest when I was approaching, for out they would



SOCIAL WASP
AND NEST.

come and fly around me, hitting my dress and driving me back. They became so cross that I could not go near the seat without danger of being stung, and finally I was compelled to be very careful about even entering the enclosure. About this time I went away from home and was gone two or three weeks, and when I returned they no longer flew at me; but I could not get their confidence—they would allow no intimacy and ever after behaved "very waspish" toward me.

The other colony were always glad to see me; I generally gave them a piece of juicy fruit sprinkled with sugar, and they came to look upon me as a benefactor who brought them sweeter things than they could find in the orchard or garden. They never manifested a disposition to sting me. I had trained them from the first with the utmost care, never made any quick movements around them, and was careful not to breathe upon them, as I have noticed that bees and the hymenoptera generally, do not like to be breathed upon. I sometimes sat near the nest without any food for them, when they would flit all around me in an inquiring way, as if asking for the sweet repast.

Another colony of these wasps were hung above the door, beneath an outdoor casing. As the door was not much used except by myself, I let the nest remain until there were ten or twelve wasps, and now fearing that some one might unwittingly disturb them and suffer the consequences,

I resolved to try the experiment of moving the nest. I took it down and gently shook off the wasps, tied a string around the pedicel or stem by which it had been hung, and a friend mounted a step-ladder and drove a nail beneath the projecting casing over a window and hung the nest upon it, about six feet distant from its original place. It was tied so securely to the nail that it could not be moved by the wind. Neither of us were stung, and the wasps soon found the nest and went on with their work apparently as contented as before.

But the greatest display of wasp intelligence I ever saw manifested was by a queen in early spring. A little earthen bird-house was fastened under the eaves in the rear of the house and she selected this snug retreat as a fitting place to rear the future colony.

She had commenced work when a pair of blue-birds disputed her right to the house. The queen is necessarily absent much of the time scraping weather-beaten boards or posts to get material to make her paper cells, and during her absences the birds were busily at work carrying in material for their nest. But I soon heard them making a plaintive noise. They stood on the edge of the roof, the female with her mouth full of straws, and whenever she attempted to go to the house the wasp would dart toward her and drive her back. But this state of affairs could not last long. The queen must go on with her work, and no sooner was she gone than the birds recommenced the building, and were fast filling up the house. And now this wise queen went to other queens—who probably had not yet commenced work as it was in April—and made them understand the dilemma she was in, and five sisters came to her aid and remained on the outside of the little house, while she went to and fro on her journeys, and each time the birds came near they would dart at them. This continued until the birds were driven from the field and obliged to take another house. And now the five queens disappeared, leaving their sister in peaceful possession of the property.

The largest and most noted paper-manufacturer among the hymenoptera in this country is *Vespa maculata*, or the white-faced hornet.

Last summer one of its great establishment was located on a pear tree not far from the house. When completed it was a foot and a half in length, and about fourteen inches in diameter. Queen *Vespa*, like Queen *Polistes*, starts this great palace unaided and alone. She begins by attaching a firm paper footstalk to a twig or small limb, and then she starts two or three cells at its base depositing an egg in each, and making a paper cover to enclose the cells. After that we can no longer see the inside work, but we can observe the progress from the outside and watch her manufacture the paper. At first the nest progresses slowly; but as soon as the first workers issue from the

cells there is plainly a daily increase in its size. By July there are several hundred busy workers. Some are nurses of the establishment, on a constant lookout for flies which they capture to feed the young. They cut off the heads, wings and legs, carrying into the nest only the juicy plump body of the fly.

Queen Vespa and all her great throng of working subjects are noted for their irascible tempers. But what wonder is it that they are easily stirred to warfare when we consider that ever since the memory of man their beautiful and cunningly constructed palace has been a target for boys and thoughtless men, until an hereditary hatred of mankind must have been developed! My persecution of the colony of *Polistes* convinced me that those usually peaceful wasps could also be made resentful and irritable.

I always approached Queen Vespa's castle with the utmost caution and respect. She had never directed her subjects to attack me, but still I felt a little uneasy when one came toward me. Her manufacturing establishments—posts and weather-beaten boards—were scattered all around, and her army of workers were making paper; and one day I suffered the consequences of unwittingly provoking one to assault me. In the rear of the barn is a shed over which I was training honeysuckles, and I noticed that one of the vines had become loosened from a post and I was trying to replace it, when a hornet dashed under my hat. I quickly took the hat off and tried to beat the creature back, but it was too swift for me and stung me severely on the head. The gardener, who had often recommended various means of destroying the colony, greeted me with, "I knowed them pesky things would sting some of us 'fore the summer was over." I replied, "It was all my own carelessness; I ought to have seen that this was one of their factories. Let the punishment rest where it belongs." After the pain subsided I returned to the post, and found that it had been scraped almost its entire length showing the fresh wood as if it had been planed.

In the fall after the nest was forsaken I took it down and removed layer upon layer of the thin almost transparent paper which covered the great clusters of cells. The paper is tinted and beautifully variegated with three distinct shades of gray, also white and a reddish color, and the various colors are arranged in long narrow stripes often beautifully blending. On reaching the cells I found three tiers; the largest cluster is about nine inches in diameter. The second tier was hung from the first by stout paper pillars, and this cluster is seven inches in diameter.

When new cells were made the paper coverings were cut away, and this had been done very many times. Probably the paper had been remasticated into cells, or into the new larger coverings. Out

of all the vast number of cells, there were only twenty-three large ones which had contained young queens. The rest had been occupied by workers and a few males which, as with *Polistes*, perish in the autumn; only the young queens live through the winter to perpetuate the race the next season.

Many solitary wasps make mud houses for their young, consisting of several apartments or cells. When a cell is made the mother wasp leaves an egg at the bottom, and then goes off on a hunting expedition. Her game is a kind of small caterpillar which she stings and paralyzes. She also injects some powerful fluid into each victim which preserves the meat fresh and sweet until it is devoured by the baby wasps. Another species stores its cells with a particular kind of small spider which is the only food suited to the taste of the young epicures. The cells are then sealed up and the mother pays no further attention to them.

Other species make oval nests of mud fastened around the stems of hard-wood plants; one kind fills its cells with canker-worms.

A large number of wood wasps tunnel the stems of plants—like elder and other pithy shrubs—and store these cells with various kinds of insects—some with flies, others with caterpillars or spiders, each according to its habit, so that we can often



VESPA MACULATA AND NEST.

tell the species of wasp that has done the work by inspecting the store of provision she has left for her young. Some of the mud-builders remain in the chrysalis stage all winter, and come out as wasps the next spring. These solitary wasps are not so high in the scale of intelligence as the society wasps which feed and tend their young like birds.

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.

(Foreign Series.)

BY MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

VIII.

AMERICAN MIDSHIPMEN AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

THIS chapter is especially for boys. There are no longer "midshipmen" in our Navy; the name so full of meaning, so associated with gay, healthy, honest mischief — and courage and pluck too — is abolished, and so my souvenir of certain youngsters and their young doings belongs with other past and pleasant times. But there will never be an end to the boys who seem to be born web-footed; who wear out volumes of *Tales of the Sea*, and *One Thousand Stories of Peril of Shipwreck and Escape*; whose sisters read to them again and again not only Robinson Crusoe (of course R. C. leads), but Marryatt and Cooper; who find comfort in trying times of discipline by planning to run away to sea (to be free!) or who resolutely go into sea-life and find it fascinating while they feel too its loneliness, its separations and its many discomforts. Still they go. And many feel that is their most congenial life.

I comprehend them, and when I came as nigh as my disability in being a woman permitted, and found myself represented by a "web-footed" youngster at the Naval Academy, it became a real enjoyment to me to go often to Annapolis; to share their ups and downs of Academy life, to say a good word for them when they were in trouble with the higher powers, and take nice girls to their "hops," and in many ways have part in their lives; for I was soon voted to be the "class-mother."

Very healthy energetic boys have such trying overflow of vitality that often from six to eighteen the finest boys have no friend but their mother. (I knew "how it was myself," you see, for I was called "Tom-boy," and never had an untorn dress in my very young time.)

So I understood boy-nature and knew that whatever was open and only the natural outcome of strength and will and courage and fun would come out all right when it settled into working channels.

For the four years of the course I was constantly at Annapolis, and if I gave pleasure I received full as much in the honest affection they gave me, and the amusement they gave also.

One day the Secretary of the Navy came down while I was on a visit to the officer in command there — Admiral Porter, the distinguished son of a famous father. It was an old friendship between

our families and then ourselves. And Admiral Porter had saved my life eighteen years before this San Francisco-born midshipman came under his care. When any one does you a great service they like *you*. The proverb says "Save a man's life and he will be your enemy" — perhaps being a woman makes it work the other way, for it is certainly a fast friendship all round with us; and it was in every way an advantage to know my son had such an example and such kind good-will over him. Of course the unbending severe rules could not be relaxed, but Admiral Porter had a happy way of noticing and encouraging openly, while his equally just reproofs were made quietly, and every chance opened for return to good conduct. He was in all ways admirable over young men and boys.

It was a good deal to do to differ with him, for he knew all sides of their Academy business. But the Secretary, Mr. Borie, and myself did differ from the Admiral as to the annual practice-cruise. Mr. Borie, being half French, thought it well the young people should see France and not repeat year after year the same cruise to Madeira or along our northeast coast.

As I was just going to Paris I eagerly supported Mr. Borie. The Admiral set out the objections — that the young gentlemen (that is the correct expression) would get into mischief, make trouble with authorities and spend all their money foolishly, etc., etc. Brest and Cherbourg were bad enough, but PARIS! to let them go there! Impossible. All the same the order was issued from the Navy Department and the rolling old *Savannah* carried off her crowd of midshipmen for Cherbourg and Paris.

And to Paris they came. A hundred and twenty-nine as creditable young Americans as national pride could wish. Their steady exercises, their trained and disciplined lives, and their perfect decorum and exquisite neatness made them exceptional lads. For they ranged from fifteen to twenty, and really that *is* young.

Three of the number, who spoke French and who had also their families just then in Paris, were sent ahead to carry out the arrangements for the rest. They came up from Cherbourg in great spirits. An unusually stormy passage and an old rolling tub of a ship had kept them long out; and for the concluding eight days they were wet and tired and hungry, as it was nearly impossible to

cook. And remember this was a "practice-cruise" and the young gentlemen did regular seaman duty which increased painfully that fine appetite which is one of the characteristics of a midshipman.

So when the first refreshment station was reached they scornfully rejected what the guard brought them in answer to their order for chicken, bread and grapes. No "half"-chickens for them! No indeed. There, and at each of the three stations, these youngsters had each a whole chicken and bread and grapes in proportion, and I can answer for my midshipman being hungry still for two days. And they left at each station the order to have the same-sized ration ready for each of the large number who were to follow next day. Imagine the astonishment and delight of such an order in frugal France.

We were only at a hotel, but had with us one of our old servants who knew this lad when he was a baby and had often comforted him with a lump of sugar after his falls on the slippery parquetté floors which do not favor a baby's attempts to walk.

François put his best skill and energies at the disposal of my son's young friends who were asked by us to make our rooms their headquarters. All day long the dining-room was kept in freshly supplied condition for them. Their favorite cold chicken, with many another "shore" delicacy, was there ready in unfailing supply.

That they should all prefer syrups and seltzer-water when there was wine and claret was a wonder to the butler. Also they did not smoke — some because they did not like it — all because it was against the regulations. It was one of many proofs they gave of being on honor. This visit to Paris was strongly disapproved of by the Admiral, and the young gentlemen felt more than ever bound to give him no cause for regret that they had this pleasure.

We had made a little programme for them — as many as chose to come. It is not etiquette for the older classes to go with the fourth or youngest class to which my son belonged, so only about twenty were his guests. Landaus took these to visit the palaces and the Jardin des Plantes with its collection of animals; and for a drive through the Bois de Boulogne, with François guiding and attending to everything. At intervals they came back and "had some refreshment." In the evening the General and myself took them to the brightest and gayest spot in Paris — the Palais Royal — where they were so openly admired and looked after that they had a bashful feeling as they sat taking ices at little tables under the trees, and gladly retreated into a shop where each man of them bought a cane! Except an umbrella, the most useless thing possible on shipboard. The shopman was amused, and delighted too, asking us if *ces jeunes militaires* were English? Proudly we said, "No, AMERICAINS!"

and their fine modest manners and hearty boyishness joined to their remarkably fine appearance might well astonish people unused to such a wholesome combination.

It was June and warm. They wore the summer uniform; blue jacket with white duck trousers and cap, and moved with the elastic grace and precision of high health and drilled muscles.

The General wanted them each to choose a little souvenir from us at one of the pretty shops, and their simplicity of tastes pleased us. One chose an ivory pocket-book with smooth rounded sides "because it looked so like a cake of almond soap." He is a prosperous married man now and shows me occasionally his "cake of soap," for my young people have remained friends with me.

They were to have but two full days, not counting the arriving and departing. Those with families to answer for them were to have a full week.

I gave myself the pleasure of taking them to the Tomb of Napoleon — a military Mecca — and after, to Versailles where one of my family had a chateau with lovely grounds, and had ready for them a croquet party and *girls*! Girls being pre-eminently the highest of "shore" delights.

Punctually at noon our string of carriages was waiting for the gates of the Invalides to open. One lad, from Missouri, who was in my carriage broke into a chuckling laugh. "I say, Jack, what fun this is! It makes me laugh to see that bald-headed old fellow (François the dignified butler) going round with that velvet bag and paying everything, and we just having the fun of it." But as the sentries opened the gates, the military atmosphere told on them all. No more jokes or larking. They fell into ranks, and the couples of handsome tall lads in faultless blue and white uniform stepped as if on parade, their light graceful movement pleasing every soldier eye that saw them. The sentries saluted them. And before we were well on our way through the building the rumor of something unusual in visitors had reached the upper authorities, and an official came to me to say certain rooms and trophies not open to ordinary visitors would be opened to "les messieurs militaires." When in crossing the courts, or in the halls my young people had met one of the Invalides — old, hobbling, mutilated — it was no formal salute they made, but, with a right instinct of honor to duty well done in great days, they wheeled in line and lifted their caps.

At the Tomb itself their bared heads, their respectful manner and correct military attitude, I could see, gratified to the highest our special official, and the old soldiers always on guard there.

It is a most fitting place for the great soldier to lie. Under that lofty gilded dome among the survivors of the wars that shook all Europe.

From there we were escorted through the whole

building and into its reserved rooms usually opened only to great dignitaries.

How proudly I answered that they were "American" you may imagine. It was a thorough surprise to the upper officials, who met and showed us models and charts and lots of things the young men were charmed with and proved by their intelligent remarks they were up to it all; they had no such idea of Young America. "*Ils ont l'air des Princes*," they said to me.

What François had been saying below I could only guess, but "*Madame la Presidente*" was the smallest title given me.

An invitation to the mess-room of the old soldiers waited the midshipmen, who drank with them some iced coffee and water with a touch of brandy — "*mazagrín*" is the name, and, as one of the boys said to me, "sure as green apples to double you up."

Leaving a present to these old souls whose bodies are only comforted by tobacco and such drinks as regulations allow, we came away as pleased as we left them — and I, just too pleased and proud of my fine young countrymen.

From Portsmouth (England) their commander, Captain Harrison, wrote me that he knew it would gratify me to learn what the Prefect of the Seine (the same as our Mayor) had written him; and a copy of the letter was enclosed.

It was to the effect that knowing of the intended

visit (by telegram from the authorities at Cherbourg) and fearing trouble from the presence of so great a number of such young officers released from the restraints of ship life, he had detailed an extra force of police to watch them, and be of use to them, and prevent disagreeable consequences.

That he had the great pleasure to report that *not one instance of disturbance, or infraction of law* had occurred.

That he made his sincere compliments to the commanding officer on having such a body of young men in his charge.

Of the fun these youngsters had by the way — of the visit to Giroux's, the great toy-warehouse, where a doll was to be chosen, in committee, for a pet little girl; and where their gayety and fresh enjoyment of the mechanical boat crews and Robinson Crusoe out walking with his cat roused the whole place; of the embarking for Cherbourg and the guard's astonishment after locking each carriage when it is full, as is their rule, to see the men he had locked in pop through the windows and form in square in front of him, jabbering and gesticulating and pretending anger at being locked up — of all this, and the scene of laughing and general fun in which they finally went off with hearty American three cheers — there is not space to tell. But when I meet any of "my squad" they are sure to recur to that jolly good time in Paris.

SOME ITALIAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

VIII.

TACITUS, THE HISTORIAN.

ONE day in Rome during the reign of the Emperor Domitian, a stranger and a citizen sat side by side watching a gladiatorial contest in the circus. Tired of the brutal show, the neighbors entered into conversation and discussed literary topics until the entertainment was at an end. When they rose to leave the theatre, the stranger asked:

"Are you a Roman or a provincial?"

"You are acquainted with me, and by my pursuits," was the reply.

"Are you, then, Tacitus or Pliny?"

It was Tacitus; and his intimate friend Pliny to whom he told the incident, delighted in pointing to this recognition of Tacitus and himself as the preëminent literary men of the age.

Sometime during the dark reign of Nero, probably 51-54 A. D., Caius Cornelius Tacitus was born in a little village of Umbria. He was fortunate in having virtuous and loving parents — too rarely found in those days — who protected him from the dangers in which the degenerate society of the time abounded. Never was the influence of a pure home needed more than in the days of Nero.

It is probable that Tacitus was educated at Rome, and that he studied under the eminent rhetorician Quintilian. The young man showed great promise in the profession he had chosen — the law, and under the two emperors, Vespasian and Titus, he was given rapid political preferment.

It was about this time that Tacitus became associated with the lawyer and soldier, Agricola, whose life he has given us in the biography known as the *Agricola*. Agricola was a man of culture, an able jurist and, as events proved, a remarkable general. Meeting Tacitus often in the law courts

he admired the young man and, as a mark of esteem, gave him his daughter in marriage. We are not told whether Tacitus had expressed any preference for the young lady or whether it was merely a bit of spontaneous generosity on the part of the father. However, from Tacitus' letters we may feel assured that the marriage was a happy one.

When Domitian came into power Tacitus wisely abandoned political life which the jealous and suspicious character of the emperor made a dangerous career, and confined himself to the practice of his profession. It is said that he wrote a joke-book which pleased the emperor exceedingly. It seems hard to imagine the dignified and rather melancholy lawyer the author of a sort of comic almanac.

At the death of Agricola in 93 A. D. Tacitus left Rome for four years, returning while Neva was emperor. Virginius Rufus, a prominent citizen, had just died, and Tacitus was honored with a commission to prepare the funeral oration.

The other important public event of his life was the trial of a provincial governor for dishonesty. The friends, Tacitus and the younger Pliny, were associated in the prosecution which was successful. The two lawyers were publicly thanked by the senate for their services. After this trial Tacitus retired from public life and gave himself entirely to the literary work which he had planned, having already published two books, *The Life of Agricola*, and a *Treatise on the Manners and Morals of the Germans*.

The *Agricola* has special interest for English readers, because the greater part of it is a description of how Agricola, as a commander, extended the conquest of Britain. Agricola, as we know him from his son-in-law's books, was a remarkable man. Living in a time when to have a conscience was folly, and to obey it danger, we find him upright, honest and pure, faithful to an emperor who was a stranger and an enemy to virtue. After an early life of study, practice at the bar, and service in the army, in all of which spheres he distinguished himself, Agricola was appointed by Vespasian pro-consul of Britain in the year 78 A. D. The new pro-consul entered his province late in the summer and found his troops already settled in winter quarters. This was not Agricola's idea of a campaign, and the grumbling soldiers were made ready for service in short order.

The first battle ended in a victory for the Romans, and this success was rapidly followed by an attack on the island of Mona (now Anglesey). Agricola selected the best swimmers from his British auxiliaries and, with experienced guides, crossed the shallow water from the shore to the island. The inhabitants, who were expecting an attack from a fleet, were taken unawares and defeated.

The next spring the pro-consul pushed north-

ward acquiring territory gradually, and protecting it by stretching a line of forts and walls from one side of the island to the other. Roads were built so that the troops could be moved rapidly from one point to another. At last he reached the Firth of Forth, which was really the northern limit of his conquest although he did push a little way into the country beyond the Firth. For the latter expedition Agricola constructed a fleet which furnished him supplies. It is said that with this fleet Agricola was the first man to circumnavigate the British Isles, but there is much dispute about the matter.

The conquest once effected, Agricola set about civilizing and instructing the people. He built towns and schools, introduced Roman modes of life, and did his best to improve the condition of those whom he had subjugated.

For eight years Agricola had been at work in his province which he had learned to love, when word came from the jealous Domitian recalling him to Rome. Without word of complaint or thought of resistance Agricola started homeward, and when a messenger arrived with a sealed letter which was to offer him the government of Syria in case he should be unwilling to leave Britain, the faithful ex-general had already crossed the channel. He passed the rest of his life quietly and peacefully at Rome, and died, as he had lived, a type of the old Roman statesman and warrior.

In Tacitus' admiration for Agricola we find a keynote to the former's character. Like Juvenal, yet in a different way, Tacitus looked back longingly toward the old days of Rome's vigor when there was still some connection between virtue and distinction. In all his literary work he shows a melancholy feeling about the degeneracy of the times. In his *Germany* he describes the simplicity and virtue of the Teutonic tribes, which contrasted so markedly with the vices of Rome. In his *History of Rome* from the accession of Galba to the death of Domitian, and in *The Annals*, a more popular recital of events from 4-68 A. D., the same dissatisfaction with the Rome of his time appears. But he expressed his scorn in a dignified yet forcible manner, never adopting the methods of Juvenal who had an unpleasant way of making jokes which were more cutting than amusing.

Although we know little of Tacitus as a man, we may conclude from his works that he was aristocratic, austere and sarcastic, an earnest and thoughtful citizen in the midst of trifling and light-minded seekers of wealth and pleasure. The very elements of his character which would have made him happy in the days of the Republic made him melancholy and severe under the Empire.

He possessed in a large degree the characteristics of a good historian, accuracy and impartiality, and though he despised the times which he felt compelled to chronicle he has done much for the cause of history.

STRANGE TEAS, DINNERS, WEDDINGS AND FETES.

By M. E. R.

VIII.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY IN THE WEST INDIES.

WE were Americans and lived on one of the West India islands. Which one it was, I shall not say, but you may guess from the hints I shall give you.

It belonged to Denmark, and was inhabited by people of almost every nation, for the city was a busy trading place and famous sea-port.

This variety of nationalities is an advantage, or a disadvantage, just as you choose to think. To us children it was the most delightful thing in the world — why, we saw a Malay sailor once; but an English novelist, who wrote many books, visited our island, and said in a contemptuous way that it was “a Dano-Hispano-Yankee Doodle-nig-gery place.” This was in the book he published about the West Indies and the Spanish Main. We children *never forgave that remark*.

An American refers incidentally to our old home in a beautiful story, called *A Man Without a Country*. How the tears rolled down our cheeks as we read that Philip Nolan had been there in the harbor — perhaps just inside Prince Rupert's Rocks!

I wonder if you have read that story? To us it was almost sacred, so strong was our love of country, and we believed every word to be true. The first piece of poetry Tom wished to learn was “Breathes there a man with soul so dead.” But Tom was too small to learn anything but Mother Goose at the time he had his Birthday Party. He was a chubby little fellow, whose third anniversary was near at hand, and he was so clamorous for a party — he scarcely knew what a party was, but he wanted it all the more for that reason — that his parents laughingly gave way to him.

We did not keep house as people do in this country; in fact the house itself differed greatly from such as you see.

The climate was warm all the year round, and there were no chimneys where no fires were needed. There were no glass windows, excepting on the east side. At all other windows we had only jalousie blinds, with heavy wooden shutters outside to be closed when a hurricane was feared. The wonderful Trade Winds blew from the East, and sometimes brought showers; for this reason, we had glass on that side. The floors were of North Carolina pine, one of the few woods insects will not eat into and destroy. It is a pretty cream yellow, that looked

well between the rugs scattered over it. Balconies and wide verandas were on all sides of the house.

As to servants, they were all colored and we had to have a great many, for each would only take charge of one branch of service, and usually must have a deputy or assistant to help. For instance, Sophie, the cook, had a woman to clean fish, slice beans, and do such work for her, as well as attend to the fires. There was no stove in the kitchen. A kind of counter, three feet wide and about as high, built of brick, was on two sides of the room; this had holes in the top here and there. The cooking was done over these holes filled with charcoal; so instead of one fire to cook dinner, Sophie had a soup fire, a fish fire, a potato fire, and so forth. A small brick oven baked the few things she cooked that way.

Tom's nurse, or Nana, as all West India nurses were called, was a tall negress, very dignified and imposing in her manners, and so good we loved her dearly. She always wore a black alpaca gown, a white apron covering the whole front of it, a white handkerchief crossed over her bosom, and one tied over her hair. Her long gold ear-rings were her only ornaments. These rings were very interesting, because Nana often announced to us that she had lost a friend and was wearing “deep mourning.” This meant that she had covered her ear-rings with black silk neatly sewed on. They were mournful-looking objects then, I assure you.

I cannot describe all the servants, odd as they were, nor give you any idea of their way of talking — Creole, Danish, and broken English — but I must mention our butler, or “houseman,” Christian Utendahl, the most important member of the household in his own opinion.

As soon as the party was decided on, Christian and Nana were called in to be consulted. Then it was discovered what a tiresome undertaking a child's party might be. All children under the care of Nanas must have those Nanas specially invited, and a particular kind of punch must be made for them; then champagne must be provided for the little ones to drink toasts.

“Oh, this will never do. I cannot think of such a thing,” said mamma.

“I must advise you so to do, Madame,” answered Christian. “Nanas' punch is lemonade wid leetle bit claret in it; and when you see de glasses I'll permide fer de champagne you'll see fer you'sef dey can't hole a timmle full. Fer de credit of de family, Madame, fer fear folks'll say ‘Americains don't know how to behave,’ I must adwise you.”

The last sentence was a powerful argument, and the solemn negro used it with effect.

Here Nana interposed, saying, "My lady, how you expect my leetle man to know how to conduct hes-sef less we begin wid his manners jes now?" Then she added that she could not appear without a new gown, apron and head-handkerchief, and the apron *ought* to have Mexicain drawn-work a finger deep at de bottom of it to be credi-tabble.

Next, Nana said the birthday cake *must* be made by Dandy and covered with as many "sugar babies" as there were guests.

These babies were pure sugar figures on straws and were stuck into the cake through the icing.

"The 'Kranse Kage' and the 'Krone Kage' can be made at home by Ellen and Sophie, Miss Lind and Mrs. Harrigen," said Christian.

"Is a 'Kranse Kage' absolutely necessary?" asked mamma. "It will keep the women pound-ing almonds a whole day and it is very unwhole-some."

"Of course it is necessary," said both advisors together, and "it would bring de chile bad luck to have it made out of de house," said Nana.

"Then we will have it and dispense with the 'Krone Kage.'"

"Not have a 'Krone Kage'! Oh, we must have dat out of compliment to de King, Madame."

Here mamma gave up in despair and let the rulers of the household have their way without further resistance.

Christian delivered the invitations to the party in his most formal manner. The Hingleberg boys, Emile Haagensen, Alma Pretorius, Ingeborg Hjerm, Nita Gomez, Achille Anduze, and several other boys and girls accepted promptly.

During the next few days there was so much excitement in the household, so many disagreements between Christian and Nana, and Tom was so vociferous, mamma said nothing would ever induce her to give a party for children again.

In Tom's good moments you would be sure to see him standing with his hands behind him, while Nana trained him in what he should say and do. "Sissy," he whispered to me, "Nana says if I ain't very, very dood she'll gie me a *fatoi* before evelly body."

(We never knew what this mysterious punishment was, and now we think it must be Creole for something that never happens. We were often threatened with it and as often escaped it.)

At last the day came, and Tom was to be allowed to haul up the flag that morning. (We always kept the American flag floating over our house.) When the Danish soldiers fired the sunrise cannon from the fort, Tom pulled on the ropes with all his strength, his dear little face as red as it could be, and when the flag reached the top of the tall staff he gave a long sigh of satisfaction.

We were not to see the parlors till just before the guests were to come, about twelve o'clock. When

we did go in we screamed with delight. The rooms were filled with flowers. The pillars were hidden by long ferns and the Mexican vine which has long wreaths of tiny pink flowers, such as you may have seen in the dress caps of babies. Tall vases of pink and white oleander filled the alcove, and everywhere were white carnations, jasmine, frangipanni, and doodle-doo blossoms. All this had been done by the servants as a surprise.

In the middle of the room was the table. The gorgeous birthday cake, bristling with knights, ladies, angels and all kinds of figures, was in the centre, and the Kranse Kage and Krone Kage were at either end of it, in the former a small silk American flag, in the latter, a Danish one, was placed; between them were all sorts of good things, just such as you have at your parties. At each plate was the queerest wee glass imaginable.

Tom received many presents. One of them, a gun with a bayonet, gave almost too much bliss. He sat and hugged it, evidently thinking it was "the party."

Christian, dressed in white, met every one at the street gate. To the guests he said, "Mr. and Mrs. Alger presents deir complements and are glad to see you;" and to the Nanas he said politely, "How you so far dis mawning?"

To get to our house, one had to mount three or four steps from the street, then there was a high iron fence and gate. On each side of this were the only trees I ever disliked. We called them the "Boiled Huckleberry Pudding" trees. They had large poisonous-looking leaves, and bore pale lumpish fruit about as large as a quart measure, with small black seeds here and there through them. There were no other trees like them on the island and we had a tradition that they came from Otaheite and would kill any one instantly who tasted the fruit. There were beautiful trees and flowers on this terrace and on all; then came a wall covered with vines, and fifteen stone steps leading to another terrace and another wall. In this second wall, near the pepper-tree, was the home of our two monkeys Jack and Gill. On the third terrace was the house.

Tom received his friends nicely, Nana standing just behind him dressed in her new gown and beautiful apron. We could see she was very anxious lest he should disgrace her before the other Nanas. Often we heard her whisper "Say howdy wid de odder hand, My Heart," or "Mind what I tole you, Son." She escorted the Nanas to the court, where the bowl of punch was standing, and they drank Tom's health with many good wishes.

As soon as all the children had arrived they were seated at table, each Nana standing behind her charge. Daintily and prettily the little ones ate, and when Christian passed the cake around the "sugar babies" were drawn out with much ceremony. Then the other large cakes were cut and

served and Christian put a drop of champagne in each little glass. As soon as this was done, quick as thought Carl Hingleberg stood up and said:

"*Lienge leve Kongen!*"

Would you believe it? Every little tot lifted his or her glass and drank this solemnly. Christian filled the glasses again and we saw Bebé Anduze was being nudged and pushed by her Nana; at last she put her finger in her mouth and hung her head but said very sweetly, "I wiss Tom Alger have many nice birfdays and be a dood boy!"

How we all laughed! And how surprised we were when Tom bowed and said, "Tak," but he spoiled it all by pounding on the table and shouting "Hurrah for Grant!"

When all had done, Nana lifted Tom down from his chair and turned him to the right. Each child he took by the hand and said, "*Velbekomme*;" and the answer given to him was "*Fak for mad*." Then Tom scampered off, and came back with his gun and singing with all his might "*Den tapre land soldat*;" and where he did not know the Danish

words, he sang "Good Night, my brudder Ben!" which Nana proudly explained "he composed hes-sef." All the children joined in the chorus and were pleased at his singing something they all knew.

Now came the great event of the day. We went down to the wharf, where papa had boats ready to take us off to the American man-of-war in the harbor. We were kindly taken all over it and Tom was allowed to fire off a large cannon. This consoled him for the loss of his bayonet, which fell overboard on our way to the ship by mamma's special request.

We had a delightful afternoon, and, when we returned home, Tom shook hands with all and said,

"Farvel Kom igjen."

NOTE.—*Kranse Kage*, Wreath Cake; *Krone Kage*, Crown Cake; *Tak*, Thanks; *Den tapre land soldat*, The brave land soldier; *Velbekomme*, Welcome; *Fak for mad*, Thanks for bread, or the food; *Lienge leve Kongen*, Long live the King; *Farvel Kom igjen*, Farewell, come again.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

BY SUSAN POWER.

XLIII.

WHAT TO DO IN EMERGENCIES (*concluded*).

IN case of choking, a smart slap between the shoulders on the back may loosen the substance, if not run your finger down the throat and pull it out. Sometimes doses of oil, butter or yolk of egg will cause the substance to slip down. If anything is in the windpipe, the doctor must be called in haste.

When the skin is grazed, wash the wound of any dust with a fine new sponge and warm water, replace the skin and bind on the fresh lining of an eggshell which is finer than any plaster that can be applied.

For common burns nothing is better than a paste of baking soda bound on with linen and kept wet till the pain is all out. Renew the paste as often as the smarting begins. A raw burn should be covered with carbolated sweet oil with cotton over it to keep out the air. Soft soap is also good on a burn, or clear thin varnish. If nothing else is at hand plunge the burn under cool water and keep it there till the pain is out, no matter how long. Hospital doctors have kept a badly burned patient on a bed in a bath three days, re-

lieving the pain and healing the dangerous injury.

For a felon put a fly blister on the swelling and let it draw fiercely. Ease the pain by soaking the finger in hot lye. When ringworm appears, rub it and the skin round it with iodine or with carbolated oil applying the latter as often as you choose. Poultice a boil when it first appears with the oil or with hot water and it will sometimes change its mind about coming. If one rises on the face a blister on the neck may draw it away.

Bathe sprains with hot water, or soak them in hot lye and let the part have rest. If the ankle is hurt, keep the foot in a chair, if the wrist, carry it in a sling.

For ordinary poisons, arsenic, paris green, hellebore, etc., give emetics quickly as possible, of warm water and mustard, or warm water alone, tickling the throat to produce nausea. For acid poisons give a teaspoonful of calcined magnesia in water every three minutes or the same dose of castile soap scraped in water. For corrosive sublimate give raw eggs, oil and milk as much as the patient can swallow. For carbolic acid when swallowed or used strong enough to burn the skin, the remedy is Canada Balsam and sweet oil in tablespoon doses.

Rheumatism and neuralgia may be relieved

quickly by rubbing the part affected with slices of lemon. The remedy is very simple but very efficient as I know from experience in severe cases.

To prevent lockjaw from a wound by rusty iron, soak the part in hot lye, wash with strong vinegar and bind it up in carbolated oil.

This carbolated oil which is the safest dressing for wounds of all kinds, festers, pimples and ulcers, is the purest olive or almond oil with ten drops of common carbolic acid added to the ounce. Keep this on hand together with a roll of lint, old soft linen and cotton for bandages, fine clean sponges, court plaster and common sticking plaster, arnica, camphor, ammonia, laudanum, ether, strong refined whiskey, nitrate of silver, magnesia, powdered charcoal, pure sweet oil, sulphur, chlorate of potash, jamaica ginger, rhubarb, castor oil and fine castile soap for washing wounds. Save your perfume bottles for medicine, on account of the glass stoppers, which prevent loss of strength. Keep these things all together where they can be found without loss of time, on a high shelf or in a locked

box out of reach of children. Have the linen and cotton washed free of all starch, thoroughly boiled, bleached in the sun and ironed smooth to be as soft and fresh as possible. You must have perfectly clean sponges to wash wounds or ulcers. Doctors say that a common washing sponge is not fit to use for wounds. To clean sponges, wash them thoroughly, rinse in water with carbolic acid and then scald with a little washing soda, rinsing and bleaching two or three days in the sun. The reason for this care is that a sponge absorbs many impurities not readily parted with, which will poison a wound or sore.

Now don't be content with keeping this chapter or some book on accidents to refer to, but learn the remedies by heart, for accidents have a way of happening in the most untoward times and places, where books and doctors are out of reach. Write the list out in brief and keep it in your pocket-book. It is incredible the amount of suffering we can save our fellow creatures by a little knowledge promptly applied.

SEARCH-QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

VIII.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF AUTHORS.

141. What contemporaries of Shakespeare who were close friends as well literary partners are usually named together?

142. To what friend did Spenser dedicate his *Shepherds' Calenar*?

143. What poet was the common friend of Carlyle and Julius Hare, each of whom wrote his life?

144. What Puritan poet was the secretary and firm friend of Milton?

145. To the memory of what poetical friend does Matthew Arnold inscribe his poem *Thyrsis*?

146. What officer in the English Army, well known as a writer of travels, was killed in the Soudan war early in 1885?

147. What Scotch novelist founded the town of Guelph, in Ontario?

148. What English writer founded a town in Tennessee?

149. What author after her ninetieth year was past still busied herself with profound mathematical calculations?

150. What poet was appointed by the King of

Siam an officer of the Order of the White Elephant?

151. What famous novelist was for some seven years Keeper of the Robes to the wife of George III.?

152. What poet kept three hares as pets?

153. What novelist gave readings from his books to American audiences in 1867 and 1868?

154. What noted writer was the guest of one family for the last thirty-five years of his life?

155. Name ten literary women of note, not now living, who never married.

156. What distinguished writer once defiantly maintained that he chewed his food by moving his upper jaw?

157. What recent poet buried the MSS. of his poems in his wife's coffin, where they remained for eight years?

158. What noted lexicographer is said to have been inordinately fond of tea?

159. What poet attempted to revive the wearing of knee-breeches?

160. What celebrated humorist, in allusion to the fact that his pension from the Crown would be continued to his family after his death, observed in his last illness, "Death stops my pen but not my pension"?

ANSWERS TO MARCH SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

101. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*
 102. *Ask Me No More.*
 103. Ben Jonson, W. M. Davenant, John Dryden, Thomas Shadwell, Nahum Tate, Nicholas Rowe, Lawrence Eusden, Colley Cibber, Wm. Whitehead, Thomas Warton, Henry James Pye, Robert Southey, Wm. Wordsworth, Alfred Tennyson.
 104. *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, Denis Duval, *Wives and Daughters.*
 105. Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells.
 106. *Morte d'Arthur.*
 107. *Ralph Roister Doister*, by Nicholas Udall.
 108. *Gorbuduc or Ferrex and Porrex.* The first three acts are by Thomas Norton and the last two by Thomas Sackville.
 109. (a.) A daughter of the gods. (*Helen of Troy.*)
 (b.) She with sick and scornful looks averse. (*Iphigenia.*)
 (c.) One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled. (*Cleopatra.*)
 (d.) Her that died
 To save her father's vow. (*Jephthah's Daughter.*)
 (e.) That Rosamond whom men call fair. (*Jane Clifford.*)

Dryden says:

Jane Clifford was her name as books aver;
 'Fair Rosamond' was but her *nom de guerre*.'

- (f.) Her who clasped in her last trance
 Her murdered father's head.
 (*Margaret Roper, daughter to Sir Thomas More.*)
 (g.) Her who knew that Love can vanquish death.
 (*The wife of Edward I.*)
 110. Christopher Marlowe.
 111. Henry Carey.
 112. *The Comedy of Errors.* According to Mr. F. G. Fleay it contains but 1777 lines.
 113. *The Domesday Book* is a volume containing the names of every tenant and the conditions of each tenure under Edward the Confessor and William the Conqueror.
 114. Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, 1793 - 1847.
 115. Alexander Smith, Rev. John Keble, Mrs. Marian Evans Cross, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Sir Henry Taylor.
 116. Henry Brougham, Rev. Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, Francis Horner.
 117. Lady Anne Barnard, Lady Caroline Nairne, Theo. Mozials, Rev. Charles Kingsley, Wm. Julius Mickle. The correct title of the ballad is *The Mariner's Wife.*
 118. *Middlemarch.*
 119. Douglas Jerrold.
 120. Alexander Wm. Kinglake, Mrs. Shelley, Thomas Day, William Beckford, Dr. John Brown.



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C. Y. F. R. U.

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PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

(*American Series.*)

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

IX.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU; AND OTHER "OUT-OF-DOOR" WRITERS.

THIS name stands for an odd kind of man and original writer. Thoreau has always been looked upon as one of the unique characters among American men of letters. (With what a half satiric smile he would have received that term "men-of-letters" as applied to himself!) It is said by those who do not admire him that he prided himself on doing things in a different way from common people; while on the other hand, to those who take pains to understand him, the evidence seems conclusive that he could no more have helped being what he was than a partridge, or a fox, or any other creature of the wood can help acting according to the instincts it was born with. No one was ever like him, and perhaps no one would care to be.

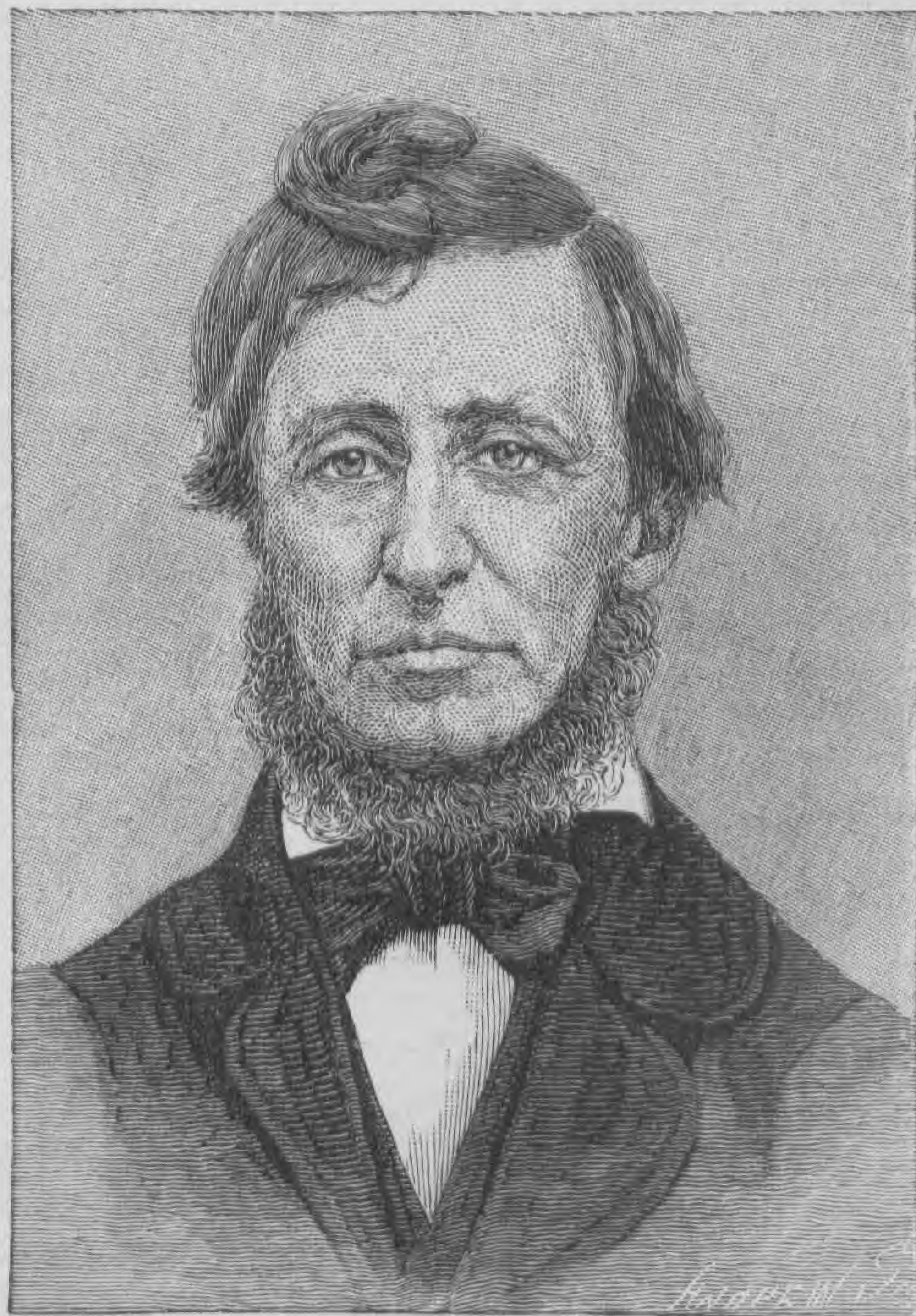
He has been over-rated, he has been disparaged. The matter that has been written about him, in the shape of criticisms, studies, biographies, is out of all porportion to his own writings all put together, which proves him to be a person worthy of consideration; and there is not much doubt that he will have a permanent place in American literature.

Of the many authors who have made Concord, Massachusetts, so famous, Emerson, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, the Alcotts and others, he is the only one who was born there. To him Concord represented the whole universe, and was the only place worth living in. Like the man in Pollok's verse, he

thought the visual line that girt him round,
The world's extreme.

That is, for all purposes needful for himself and his own culture; and saving only the look out into the world beyond which he had in his college days at Harvard, and the trips he took to the

Maine woods, Cape Cod, the West, and some others, he had only, and wished only, Concord experiences. He thought he could find everything there, and learn everything there, that was worth having or knowing; and by his insistency upon this point he gained a reputation for egotism



HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

and absurd exaggeration of the resources of that historic town.

The Thoreaus were of several mixed races, which circumstance has been given as a reason for peculiar combination of qualities in this eccentric author. His great-grandmother was French, his grandmother Scotch, his mother a New Eng-

lander, his grandfather a native of the Isle of Jersey. He inherited a certain kind of shrewd wisdom, independence and wit; he had a keen way of looking at life, with a fair amount of everyday sense, a poetic taste and a quality of reticence, self-command and satisfaction with self which give a distinctive character to all his writings. There were three other children, all talented; John, of whom he was very fond, Helen, and Sophia who died a few years since—the last of the Thoreau name in America with the exception of one elderly maiden aunt.

After his college days were over, at twenty, Henry found it impossible to give himself up to any special trade or profession, though eventually his tastes led him to become a surveyor—one of the best, so that Emerson, speaking of the wonderful fitness of his body and mind, says, "He could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and chain," and that he was held in the highest regard for his practical knowledge about lands and boundaries.

His first trip of interest was taken in company with his beloved brother; and he put his observations into a book (his first), *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, which had so poor a sale that he had most of the edition returned to him by the publishers; it was of this that he wrote in his diary the good-natured memoranda so often quoted, that he had a library of nine hundred volumes, "seven hundred of which I wrote myself." In spite of its lack of success, it is an attractive book, and though there have been so many accounts of boating trips since, his narrative is not out of date. He makes much of the starting, and of every slight adventure, according to his wont; sees the hero in a very ordinary person, and great possibilities in the commonest life; sees everything—nothing ever escapes his eyes—and he philosophizes and says things to set one thinking.

It was the same always, wherever he went. He was a student of Nature, of himself, and of a few choice authors. The pursuits and ambitions which engross most men he was more than indifferent to. Wealth, position, social influence were of no account to him. In his nature there was the Indian fondness for open-air life, and the sharp instincts and unerring sagacity of an Indian; in knowledge of wood-craft few men in New England have surpassed him. He knew the ways and haunts, the times and seasons of the wild creatures in the woods and waters; and to him they were never wild, but almost came at his bidding. One of his intimate friends says:

"Sometimes I have gone with Thoreau and his young comrades for an expedition on the river. . . . He would tell stories of the Indians who once dwelt thereabout, until the children almost

looked to see a red man skulking with his arrow on the shore; and every plant or flower on the bank or in the water, and every fish, turtle, frog, lizard about us was transformed by the wand of his knowledge from the low form into which the spell of our ignorance had reduced it into a mystic beauty. One of his surprises was to thrust his hand softly into the water, and as softly raise up before our astonished eyes a large bright fish, which lay as contentedly in his hand as if they were old acquaintances. If the fish had also dropped a penny from its mouth, it could not have been a more miraculous proceeding to us."

He did not use a gun, and never captured animals except in gentle ways, and afterwards released them. Squirrels would run up his arm, and the partridge, shyest of birds, would lead her brood to the door of his cabin in the woods. You should read a fine paper on Thoreau, by Emerson, who was his warm friend, to see how this quality of attracting dumb animals was exercised, as well as to see what estimate the poet-philosopher put upon his young townsman, the poet-naturalist. Much fuller, however, and more elaborate with regard to that trait in Thoreau's character is a volume with which you ought to be acquainted, called *Thoreau: His Life and Aims. A Study*. By H. A. Page, an Englishman.

Everybody who has ever heard of Thoreau at all knows at least one thing about him, and that is that he had a hermitage by Walden Pond. It was about two miles from his mother's door, on Emerson's land, and Alcott and Channing helped cut down the trees of which the little house was made—a tiny building with just room enough for his few pieces of furniture, and none to spare, for whenever he had occasion to sweep and tidy up, he used to set everything out of doors. His life there was a sort of experiment, but he delighted in the freedom from conventional ways and in the seclusion, or he would never have tried it for two years. Often Emerson or some other choice friend would go to visit him, and they had many an hour of lofty converse about his favorite authors, Chaucer and Spenser, Homer and Virgil, Milton and Wordsworth.

It was a primitive way of living, but not exactly one's ideal to be followed for any length of time, however much one might be in love with Nature; he varied his gardening in his little patch of ground with surveying, and taking long tramps to see the sun set from some hilltop, to search into the habits of some wild creature, to find some favorite flower and be on the spot at its time of blooming—foolish excursions most persons would call them, but to this keen observer, this ardent lover of bird and blossom, nothing was trivial or common.

He was first of all a naturalist, and his life and work are of consequence as having given an im-

pulse in that direction whose value and extent can hardly be over-rated; but he was also a fine writer, careful and discriminating in the use of language, and imparting to all he wrote a kind of quaintness and originality which fitly represent his own unique personality. From association with Emerson he had caught an Emersonian tone which sometimes appears in a terse way of putting things, as in such passages as these:

The outward is only the outside of that which is within. Men are not concealed under habits, but are revealed by them; they are their true clothes.

In the long run men hit only what they aim at.

Read the best books first, or you may not have a chance to read them at all.

I shall not be as cheap to myself if I see that another values me.

What a man does, compared with what he is, is but a small part. . . . *One may well feel chagrined when he finds he can do nearly all he can conceive.*

Life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck, and woe be to the coward. . . . Men were born to succeed, not to fail.

That sentence in italics is for you to think about in earnest.

But in the main Thoreau is himself and no other. His prose is fragrant of the woods; it carries you to the uplands and brings the air of the new dawn to your cheek; you feel the morning in all your veins; the invigorating atmosphere of the mountain tops is about you; for the time you are lifted up out of the pettiness of everyday living, and see how pure and sweet, how restful and helpful the sylvan influences and the skyey influences may be. You will grow to like the companionship of this writer, and while you pass over his oddities you will accept him as a guide through the woodlands and along the streams; and the more you observe, the more you will enjoy such bits of minute descriptions as you will find on almost every page, like the following about the peeping of his favorite hylodes in March:

I hear it now faintly from through and over the bare gray twigs and the sheeny needles of an oak and pine wood, and from over the russet fields beyond. . . . It is a singularly emphatic and ear-piercing proclamation of animal life, when, with a very few and slight exceptions, vegetation is yet dormant. . . . The shrill piping of the hylodes locates itself nowhere in particular. It seems to take its rise at an indefinite distance over wood and hill and pasture, from clefts and hollows in the March wind. It is not so much of the earth, earthy, as of the air, airy. It rises at once on the wind and is at home there and we are incapable of tracing it further back.

Or what he says about the red squirrel, which

makes so many queer sounds, and so different from one another, that you would think they came from half a dozen creatures. . . . You might say that he successfully accomplished the difficult feat of singing and whistling at the same time.

The chief teaching to be had from his writings is that there is unbounded wealth of happiness and a liberal education in using one's eyes. He says:

The woman who sits in the house and *sees* is a match for a stirring captain. . . . We are as much as we see.

This belief he expresses more fully, and in pungent words, in his fine paper on "Autumnal Tints." Often there is a dash of humor about him, like this:

The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance a palace or temple on the earth, and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a wood-shed with them.

Or he follows out a grotesque fancy, as in this case:

The age of the world is great enough for our imaginations, even according to the Mosaic account, without borrowing any years from the geologist. From Adam and Eve at one leap sheer down to the deluge, and then through the ancient monarchies, through Babylon and Thebes, Brahma and Abraham, to Greece and the Argonauts; whence we might start again, with Orpheus and the Trojan War, the Pyramids and the Olympic games, and Homer and Athens for our stages; and after a breathing space at the building of Rome, continue our journey down through Odin and Christ to — America. It is a wearisome while, and yet the lives of but sixty old women such as live under the hill, say of a century each, strung together, are sufficient to reach over the whole ground. Taking hold of hands they would span the interval from Eve to my own mother. A respectable tea-party merely — whose gossip would be Universal History. The fourth old woman from myself suckled Columbus — the ninth was nurse to the Norman Conqueror — the nineteenth was the Virgin Mary — the twenty-fourth the Cumæan Sibyl — the thirtieth was at the Trojan War and Helen her name — the thirty-eighth was Queen Semiramis — the sixtieth was Eve the mother of mankind. So much for the

Old woman that lives under the hill
And if she's not gone she lives there still.

It will not take many great-granddaughters of hers to be in at the death of time.

But a few selections do not in any sense represent Thoreau. His books are all worth careful reading. No one has given a better account of Cape Cod than he, and if you should ever happen to be in that strange region of downs and wind-swept spaces at Truro, and where the Highland Light-house stands solitary above a lonely sea, you will find in his little volume the truest, most appreciative guide you could have. His *Walden* has become a kind of classic, and by that he is most widely known.

Thoreau does not seem to belong to our everyday world, but away back among sylvan folk of the days of fable, and that is how Hawthorne regarded him, for he says he drew his first conception of Donatello (in *The Marble Faun*), from him. But with all his eccentricity and egotism,

there is one emulative thing to be said of him — he lived his own life, he was honest, without sham, and while clinging to his own ideas he did not consciously violate those of other men.

His last days were spent in careful revision of his writings; a friend who visited him says he found him lying back in an easy chair, his mother standing behind him bathing his head, and Sophia on one side with a pile of manuscript which, measuring with his hand, he would now and then feebly make a suggestion about. His mother said, "Henry wished everything of a light character removed from his writings — he thinks life too serious for anything trifling." Death came to him in the Concord home he was so fond of, and his grave is in Sleepy Hollow, marked with a brown stone in which is a sunken panel with the inscription: "Henry D. Thoreau, born July 12, 1817; died May 6, 1862." The Walden hut is gone, but arrowy pines still shelter the place, the little clearing is open towards the lovely pond, and a cross set in the midst of a heap of stones marks the site where Thoreau lived — a pathetic cairn to which the chance passer-by, or visitor from afar, adds the tribute of a memorial stone.

Nothing in recent American literature has been more remarkable than the increase of writings on the class of subjects in which Thoreau was pioneer. One of the first (whom there is danger of your overlooking, since new writers are crowding along so fast), was Wilson Flagg, who was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, November 5, 1805, and died in Cambridge, May 4, 1878. His first book, *Studies in the Field and Forest*, was published in 1857. He afterwards published *Woods and Byways of New England*, and *Birds and Seasons of New England* — three volumes with tempting titles, and contents which did not disappoint their promise. He made no claim to technical knowledge, but wrote because he loved the subjects; in his own words: "My book differs from learned works as a lover's description of his lady's hand would differ from Bell's anatomical description of it." One fancies him a small, slender man, taking long walks about the country, along the old roads and grassy cart-paths through the woods which he has pictured for us, sauntering rather than keeping on like your true pedestrian, lingering often to delight his eye in some scene of rural beauty, or to watch the movements of some bird and listen to its song, then going home to write in poetical prose his pleasant experiences.

So, one after another, the lovers of sylvan life have taken up the pen from pure delight in their favorite theme. Thirty years or more ago Colonel Higginson wrote those *Out of Door Papers*, which "H. H." thought were in the most perfect style the English language is capable of. But, in her modest unconsciousness of her own matchless gift of expression, she could not have foreseen

what the readers who sorrow over her death are keenly mindful of — that for prose which should exceed in force and beauty that which she herself wrote, we should have far to seek. Read her *Bits of Travel* and her *Bits of Travel about Home* for some of the choicest paragraphs that can anywhere be found. Here, for instance, is the pasture we know as we know our own door-yard — so faithfully can the master-hand paint a typical "bit" of New England territory:

Considered as pastures, from an animal's point of view they must be disappointing; stones for bread to a cruel extent they give. Considered as landscape, they have, to a trained eye, a charm and fascination which smooth, fulsome meadow levels cannot equal. There can be no more exquisite tones of color, no daintier mosaic, than one sees if he looks attentively on an August day at these fields of gray granite, lichen-painted boulders, lying in beds of light-green ferns bordered by pink and white spiræas, and lighted up by red lilies.

Could anything surpass that? From just such beds of fern have you not drawn forth long stems of luscious strawberries, and just such red lilies have you not borne away in sheaves?

Not a word of the descriptions of natural scenery, outward life, written by "H. H." can you afford to skip; not an essay or passage of the kind by Miss Jewett can you afford not to read. You will be interested in seeing how different the style of two or three writers on the same subject (yet sometimes how similar!) as in the case of Thoreau who wrote about the Maine woods, and Theodore Winthrop, who in a series called *Life in the Open Air*, wrote of the same region. You might compare also two passages about a mountain, or, for another topic, see how Winthrop treats a loon and its uncanny cry, see what Thoreau has to tell, and then what John Burroughs says about the same thing — you will find it in "Touches of Nature," in his *Birds and Poets*.

Of this last-named writer, now in the prime and fulness of his power, you surely know a great deal, for his essays are all about you, and appearing in the magazines of the day. What more attractive reading than his *Wake Robin*, *Winter Sunshine*, *Birds and Poets*, *Locusts and Wild Honey*, *Pepacton*, and *Fresh Fields*? A virile, crisp, breezy writer, whose pages lose nothing in picturesqueness when compared with any American author. The papers in those volumes are enough to kindle in you an ardent interest in the subject we have been dwelling upon, even if you had not the faintest inclination that way before.

It would require far wider limits than are allowed me here to speak of all the authors who have made this theme an attractive one in our literature. Lowell has charming papers among his few volumes of prose, such as "My Garden Acquaintance," and others you will find no difficulty in selecting. Susan Fenimore Cooper (daugh-

ter of the great novelist) wrote more than thirty years ago a record of the sylvan year, which she called *Rural Hours*. Celia Thaxter described in her *Among the Isles of Shoals* all the phases of flower life, and the wild characteristics of those bleak but most fascinating islands off the New Hampshire coast—a book which it is a joy to read, autobiographic, descriptive, brimming over with poetic thought.

Such a library of out-of-door literature by our own countrymen and countrywomen, and about different sections of our own country, as one might have! A summer corner, where we should seem transported to the cool, green solitudes of woods far inland, to glens among the mountains, to beaches lapped by ocean waves. The tonic of the hills and the sea is in them, the invigorating freshness of the west winds, the song of birds, the sound of waters, the incense of flowers. You would find in that nook some choice papers by Joel Benton, which he meant to put into a book to be called *Under the Apple Boughs* (perhaps he has done so); a volume or more by Maurice Thompson, *By-ways and Bird Notes*, for one; you will find the classic pastorals (for such they must

be termed, incongruous though it sound), of Edith Thomas; the Adirondack sketches of Charles Dudley Warner; certain volumes by Ik Marvel (of which more by and by). How long the list might be made, not forgetting one lately published, *Tenants of an old Farm*, by Dr. McCook, with its comical adaptations by Dan Beard; and, also new, *A Naturalist's Rambles about Home*, and *Upland and Meadow*, both about that famous region for naturalists, the New Jersey creeks and barrens, both by Dr. Charles C. Abbott. Finally our magazines and our book stores abound with this class of literature, so that there is an embarrassment of riches, from North, East, South and West, all in the same general line with Thoreau, but treated in as many ways as there are authors.

NOTE.—Thoreau's prose books are *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, *Walden, or Life in the Woods*, *A Yankee in Canada*, *Excursions in Field and Forest*, *The Maine Woods*, *Cape Cod*, *Early Spring in Massachusetts*, and *Summer*. The two last named are selections from his journals, edited by H. G. O. Blake. Two of the most attractive among his single papers, are "Autumnal Tints" and "Wild Apples." There is a biography by Wm. E. Channing, a "Life" by F. B. Sanborn, and "A Study" of his life and aims by H. A. Page.

MY GARDEN PETS.

BY MARY TREAT.

IX.

SLAVE-MAKING ANTS.

SEVERAL species of ants inhabit my garden and an adjoining grove where I have become acquainted with many strange and interesting facts in their history. One of the most remarkable species is the slave-maker, *Formica Sanguinea*, which captures and rears slaves to do the work of the colony. In many respects their behavior is much like that of mortals.

Among all ants, as with honey-bees, there are at least three sets of individuals—males, females, and workers—and with some species there are four and sometimes five different sets. The slave-maker's family is made up of the three usual sets, and a great alien retinue of black slaves (*Formica Fusca*).

The males and young females, or queens, of all ants have wings and are not usually seen except at a particular time of the year, the period when they swarm. The principal portion of the colonies, however, consist of female workers who never have wings, and do not become mothers, but are

born with maternal instincts, so that they become excellent nurses and manifest great and painstaking love and care for their foster-children.

The female slave-maker is from ten to twelve mm in length—nearly half an inch—and her head, thorax and legs are red, her abdomen black; the wings of both sexes are a dusky, smoky color. The male is entirely black, except his legs which are rufous; he is about the same length as the female, but not as robust, and he has a much smaller head, so small, indeed, that the poor fellow is never the head of the household.

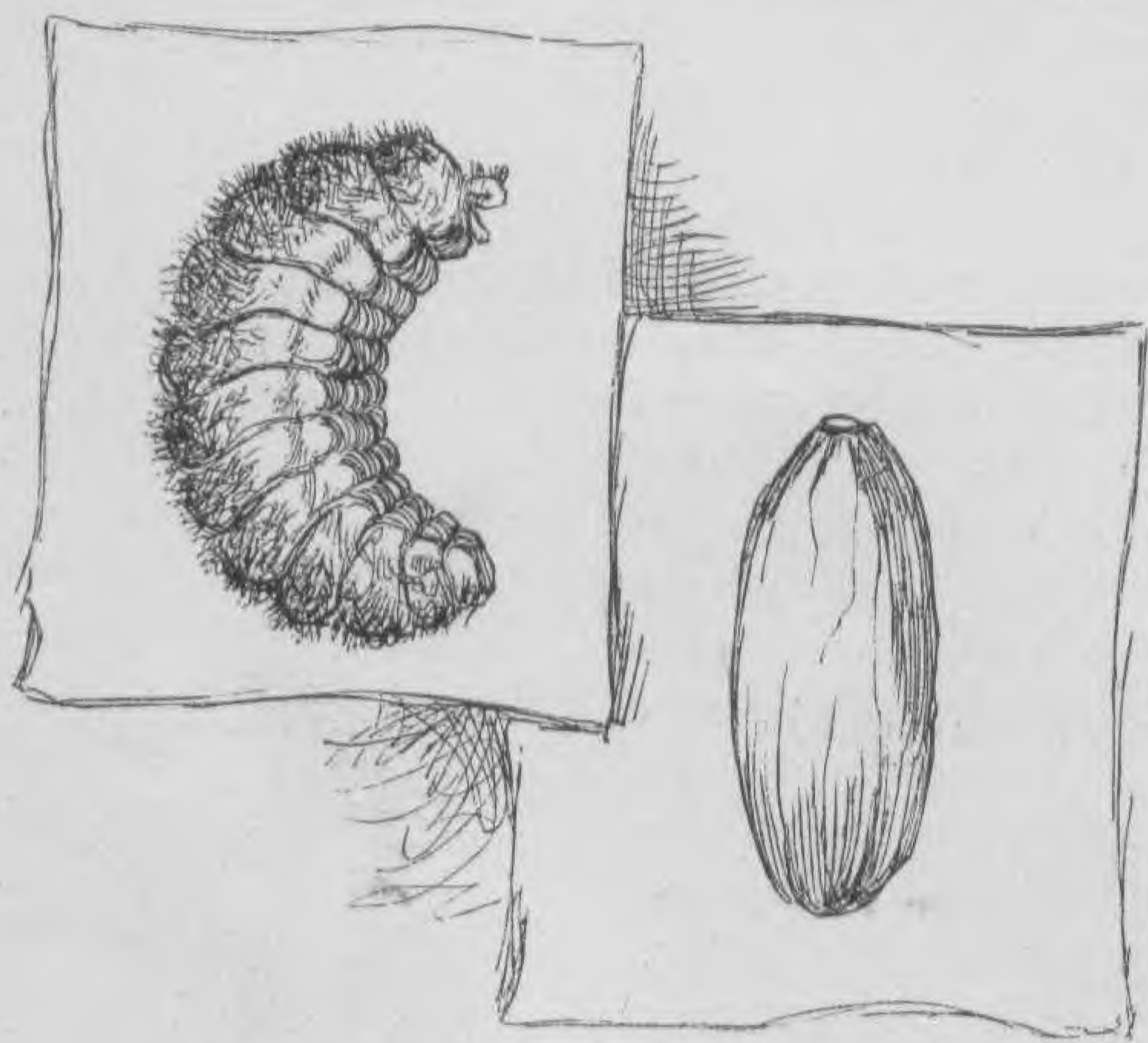
The workers resemble the winged females, but are not quite as large. The young, or baby ants, are white, grub-like, legless creatures, and almost en-



FEMALE SLAVE-MAKER ANT.

tirely helpless; in this stage they are called larvæ. The most they can do is to hold up their heads and open their mouths to take food from the nurses. When they are full-grown they cease eating and wind cocoons around themselves in which they become pupæ or chrysalids; they remain in this state from four to six weeks, with apparently no life, swathed in film-like shrouds and enclosed in coffins — the nurses, however, know that they are not dead, but only sleeping, and they take good care of them; on warm sunny days they bring them into the upper rooms near the surface of the ground, and when cooler take them below.

This colony, so near the house, gave me an excellent opportunity for daily observation, so I tried the experiment of arranging a frame covered with glass which I set over the top and partly to one side of their home, or formicary. The external appearance of the formicary is a slight mound, and it usually has two or three entrances. The frame consisted of a sash with a large pane of glass — twenty by eighteen inches — which slipped into a groove; this I placed so that one edge came to the centre of the mound, and the elevation of the mound was so slight and the surface so smooth that it fitted quite snugly to the ground. I then covered the glass with folded newspapers, and over them I fastened a piece of oil-cloth so as to entirely exclude the light. My plan was to induce the ants to make a nursery beneath the glass, and



LARVA AND COCOON.

I soon had the satisfaction of seeing the slave-makers come out in large numbers and inspect this novel arrangement. They walked leisurely over the cloth, and often touched each other's antennæ as if consulting about the matter — the antennæ are two long jointed horns situated on the head, and supposed to be the organs of communication — and many of them walked around the outside edge of the frame, where the little inequalities in the ground admitted rays of light beneath.

Not many minutes elapsed before the black slaves began to mingle with the red masters, and it looked as if the slaves had been summoned and set to work, for they immediately began to pile all sorts of material around the outer edge of the frame in order to exclude what little light found its way through the crevices, while nearly all of the masters disappeared. They worked twenty-four hours; then I uncovered the glass and looked through, and found it a grand success. The industrious creatures had already made three good-sized rooms or apartments, and from each a doorway led to an underground gallery. The rooms were made by scooping out the earth. The sides were higher than the original surface of the ground, and were probably constructed of the earth they had scooped from the floors. These apartments were nearly filled with cocoons, and from their large size I was confident they held the winged males and females.

The sudden flood of light when I raised the cover caused the wildest excitement. Masters and slaves rushed in from the underground galleries, and each seized a cocoon and hurried to the doors where, in their eagerness to escape, they became so crowded that they were piled one above the other. I now carefully re-covered the glass, and was obliged to step quickly to one side, for a great army of red warlike fellows came out to attack me. Round and round the formicary they marched, with constantly increasing numbers, widening the circle as they advanced, making the enemy glad to retreat to a safe distance. Finding nothing on which to vent their rage they soon became quiet and returned to their home.

Three days elapsed when I again raised the cover, and now I was astonished at the sight; untold numbers of cocoons were piled in many different apartments, and the same excitement prevailed as on the former occasion.

My main object in arranging the frame was to try to learn something definite about the swarming or flight of the winged members of the colony, which from all appearances would take place at no distant day. So after becoming satisfied in seeing how the cocoons were arranged, I no longer excited the inhabitants by entirely removing the cover, but occasionally raised one corner to see when they came out of the cocoons. I found they began to emerge about the middle of June, and on the third day after I saw the first wings the whole interior of the frame was alive with winged individuals. And now upon removing the cover the excitement and confusion was tenfold greater than when the cocoons were exposed. The workers, both red and black, came in such vast numbers that they literally covered the backs of the winged members — carrying, pushing, pulling, and hurrying them into the underground passages — promptly deciding and acting upon the conclusion that they were not yet ready to see the great outside world. So

after taking a handful of the males and females—in spite of the angry workers—I quickly immersed them in alcohol and readjusted the cover, and made a hasty retreat while shaking the fierce workers from my gloves.

A few days after this exhibition I noticed every now and then winged individuals wandering outside, but upon the least alarm the attendants quickly took them back into the formicary, the conductor usually leading them by one of the antennæ. Even the males, with their little black heads, were now objects of solicitude and kept in until the time arrived for the grand exodus.

On the eleventh day after I observed the winged individuals, preparations began to be made for the exit. Early in the morning the slaves commenced to throw aside the embankments which they had piled around the edge of the frame, and to excavate beneath it, making several doors leading to the principal apartments. The red masters were now very active, numbers of them passed rapidly along the lines of black workers, occasionally stopping and assisting, then proceeding to another group as if inspecting the work, and now disappearing within. This continued until about the middle of the day, when a large number of the masters took hold to assist the slaves in excavating. Several wide apertures were now rapidly being made beneath the east and south sides of the frame, but none on the north and west sides.

About sundown the winged members began to pour out. Although I had seen so many beneath the frame, I was not prepared to see the vast number that now appeared. Five wide doors were on the east side and three on the south, through which constant living streams were pouring. A great number of excited workers were around the doors; but now they were not trying to prevent the exit, rather they seemed to be urging and cheering them on the way, and they were no less eager to be ushered into the great world where myriads of them would be forever lost. They mounted leaves of grass and stems of plants, and from thence took wing in an

easterly direction, but the foliage of the trees, in the thick grove, prevented a free constant flight, and the leaves were soon alive with the throngs. I watched them until the gloom of evening prevented further observation.

On the following morning all was quiet, and the slaves were reclosing the doors and piling up the embankments as before. I looked beneath the glass and saw only a few workers scamper away, leaving all those large apartments which were recently so full of life cheerless and vacant. One corner beneath the glass had been used as a refuge-bin to pile useless material, and here was fully a good handful of wings.



A SLAVE.

After the flight the workers had brought all the females they could find and stripped them of their wings, and now they were never more to be seen outside of the formicary, except when carried by the workers in case the colony should move to new quarters. Many scouts were still out hunting for the females, and every little while leading one in, sometimes by one of the antennæ or a leg, and sometimes carrying her bodily. When carried she had been previously stripped of her wings, and was curled up and held in the mandibles of the bearer.

The slave-makers are a republic with many females, or mothers, all of whom are treated with great respect, and waited upon and fed by the slaves. But other species which I have observed have a monarchical form of government with only one queen in each colony, like honey-bees and wasps.

I knew from previous observations that very soon after the flight of the winged members a great army of soldiers would march in regular order to some negro colony where they would make war upon the inhabitants and kidnap the young. In the next chapter I will give an account of a battle together with singular incidents of the campaign.

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.

(Foreign Series.)

BY MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

IX.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS THYRA.

EACH time we have been in Europe we have said, "This time we *must* go to Switzerland," and each time we did not go. In '69 we were so

nearly gone that our mountain hats, stiffened with wire to keep the brims from flapping, had been sent home; the very short woollen dresses were ready, and we felt nearly there, when a telegram came from some friends in Denmark to say that as we intended to visit them we had best come now, and see the festivities on the marriage

of the Crown Prince. And swift came another despatch to tell us that as our coming had been spoken of to them, the King and Queen had said they would be pleased to see us at these fêtes.

"Mountains will keep," we said, "and royal invitations do not come often." So Switzerland was dropped and we went direct to Denmark, getting there on a gala day, and the people were all out in holiday finery; flags were flying everywhere, the blue and straw-color of Sweden crossing the cherry and white of Denmark, for the marriage was that day taking place in Stockholm between the Princess of Sweden and the Crown Prince of Hamlet's country. Also a new railroad, their first connected line from Hamburg to Copenhagen, was just opened, and it seemed to be the thing for everybody to be taking short rides on it, in white gowns with ribbons and flowers, and men and maidens in such open contentment that it did one good to see so much simple enjoyment. Excellent good food of holiday fineness was at all the inns. We had to cross various fiords of miles in width, for Denmark has much the shape of preserved ginger with very deep indentations, and must have taxed the patience of engineers in planning the line.

It was a mixed excursion and way-train and took its time, but they are not large — those European countries. After one of our overland journeys our States seem small. But when you cross France and Belgium and Prussia all in a long day you feel ours is a large country. And Denmark was only a breakfast-to-dinner ride, slowly as we made it. We did not care to go faster. It was a sweet summer day and people and sky were smiling; only the cattle in the fields were not happy — the locomotive puzzled them — they threw up their heads and dashed away as we neared them. But the deer came to the edges of beautiful parks and looked; and constantly we saw the farmhouses we know so well through Hans Andersen and — the STORK! Great dull creature, pompous in his stupid dignity, perched on one leg by the nest in the old cart-wheel which the farmers do not fail to place on the roof by the chimney. They think the stork brings luck and give him this much of a fireside welcome.

As we neared Copenhagen we met more and gayer signs of rejoicing, and fire-works were thick in the air over the city itself. We were well in the spirit of the thing by this time, and a jumble of Hamlet and Hans Andersen governed the boy of the party, who protested he would make his entrée properly in inky cloak and rapier — the cloak being a lady's waterproof, and an umbrella doing duty to hold it sharply out behind, while he spouted his lines — when the train drew up and the guard threw open the door, calling "KAJU-BENHAVJN!" for that is the way the natives spell "Co-pen-ha-gen."

"We shall find the Little Match-Girl round the corner," said F. "She will burn a boxful to add to the illumination."

We found our rooms ready at our hotel; our friends glad to welcome us, and a long string of invitations waiting. We had such a charming six weeks in Hamlet-land that I must skip to points that interest girls most, for this is *their* chapter.

You know the daughters of that Danish royal house are beautiful and womanly and charming; that they were brought up admirably, in frugal and wholesome ways, for they were not in the direct line of succession and, for their station, were poor. They have their beauty from both father and mother, and their charm of sweet and gracious manner is both inheritance and atmosphere, for the Danes are extraordinarily polite. All classes bow and salute one another in passing, and a popular man has to go almost bareheaded, so often is his hat off. The King himself takes his hat quite off in answer to each salute. "I am getting too old to stand so much uncovering," said one very much liked public man to us, "but it is our custom and I must accept my neuralgias."

Hans Andersen enjoyed it hugely — but he belongs to another number. I only want to tell you of the youngest of the Danish princesses, a girl of fifteen who was to be let to come and dance at the ball given to welcome her new sister.

I heard of her wild joy over her ball dress and her first high-heeled white satin boots. She had not the great beauty of the Princess of Wales or the Empress of Russia, her eldest sisters, but she was pretty enough, and for a princess very pretty.

I must tell you of that ball room. The palace itself was centuries old and many immense rooms preceded this. They were all filled early; and punctually the royal procession emerged from the private rooms and passed through one after the other until the ball room with its Throne was reached.

We had been invited to come at a very early hour and were shown into a large and beautiful salon where on one side were ranged the Ministers of the Cabinet, the Diplomatic corps, and certain nobles of the court. Opposite them were the ladies of their families. Our places were given us and very soon the folding doors were opened at the upper end of the room and the King entered leading the Bride; the Queen was with her son the Bridegroom. Then came the little princess Thyra (pronounced Tura) and her brother Waldemar, a boy of twelve in knickerbockers. The first lady-in-waiting, Madame de Billé, and another with the historic Swedish name of Oxenstiern, followed the children.

Quickly, but gracefully and very courteously this group passed between our lines with smiles and bows from the royal personages. When the Queen's quick eye caught sight of me she paused

and said, "The Minister of War will take you in," and he crossed and, giving me his arm, we followed immediately behind the Minister of State who was next them. As the other folding doors were opened we looked into a continuous succession of splendid rooms all filled with a splendid company. The whole Danish nobility had come up to the Capital to honor and welcome the Bride, and many Swedish nobles had accompanied her. Only the broad line of crimson carpeted pathway was left open. The Queen is very graceful. Almost at a dancing gait she moved swiftly, bowing right and left, until the Throne-room was reached where we were placed in the order we had entered. This put me very near the Royal family, who were the only ones seated, and gave me the privilege of standing on the raised dais so that I overlooked the whole room.

No unmarried ladies are privileged to stand near the Queen. These were ranged facing the Throne across the room, with a proper sprinkling of married ladies among them to preserve the theory of chaperones.

We think ours is the Democratic country where there is no privileged class, but I found here in this proud court of the oldest royal House of Europe—except the Austrian Hapsburgs—a singular privilege enjoyed as a right by all persons of decent appearance and good conduct.

Facing the Throne was a long gallery with a frieze in white marble sculptured by Thorwaldsen—Jupiter and his court. Jupiter and Juno and the peacock face the throne and then to right and left of them come all the rest. It is a magnificent work and one of the shows—no longer, for it was all burned some years ago. Through this gallery passed, very slowly, all the evening an endless stream of people in walking dress, bonnets or caps, and men and women "of all sorts and conditions" such as one meets in any crowded street.

I was told this was an old right of Danish citizens, who tenaciously used it, and in this way took part in, and had their share of, the State Balls.

Five minutes was the time allowed for the lingering walk along this gallery; for that opposite, the time was extended to fifteen minutes; because it gave no view of the Throne.

A third gallery across the end was for the musicians.

There must be one word for the Bride. She is said to be the tallest royal woman in Europe, and then, at seventeen, was already almost six feet; slim and girlish though, and in her dancing dress of silver gauze over white satin not looking too tall. Her black eyes and hair and general effect kept the impress of her French blood, for she was descended from Bernadotte, the Marshal Bonaparte put on the Swedish throne. You do not get away from the traces of Bonaparte anywhere in Europe.

We must keep to the Ball and the girl-princess.

I needed, and try to profit by an unconscious criticism given me by a very dear small boy who comes to me "for a story please." "*Just a common story*," he said to me lately. "Just about *one* pony or *one* dog, not any other pony or dog—and *not any other story with it*. Just a common one."

The rooms were lit altogether by wax lights in Venetian glass chandeliers. The *bobèches*, or glass cups around the candles, were as large as breakfast plates, but the thick wax candles heated each other, and then followed melting and spilling over, to the spoiling of many a coat and gown. I noticed a pool of this slippery stuff near the centre of the room almost facing the throne and admired the skill of the dancers in avoiding it when a cry and a sudden hush of the music, told that some one was down.

It was the little princess.

The Princess lost her shoe,
Her Highness hopped,
The fiddles stopped,
They knew not what to do.

In an instant her father had lifted the frightened girl. Her partner, a middle-aged baldish diplomat, stunned by the heavy fall, was supported out of the room. The little girl sat by her father sobbing with vexation as well as the shock, while the King with his arm about her soothed her, and kept the others from exciting her by questions. Suddenly, and evidently in explanation, the princess in the most natural and girlish way twisted her supple young foot up to the King's knee pointing to the offending high heel to which she was not accustomed and on which she could not regain her balance when she slipped.

She was soon dancing again however, and took part in the beautiful supper which followed, where the servants at the Royal table were differently dressed from all the others; a tight fitting "surcoat" of cherry satin so thickly embroidered with silver that it seemed like a coat of silver mail, and knee breeches of white satin with the usual silk stockings and buckled shoes. On their heads was a tall cap of silver filagree work shaped like a mitre, the two parts of which served to enclose a high and wide bunch of field flowers and wild berries. You can't think how odd these looked on some of their faces—old serious faces with gray moustaches.

When the King intends to be polite he sends some dish from his own table by one of these grim flower-crowned old servitors. One came to me with a message from the King asking that I would keep the miniature flags that were stuck in the jelly; a Swedish and a Danish flag with silver crowns surmounting them, and on long silver pins. I put the Swedish flag in my hand bouquet, but the Danish I pinned among the violets in my corsage bouquet. This was thought very nice by my neighbor, the Minister of War.

"She brings a great dowry, the Swedish Princess," he said; "and money is a great thing; but there is no reigning family with such unbroken descent as ours of Denmark except that of Austria, and our marriages are into the greatest powers."

It is a "well-connected family" truly. One daughter is married to the Prince of Wales, another is Empress of Russia, and the little Thyra has married the wealthy son of the blind King of Hanover while the boy in knickerbockers has just married the great-granddaughter of Louis Philippe and noble Queen Marie Amelie. A bride with character and talent as well as fortune and family. And the eldest son has long been King of Greece. And all agree that exceptional family affection unite all these.

When the King rises supper ends and all must rise. Their table was across the head of the room and only the Royal party sat at it, facing the room where two long tables, one on either side, held the State officers and Diplomatic corps—the same party who had been assembled in the private drawing-room and accompanied the royalties into the Throne-room. Other supper rooms held the other guests, and there they had their own time and did not have to rise and return with the King to the ball-room for the last dances.

As we stood in double lines for their passing out first (we falling in as for a Virginia reel, each couple to its appointed place) the smiling bows were given again to right and left, and the Queen again paused by me holding out her hand and giving with it a Danish word, "*Welbekomin*," which was interpreted to me as meaning "*may it agree with you*," and is the national form of making a guest welcome to what they have shared at their table. A "folk-word" and old custom. Was it from this

custom and expression Shakespeare got his, "may good digestion wait on appetite"?

"You ask too many questions," my partner said. "We do many things simply because we have always done them. I cannot explain the flowers on the old servants' heads, but only the old servants of the King wear them. And the Queen was very gracious to make so exceptional a greeting of hospitality to you. It is one of our intimate and friendly customs to give the hand and say '*Welbekomin*.'"

The last dances ended with a "galop" that was equal to racing speed; the music had ceased and there was only the rapid and increasingly more rapid roll of drums beating to quarters; "the *générale*." The pace was too great for many—dancer after dancer fell off until the floor was left to the Crown Prince, a handsome little Spanish-looking young man, and his partner who was French and very dark. They moved like the wind, so swift, so steady and silent, when stopping short in full career in front of the Throne, they made to each other a deep bow and courtesy, then to the Royal party a formal "*révérence*" as the courtesy and bow of ceremony is called.

Then the Royal party rose and bowed to the company, and with that the Ball of Welcome was ended.

Ended after seven hours! The day was breaking rosy and clear as we drove over the drawbridge of the moat that surrounds the venerable palace. The sea breeze was refreshing though we were not conscious yet how tired we were and the sun shone full on us before we were comfortably in bed, as old Pepys says, "mightily tired but mightily pleased."

SOME ITALIAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

IX.

DANTE, THE POET.

IN passing from Tacitus to Dante we step over twelve centuries full of war, invasion, and social upheaval. The Roman Empire continued the downward career which Juvenal and Tacitus vainly tried to arrest. Military despotism was followed by Imperial tyranny. A division of the empire was the signal for barbarian attack, and five centuries after the Augustan age, Rome ceased to be a power.

Charlemagne, a second Cæsar, made Italy a part of his empire, and after many barterings and conquests Rome found herself, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, included in the "Holy Roman Empire," which comprised what is now Germany and Austria together with many smaller states and principalities.

Rome had lost her power, but she had gained a spiritual preëminence which carried with it no little temporal authority. Small communities of Christians in the early centuries had banded themselves together and, with the recognition of Christianity by Constantine, a rapid development of churches

had taken place. Gradually these separate organizations were united, until at last the pontiff of Rome was recognized as the head of the Roman Catholic Church. Under this order of things there were endless disputes. One party supported the authority of the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, while another were the zealous advocates of papal rule. Most of the Italian cities were small democracies in which first one side and then the other gained an advantage.

The Latin of Cicero, Horace and Virgil had been hopelessly corrupted during the centuries. The common people no longer spoke it, although in its weakened form it was still the language of learning. In these many hundred years a new tongue, founded on the Latin, but differing from it widely, had become the language of the Italians.

A few contributions had been made to Literature during these dark ages. These consisted chiefly of histories and, in later years, of ecclesiastical writings put forth by monks, and bishops usually known as the "Church Fathers."

Such in brief was the state of Italy when Dante Alighieri was born in the city of Florence in the year 1265. The future poet was of noble family, and he inherited apparently the bravery of his ancestors who fought in the Crusades. His education was as thorough as the facilities of that age permitted. He studied at the universities of Bologna and Padua, and perhaps visited Paris and Oxford, but in his attainment of learning he never neglected physical exercise and manly sports.

In his twenty-fourth year Dante had an opportunity to try his mettle in battle. Florence was occupied by two parties, the Guelphs and Ghibellines, each of which was determined upon the supremacy. By a series of complications which it would require pages to describe, the Florentines engaged in war with two neighboring cities, and in these battles young Dante proved himself worthy of his sires.

There is a little romance connected with the early years of the poet which had a marked influence on his life and writings. When only nine years old he fell in love with a little girl, Beatrice, who had scarcely grown to be a woman when she died. Dante never ceased to worship her ideal as long as he lived, and she became to him a kind of deity.

In the year 1300 a misfortune came to Dante which changed his career. He had been elected an official of Florence, and while in office he was compelled to act in a way that offended one party. While Dante was away at Rome this faction came into power, and immediately passed a decree of banishment against the absent citizen.

Thus like Cicero, Dante found himself an exile from the city he so dearly loved. But not like the great orator was he to be recalled in a few short

months. His was a life-long banishment, and but for those long years of sad wandering from city to city, those weary hours spent in monastery and chapel, we might never have had the *Divine Comedy*.

The death of his young love, the companionship of a most ill-tempered wife, and his banishment from his native city conspired to make Dante a melancholy man. But his deeper feelings were aroused by these misfortunes; they wrang from the poet song that has stirred the hearts of men in all succeeding ages.

It was a fitting time for a poet to appear. Religious enthusiasm was at its height. Chivalry with its fascinating attributes of courtesy, love and honor was in its glory, and the words "liberty" and "democracy" were on everybody's lips.

Dante wrote, before his exile, a little volume in which he tells of his love for Beatrice, and he published other books in the Latin language, one on "Monarchy" and another on "The Vulgar Tongue." His great work is the *Divine Comedy*. This he wrote not in Latin, but in the "vulgar tongue"—the Italian. Here we find a resemblance between the first great English poet, Chaucer, and the leader of Italian song. Both discarded the artificial languages of polite letters, the Norman and the Latin, both aimed to reach the hearts of their countrymen through the simple every day language that all could understand, and both hoped to give the common speech a higher place by showing its power in poetry.

The plot of the *Divine Comedy* is simple. In company with Virgil whom Dante enthusiastically admired, the poet visits the lower world. The work is divided into three parts which correspond with the three divisions of the after state—Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. With a terrible earnestness and minuteness Dante describes the scenes in the place of torment. He meets characters well-known in history, and converses with them, until it all seems a reality. This book is really a grand review of the world up to the poet's age. Men and women of all times pass in review; future punishment is made a revolting and awful thing, and is contrasted with the happiness of Paradise through which the beloved Beatrice conducts the visitor.

Try as he may Dante cannot make Paradise as attractive as Purgatory is repulsive. Can we wonder at this, when we remember his life of sorrow and misery? The *Divine Comedy* was written during the years of wandering from the time of his exile until his death at Ravenna in 1321.

The patron of his later years, Guido Novello de Polenta, had the poet buried with great solemnity, and it is gratifying to know that the Florentines a century later did tardy homage to their distinguished citizen.

STRANGE TEAS, DINNERS, WEDDINGS AND FETES.

By L. M. N.

IX.

A SIAMESE HAIR-CUTTING.

ALL the little Siamese children, both boys and girls, have the entire head, except a place on the very top, closely shaved. There a long lock of hair is allowed to grow, and this they wear twisted into a knot and fastened with a jeweled pin.

The cutting of this top-knot, as it is called, is an occasion of great ceremony. All the friends and relatives are invited to attend, and the festivities continue three days. On the third day the hair is cut by a priest, and a lock is preserved in the family. The cutting of the top-knot is equivalent to our coming of age, though the children are generally between eleven and fourteen, and sometimes even younger than that.

The hair-cutting of the King's eldest daughter, Princess Civili, was a most magnificent affair. We went to the palace at ten in the morning for the purpose of seeing the procession. After passing through the outer and inner courts which were thronged with people of almost every Eastern nationality, we were shown into a building reserved for Europeans. Soon we heard the band playing the National Anthem, and then, preceded by the royal body-guard, His Majesty appeared and took his seat near the private entrance to the Temple. Then the procession commenced to file past us. It was headed by a number of men with hatchets, and attired in odd-looking garments. Some of these men wore horrible masks and wigs of long, tangled hair. They looked much like apes, and represented wild men. Next followed two rows of "angels" as they are called, these being men dressed in long loose robes of thin white muslin bordered with gold-embroidered bands. On their heads were tall conical hats of white and gold. These "angels" carried a cord which was attached to the Princess' chair. Between these two rows of angels walked a dozen men in loose red jackets, and short red trousers, with flat caps to match. They held in their hands long reed instruments on which they blew, making a shrill, strange sound.

This was the signal of the approach of the Princess who soon appeared, carried in a high chair, and surrounded by nobles and relatives. She sat as immovable as an image, and looked neither to the right nor the left. With a little more expression, she would have been a very pretty child.

Behind Her Royal Highness' chair were her

favorite slaves carrying all the beautiful presents that had been given her.

Apropos of presents, here is a short account of one of them. The United States ship *Ashuelot* was at that time anchored in the river Chow Phya Miniam, on which river Bangkok is situated. There is a custom in Siam of giving a present in return for one received, though the present given in return is always one of less value. The paymaster of the *Ashuelot*, hearing of this custom, presented Her Royal Highness with a diamond ring, and received in return a handsome gold betel-box of native workmanship. The captain of the *Ashuelot* who was much annoyed that a subordinate should receive so handsome a gift while he himself received nothing, had the paymaster court-martialed on the ground that an officer in the United States employ had no right to receive a gift from a foreign nation.

But to return to the procession. Following the slaves, came a number of little Siamese girls dressed in white, and wearing a profusion of jewelry. After them, came girls from the provinces all decked in their gayest attire; then two rows of little Chinese girls with painted cheeks and lips, and having artificial flowers in their hair. Closely following came rows upon rows of native women (slaves of the Princess) who walked sedately on with their bright fluttering scarves of red, yellow and green, their hands folded as if in prayer.

Then came a great many little native boys; after these, Chinese boys, and, finally the procession was ended by a company of Hindoostani children followed by a detachment of men servants.

The next two days the procession was exactly the same, except that on the third day the "angels" and the little Siamese girls wore pink robes instead of white.

The cutting of the hair, the praying of the priests, and the bathing of the Princess in various waters, all took place in a large artificial mountain built for the occasion opposite the Temple. None but the King, the ex-Regent and a few other favored individuals were allowed to be present.

On the green, in front of the mountain, we saw a large company of actors. On inquiry we found they were members of His Majesty's *loken* or theatre, and formed part of the religious ceremony.

After the cutting of the top-knot all Siamese girls of high rank are kept in the greatest seclusion. Some are sent into the palace and placed under His Majesty's protection. There they remain until married or until Death claims them.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

XLIV.

HOW TO SEE A DANDELION.

BY FREDERICK LEROY SARGENT.

A SIMPLE microscope, some mounted needles, a sharp knife and a pair of small forceps, are the only things needed to begin with.

There are many kinds of simple microscopes sold, some of which are of moderate price and answer every purpose; but if one has a little mechanical skill the cheapest way is to buy a magnifier and make the rest of the microscope one's self. What is known as the "bellows pattern," with three lenses, is one of the best of the cheaper forms of magnifiers, and is an admirable little instrument.

Fig. 1 shows a home-made microscope ready for use. It will be seen that the main part consists of a wooden box having a hole in the top and open in front. To the back is attached a cork by means of a piece of thin metal as shown in *fig. 2*. Through this cord slides a rod on which slides another cork. A piece of brass wire has one end wound round the upper cork while the other end projects as an arm at right angles to the rod, and this projecting end sharpened and upturned, passes through holes drilled in the handle of the magnifier, and thus supports it. The lenses are focused, *i. e.* brought to the right distance from the object viewed, by sliding the cork up and down on the rod. The object rests on a piece of glass laid over the hole in the top of the box. A piece of wood covered with white paper and placed below the object at an angle of about forty-five degrees answers for a reflector to illuminate those objects through which the light can pass. The pure white surface is better for the purpose than a mirror.

The most delicate part of the construction is making the holes in the corks for the rod to slide through. This may be done perfectly, however, by making the holes with a rat-tail file, trying the rod now and then until it moves just right. The best thing for the rod is a piece of brass wire one quarter of an inch thick; a lead pencil however is a good substitute. Before bending the end of the brass wire arm it is well to heat it red-hot at the point of bending, to take out the temper; as otherwise it may break. The holes in the handle of the magnifier should be drilled as near the front as possible and so arranged that when the magnifier is in position the smallest lens will be near the object.

The mounted needles are shown in *fig. 3*. One pair of each kind will be enough to start with. To make one, take a fine needle, break off about a

third, so it will not be too long and springy; then with a pair of pincers force it into the handle point first, withdraw it and finally force it in again with the point out. It may be easily bent with the pincers by first heating it to redness in a flame. When bent, heat it red once more and plunge quickly into water to re-temper it. Rubbing on an oil stone may be necessary to remove roughness. Should the handles show any tendency to split, it would be well to wrap the end tightly with waxed thread.

The forceps (*fig. 4*) may be purchased either of brass or steel at no great expense. Although not necessary it is more convenient to have them curved than straight.

If the reader will carefully follow the directions given below and endeavor to see for himself all the parts spoken of, he will probably have very little

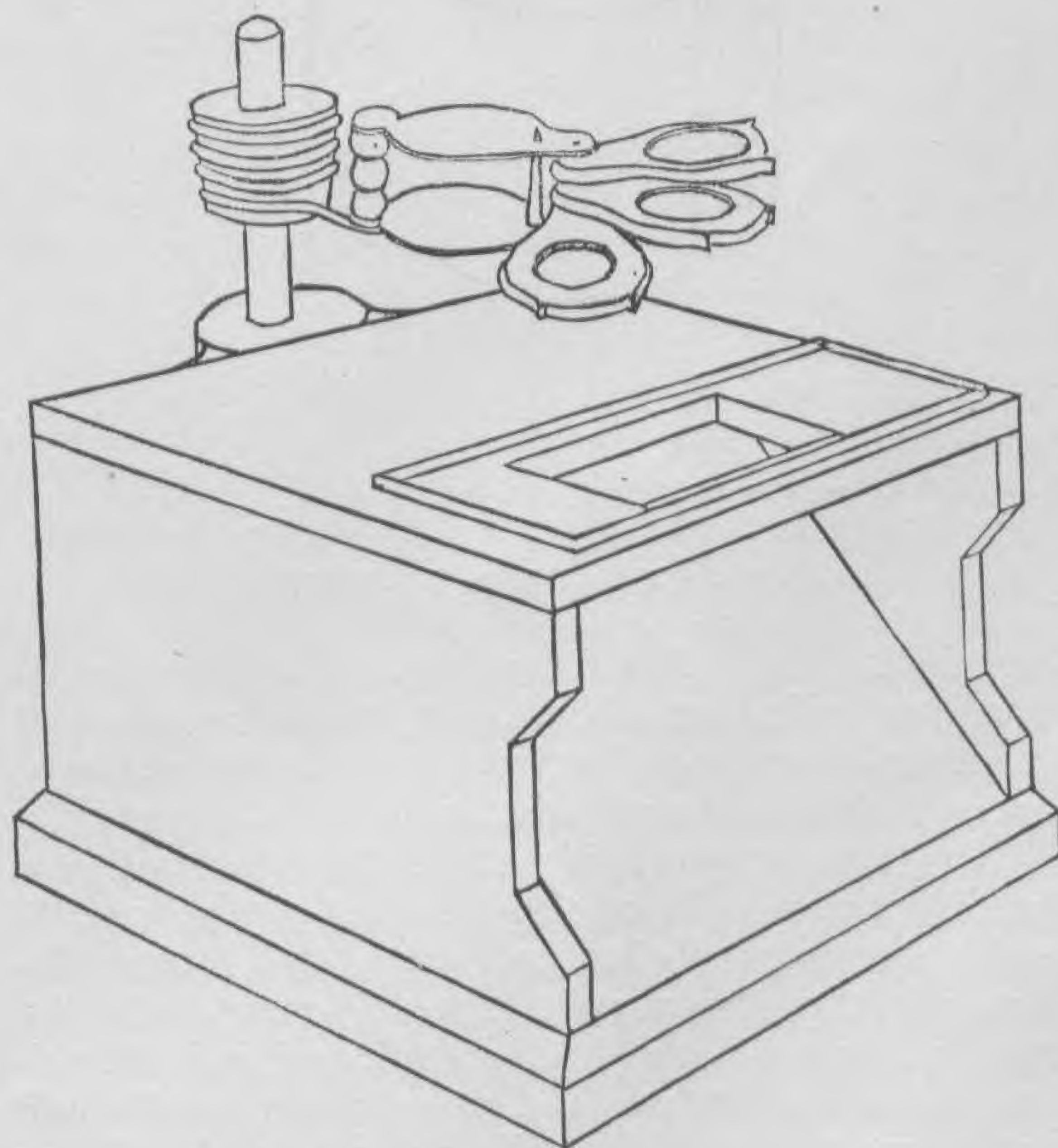


Fig. 1. A HOME-MADE MICROSCOPE.

difficulty afterward in the use of the instruments just described; and the enjoyment he will have when he has learned how to examine little things, will amply repay for careful and persistent efforts at the start. Get a Dandelion in full bloom and also one that has gone to seed.

Have the microscope and the other instruments ready for use. The best place to work is on a table in front of a window where there is plenty of light, but not the direct rays of the sun.

Now cut the blossom in halves from the stem up.

It will be seen that the stem is hollow and ends above in a cushion-like expansion. From the upper surface of this grow a number of little flowers, while from the sides there sprang two rows of little green organs that enclose the flower cluster like a cup. Remove one of the flowers with the forceps and place it in a drop of water on the glass stage of the microscope. Examine with one and one half inch power.*

Be careful to get just the focus. You are now ready to see the general form of the flower. At the base is a little body with roughened sides and slightly narrowed above (the ovary). Springing from the top of the ovary are a number of fine bristles (the pappus). Inside the bristles is a yellow portion, tubular below and flat above (the

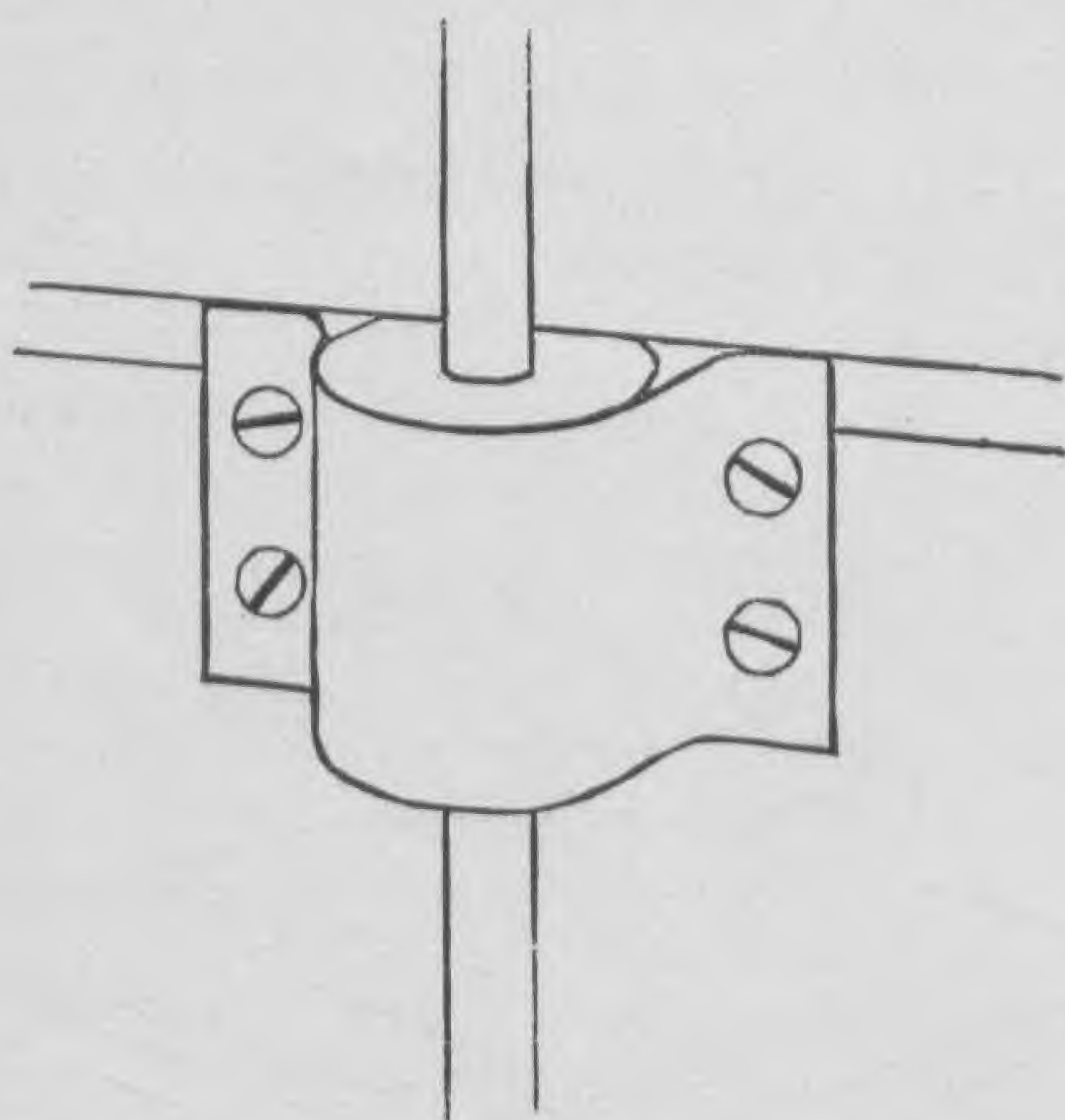


Fig. 2. THE CORK ATTACHMENT.

corolla). Projecting from the tube of the corolla is a little yellow rod (the top of the stamens joined together); and coming from among the stamens are two slender re-curved organs (the stigmas).

Now take a mounted needle in each hand and holding one needle on the flat part of the corolla split open the tubular part with the other. By keeping the lower part spread open with the needles, you will see that a number of delicate yellow threads grow from the sides of the corolla and are connected with the yellow stamen rod. These threads are another part of the stamens. In the middle of the flower is a single thread-like organ (the style) which comes from the top of the ovary and passing through the stamens projects beyond them, divided into two stigmas.

*In these directions " $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. power" means a lens having a focus of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches; " $\frac{1}{2}$ in. power" means a lens or combination of lenses having a focus of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch; and so on. All the different powers mentioned in the directions may be obtained in the small-sized 3-lens, bellows form magnifier, either by using the lenses singly or combined in different ways. The magnifying power of any single lens or simple combination is easily found by dividing 10, by the focus in inches. Thus the magnifying power of a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. lens is found in this way: $10 \div \frac{1}{2} = 10 \times \frac{2}{1} = 20$. The lens magnifies therefore 20 diameters *i. e.* makes an object appear twenty times as long and twenty times as broad as it is.

Most of my readers have probably studied enough botany to know the names of the different parts of a flower, but very likely many of them do not recognize the parts of the Dandelion flower as looking

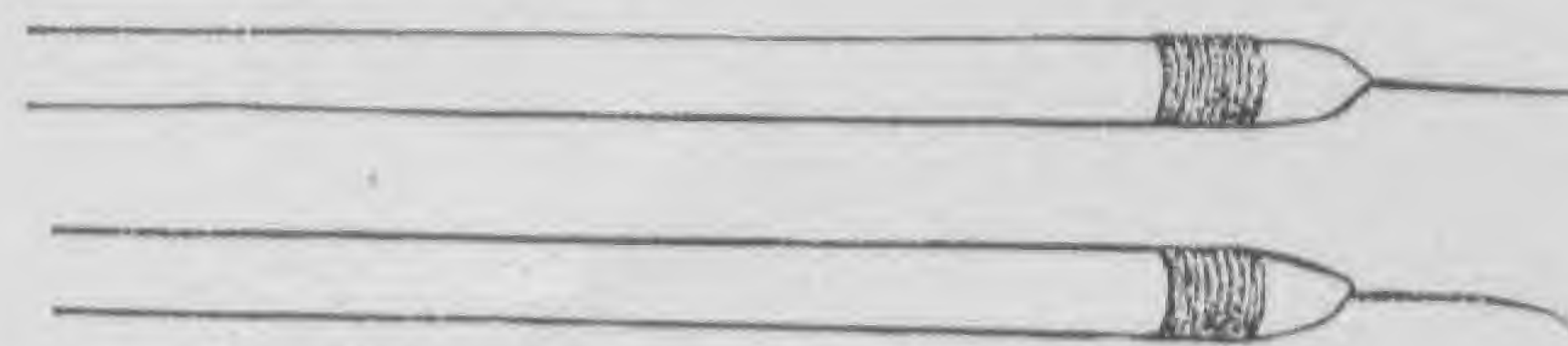


Fig. 3. MOUNTED NEEDLES.

anything like the parts of the flower with which they are familiar.

Before proceeding further, therefore, let us take a Morning-Glory flower — which you all know and can easily obtain, or at least some flower like it — and let us see how the parts of the two correspond.

Commencing in the centre we find in both a pistil, consisting of an ovary at the base and a stigma at the top and a style between. In the Dandelion the stigma is split in halves, while in the morning-glory it is not split but has three little knobs. Around the pistil come the stamens in each case. Each stamen is composed of two parts: a slender stem (the filament) and a little sac at the end (the anther) which is filled with pollen dust. In both cases the filaments grow out of the sides of the corolla. But while in the Morning-Glory the anthers are entirely free from one another, in the Dandelion they are joined together by their sides and form a tube around the style. The corolla in both cases is all of one piece, but in the Dandelion it is as if the upper part of the corolla were split open one side and then made flat. Instead of a green calyx as in the Morning-Glory, the Dandelion has a number of delicate white bristles. And, finally, in the Morning-Glory both the calyx and corolla grow out from below the ovary, while in the Dandelion its calyx of bristles and its corolla issue from above the ovary. So after all, you will see that corresponding organs are in both, and the difference between the two flowers is not so great as one might think at first.

Let the different parts of the Dandelion be examined now more minutely. First take some of



Fig. 4. THE FORCEPS.

the bristles and examine them with one quarter inch power. They are not perfectly smooth, but are more or less saw-like on the edge. With the same power look at other parts of the flower; notice the hairiness of the stigmas, the pollen grains coming out of the anthers (some grains may be found on the stigmas) also the roughness of the ovary and the delicate ribs or veins in the corolla. Examine one of the seed-like fruits with one and one half inch power. It is a ripened ovary. Com-

pare the fruit with the ovary of a flower. The nutlet has become hard, rougher and more strongly ribbed. The narrowed upper part of the ovary has become much elongated and the pappus is spread out like an inverted umbrella.

Examine some bristles with one quarter inch power. They show the saw-like edges much more developed than in the younger bristles of the flower. We see throughout a beautiful adaptation of every part for fitting the little parachute to be carried long distances by the wind and finally to catch on some suitable place in which to sprout.

XLV.

DOLLS' MITTENS.

BY MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

IT is certain that in the matter of mittens dolls are very much neglected. I believe there is not a book upon fancy work in existence that supplies a rule for making these small luxuries, or necessities, as perhaps they ought to be called. Elegant five-button kid gloves in the most fashionable shades of brown and tan, are furnished at the larger toy-shops; but owing to the peculiar construction of most dolls' fingers, it is seldom possible to get these stylish gloves on to their hands. But nice warm mittens will fill a long-felt want, and now in the summer vacation just at hand, is just the time to knit them, and here is a rule for making them which will make the hearts of young doll-proprietors glow with happiness, if elder sisters hang them on the Christmas tree.

A small supply of split zephyr wool and a steel crochet needle are all the preparations necessary, except some knowledge of crocheting.

Make a chain of twenty-seven stitches and join it in a ring.

Make a simple crochet stitch (by which I mean put the needle through a loop of the chain and draw the thread through, making a second loop on the needle; then draw the thread through both loops) in each chain stitch going around and around till eleven rows are made, always taking up the back instead of the front loop of previous row.

Then take up the front loop for three rounds; tie a thread in a stitch for a mark, and widen each

side of it; finish the round, and when the widening place is reached again make two stitches in one loop, crochet three, widen again (that is, make two stitches in one loop) finish the round, and at the widening place next time knit five stitches between the made ones; knit round again, widen, crochet seven, widen, crochet round again, widen, crochet nine, widen, make a chain of three and join in the stitch over the first widened one, thus setting off a place for the thumb, which may be finished before the hand is done; crochet around it once, narrowing—that is, skipping a loop on the previous row—where the chain was made; then crochet once around, narrow, crochet two rounds, narrow, crochet one round, narrow, then narrow several times in a row, and keep on going round and round, and narrowing, till only three stitches are left on the needle; then pull the thread through these, thread it in a worsted needle and take a few stitches to fasten it off; this finishes the thumb.

If the thumb is too short, ravel it before it is fastened at the top, and work more rows without widening, at the beginning.

Tie in the thread on the hand, by the thumb, and crochet around, narrow, crochet one, narrow, crochet around twice, narrow, crochet eight rounds* narrow, crochet one, narrow,* repeat from * to * till the round is finished; crochet one round plain; then narrow at each round till all are narrowed off except three; pull the thread through the three stitches and fasten it off.

Finish the wrist by working three rows of treble crochet, that is, put the thread over the needle, take up a stitch of the foundation and draw the thread through; that makes three loops on the needle, then draw the thread through two loops, then through the next two loops. In making the first row only take up every other stitch of the foundation; on the next row make one chain between each treble. Finish with a row of shells, made by working five or six trebles into a bar of preceding row, taking a single crochet stitch between each shell.

I am sure that if the young mothers of needy dolls are too inexperienced in the use of the crochet needle to work these mittens themselves, that there are obliging older sisters or loving aunties who will spare the very short time needed to make them.

SEARCH-QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

IX.

POEMS AND PLACES.

161. Mention a famous poem of which Coventry is the scene.

162. With what poem is Alloway Kirk associated?

163. What poem records a journey made in haste from London to Ware and back again by way of Edmonton?

164. What is the locality of the scene thus described?

We buried him darkly at dead of night
The sod with our bayonets turning.

165. To what locality does Tennyson refer in his Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington in these lines?

Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There shall he rest forever
Among the wise and the bold.

166. Supply the blank in the following:

If thou wouldst view ——— a right,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

167. With what locality is Gray's "Elegy" associated?

168. With what place has Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" been identified?

169. What poem of Moore's relates to a lake in the southern part of Virginia?

170. Of what important poem is the scene laid in the vicinity of Loch Katrine?

171. Name the locality outlined in these lines from a noted poem by Thomas Gray.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade.

172. With what locality is the poem *Winstanley* associated? name the author of the poem.

173. Of what place does Mrs. Browning thus write?

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decay-
ing;
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their pray-
ing.

174. What well-known poem opens thus?

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three.

175. Name a very famous poem referring to Plymouth, Mass.

176. Where are the bells which Thomas Moore mentions in his poem "Those Evening Bells"?

177. Who wrote the poem, "Edinburgh after Flodden"?

178. Where is the cataract of Lodore which Southey describes in one of his poems?

179. Of what noted poem is the scene laid in Central Pennsylvania?

180. With what locality is the poem associated of which this is the closing stanza?

One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

ANSWERS TO APRIL SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

121. William Beckford.

122. Samuel Butler.

123. Samuel Rogers.

124. Dr. Samuel Johnson.

125. Thomas Chatterton.

126. Sir Walter Raleigh.

127. King James I.

128. Sir Richard Lovelace.

129. John Bunyan.

130. On the charge of having published seditious libels in his paper the *Sheffield Iris*.

131. Edmund Hodgson Yates.

132. Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester.

133. Sir Thomas More.

134. Sir Thomas Overbury.

135. Thomas Cranmer.

136. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

137. Louis Theobald and Colley Cibber.

138. John Wilson Croker. On Sept. 12, 1831, during the debates in the House of Commons on the Reform Bill; the two had a memorable encounter in which the sympathies of the House were with Croker.

139. The Boyle and Bentley dispute arose from the publication of an "Essay on Ancient and Modern Languages," by Sir William Temple, in which a plea was made for the genuineness of the *Epistles of Phalaris*.

140. Thomas Shadwell.



PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

(American Series.)

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

X.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

IN reading history, the intelligent and profitable way is to have some plan, and then follow it out. Select a certain period, and make yourself as thoroughly acquainted as possible with that; and for collateral reading, take biographies or other books bearing upon the times, individuals, leading events, or the country, you are engaged upon, by doing which you may have the benefit of some side-lights upon your subject and also the opinion of writers from some other point-of-view, helping you to form your own opinion. It is often the case that one reads history in a kind of hap-hazard way, now a little about England, now the Middle Ages, now Greece or Rome. The result is an accumulation of incidents and dates; of a kind of information which is not knowledge. You have a confused mass in your mind which you cannot use, a chaos, a miscellany; even after much reading and study you are in deplorable uncertainty about the momentous causes which have brought about the very revolutions in government, dethronement of sovereigns, overthrow of nations which you have just given your time to. It is a lamentable failure to appreciate the chief aim for which history is written.

Already you have had Prescott brought before you with his subjects of discovery, adventures and conquest. Another series is the splendid group which the genius of Motley made as captivating as romance, covering a period of portentous import to more than one of the great European powers. Coming to our own United States, you have the general history by Hildreth, and that upon which the venerable and venerated George Bancroft has been fifty years engaged; besides the many local and topical works to aid in a clear knowledge of certain regions or subjects, such as Palfrey's *History of New England*, and Frothingham's *Siege of Boston*. These men are our own historians, American authors, eminent for scholarship, for painstaking research.

There is another who stands without a superior, second to no American historian living or dead; second to no historian who has written in the English tongue — Francis Parkman.

As early as the age of eighteen he formed the purpose of writing on "French-American history,"



FRANCIS PARKMAN.

limiting himself to the contest which ended with the death of Montcalm and Wolfe, the fall of Quebec and of the French dominion in North America. But afterwards he extended his plan so as to include the entire subject of French colonization; and in carrying it out he arranged it in separate narratives with different titles.

To-day, after forty-five years, it stands complete, with the exception of a comparatively unimportant portion of seven years, by and bye to come into place; and in his own words, "When this gap is filled, the series of 'France and England in North America' will form a continuous history of the French occupation of the continent." A series unsurpassed for brilliancy, for the quality of the literary workmanship, accuracy, scholarship and picturesque narrative. You can hardly know what a charm history may have until you have made yourself acquainted with these volumes; in his hands it is like a story-book.

His first movement in preparation was a trip to the Rocky Mountains for the purpose of studying savage life, customs and character among the wildest tribes. With a friend, like himself just out of college, he set out from St. Louis in the April of 1846 and, after various adventures, left him and went on with a hunter-guide and lived among the Sioux; sleeping in their wigwams, eating their detestable food, sharing all their hardships and roving life, following the hunt and the war-path, witnessing their ceremonies; in short he was domesticated for several weeks with a horde of the most thorough savages; as utterly lost to civilization as if no such thing existed, and sometimes so ill that he expected to leave his bones there in Oregon. No white man, unless it might have been a fur trader, could have had better opportunity. His nerve and determination never failed; he says he placed himself in positions so perilous because "my business was observation, and I was willing to pay dearly for the opportunity of exercising it."

After his return his experiences were put into a book, *The Oregon Trail*, brim-full of novel situations, perils and escapes, buffalo-hunts in the region of the Black Hills, and all the hideous details of that savage kind of living. You will see just what Indians were at the Far West forty years ago. No such account could be written to-day, for that state of things has passed away forever. He went boldly to the lodge of an old chief, and had the guide announce that he had come to live with him; and as hospitality under such circumstances is an Indian virtue he became one of the family of Kongra Tonga. Here is a passage after the big buffalo hunt was over:

I entered the lodge of my host. His squaw instantly brought me food and water, and spread a buffalo-robe for me to lie upon; and being much fatigued I lay down and fell asleep. In about an hour, the entrance of Kongra Tonga, with his arms smeared with blood to the elbows, awoke me. . . . His squaw gave him a vessel of water for washing, set before him a bowl of boiled meat, and, as he was eating, pulled off his bloody moccasins and placed fresh ones on his feet. . . . And now the hunters, two or three at a time, came rapidly in and, each consigning his horses to the squaws, entered his lodge with the air of a man whose day's work was done. The squaws flung down the load from the burdened horses, and vast piles of meat and hides were soon gathered before the door of every lodge.

By this time it was darkening fast, and the whole village was illumined by the glare of fires. All the squaws and children were gathered about the piles of meat, exploring them for the daintiest portion.

An intimate, most trying, often sickening inside view of savage life and character which was afterward of incalculable service to him. Thus, in the outset, you must understand that your historian is personally familiar with his ground; that besides collecting material from foreign archives, from French manuscripts, documents and letters hitherto inaccessible, from every possible quarter, he has journeyed through forests, been up and down the great rivers, along the lakes, visited the fields where battles were fought, examined the ruins of forts and old defences, taken note of the scenery and vegetable growths, and traversed what were once trails through the wilderness; he says:

I have visited and examined every spot where events of any importance in connection with the contest took place, and have observed with attention such scenes and persons as might help to illustrate those I meant to describe. In short, the subject has been studied as much from life and in the open air as at the library table.

And now let me emphasize the importance of this magnificent work by reminding you that while so much interest is connected with the War of the Revolution and the late War of the Rebellion, there was danger that the momentous consequences involved in that earlier, great struggle between the French and English might be almost lost sight of.

The general title is "France and England in North America. A series of historical narratives." The time covered is from 1512 (the discovery of Florida) to the fall of Canada, in 1760, with a supplementary chapter or two relative to the treaty and results. The scenes, personages, accessories and events during this period of about two hundred and fifty years are wonderfully varied and dramatic. The chief actors are French noblemen fresh from the most polished court in Europe, officers victorious in famous European campaigns, explorers, Jesuit Fathers, trappers, guides, half-breeds, Indian warriors, and in the ancient régime, nuns, high-born ladies and peasant girls. The region is romantic, taking in the coast at Mount Desert, and that wild stretch along the St. Lawrence and the chain of great lakes to the far Northwest, the Mississippi river and the fateful lagoons at its mouth.

It has the Acadia of the people of Evangeline, Quebec with its heights and historic "Plains," Montreal and the convent whose walls were reared during the reign of that régime, Lake George, Champlain, Ticonderoga, the forts where diabolic savages wreaked their vengeance, trading-posts, lonely missions in the wilderness. The scenes shift, and succeed one another like those in some long panorama; now a pageant or a religious ceremonial, now an

ambuscade or a war-dance. Dramatic in the highest degree, it was life lived rapidly and insecurely, alternating from festivity to carnage; a time of splendid success and one of downfall, of glory, of triumph and of dire misfortune. Nowhere else on this continent have been such varied and stirring events.

Part I. is *Pioneers of France in the New World*, and the author introduces it by saying:

The springs of American civilization, unlike those of the older world, lie revealed in the clear light of History.

He says it was Feudalism, Monarchy and Rome — “a gigantic ambition striving to master a continent” — which sent those foreign expeditions to our shore, and that “the story of New France opens with a tragedy, in the wilds of Florida.” The first division of Part I. is “Huguenots in Florida,” and while reading it it is worth while to take up the chapters in the first volume of Bancroft’s *History of the United States* which treat of the same subject, and also to give careful attention to a recent volume by Charles B. Reynolds, entitled *Old Saint Augustine*. The second division is “Samuel de Champlain,” a far more agreeable topic, and a kind of adventurer more worthy than many who appear in those pages. Here is an account of an Ottawa village as his exploring party saw it; they were the first white men the Indians had seen:

Here was a rough clearing. The trees had been burned; there was a rude and desolate gap in the sombre green of the pine forest. Dead trunks, blasted and black with fire, stood grimly upright amid the charred stumps and prostrate bodies of fallen comrades half consumed. In the intervening spaces the soil had been feebly scratched with hoes of wood or bone, and a crop of maize was growing, now some four inches high. The dwellings of these slovenly farmers, framed of poles covered with sheets of bark, were scattered here and there, singly or in groups, while their tenants were running to the shore in amazement. Warriors stood with their hands over their mouths — the usual attitude of astonishment; squaws stared between curiosity and fear; and naked papposes screamed and ran.

This was the first intrusion upon wigwams in the “forest primeval,” and here the red man as he was, the aboriginal inhabitant, the North American Indian who was to play so important a part in coming events.

Part II. is *The Jesuits in North America*, and is a history of the efforts, perseverance, zeal and hardships of the priests in establishing Missions among the Indians. No annals afford a picture of more sublime patience and self-sacrifice than the lives of those men, who were more than ready to shut themselves off in the heart of the wilderness, to be massacred, burnt at the stake, by their savage associates, and perish there alone, as was the fate of many. But their religious enthusiasm had results commensurate with their heroism, and its influence was of weight in founding Montreal and determin-

ing the site of towns which perpetuate their names to this day.

Part III., *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*, you will find one of the most captivating of the series. A biography of one of the most daring of all the explorers in an age of daring men; one whom no perils could daunt, a man of unconquerable mind “in a frame of iron” — that educated young French gentleman who came over to Canada at twenty-two to seek his fortune, learned seven or eight Indian languages and dialects, and with his imagination on fire to find a new passage to the South Sea by way of the Ohio and Mississippi, lent his life to “exploring the mystery of the great unknown river of the West.” Of the perils and tragic experiences through the years that followed, through wintry forests, beset by savage hordes, we have his own words:

Often without food; watch by night and march by day, loaded with baggage, such as blanket, clothing, kettle, hatchet, gun, powder, lead, and skins to make moccasins; sometimes pushing through thickets, sometimes climbing rocks covered with snow, sometimes wading whole days through marshes where the water was waist-deep or even more, at a season when the snow was not entirely melted.

Again, when snow kept on falling for nineteen days in succession, he says:

We were obliged to cross forty leagues of open country, where we could hardly find wood to warm ourselves at evening, and could get no bark whatever to make a hut so that we had to spend the night exposed to the furious winds that blow over those plains.

Through regions where there had been Indian fights, and sights most sickening after that “hyena warfare” met their sight; losing vessels and boats; encountering the murderous savages; amidst plunderers and mutineers; subject to every hindrance conceivable — to understand all this, you must read this strangely fascinating but saddening volume which closes with loss and disappointment, with tragedy, and the assassination of the brave leader at forty-four.

Part IV., *The Old Régime in Canada*, is a more peaceful division treating of the mode of life in Montreal and other settlements, the arrival of the emigrant girls from France, the establishment of the Sisterhoods still existing in that quaint Canadian city, building, mission work, intrigues, dissensions, the rude conditions of a new colony with a promiscuous population.

Part V., *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.*, gives the history of “the most remarkable man who ever represented the crown of France in the New World,” and the beginning of the troubles between the French and the English colonies which grew into that long and bloody contest, during which bands of Indian allies swept down through the wilderness upon our defenceless set-

lements, and along our northern frontiers there was an unbroken reign of terror. It is in this part (Chapter XVI.) that you come upon the Acadians of whom you are to know more by and bye.

As was said in the beginning, there is a vacancy in the series, which leaves us to pass on to the grand culmination in Part VII., *Montcalm and Wolfe*, one of the finest pieces of historical writing in our language. In this the author has surpassed all the preceding volumes. In the Introduction he says:

The most momentous and far-reaching question ever brought to issue on this continent was: Shall France remain here, or shall she not?

This work tells why and how French dominion was overthrown; and first, with clearness of statement that a child could understand, shows the situation, what France claimed, and what she actually held; then the position and conditions of the thirteen British colonies at the period dating 1745; then the struggles between the French and English for trading-posts—and here at one of the French forts commanded by Saint Pierre, we meet, in the autumn of 1753, George Washington:

The surrounding forests had dropped their leaves, and in gray and patient desolation bided the coming winter. Chill rains drizzled over the gloomy "clearing," and drenched the palisades and log-built barracks, raw from the axe. Buried in the wilderness, the military exiles resigned themselves as they might to months of monotonous solitude, when, just after sunset on the eleventh of December, a tall youth came out of the forest on horseback, attended by a companion much older and rougher than himself, and followed by several Indians and four or five white men with pack horses. Officers from the fort went out to meet the strangers; and wading through mud and sodden snow, they entered at the gate. On the next day the young leader of the party, with the help of an interpreter, for he spoke no French, had an interview with the commandant, and gave him a letter from Governor Dinwiddie. Saint Pierre and the officer next in rank, who knew a little English, took it to another room, to study it at their ease; and in it, all unconsciously, they read a name destined to stand one of the noblest in the annals of mankind; for it introduced Major George Washington, Adjutant General of the Virginia militia.

I have quoted that passage for a twofold purpose, one of which is to show you the unsurpassed clearness and picturesque beauty of this author's style. In the whole paragraph it hardly would be possible to change a word, or the position of a word, without damage. It is a style wonderful in its simplicity and purity, its directness and vigor, its pictorial charm. You will find it everywhere. In no historical writings will you have the reality of events more vividly brought before you; the author had the power of identifying himself with them, as if he had traversed the swamps with La Salle, and lived in the bark-roofed cabin with the priest; as if he had been an eye-witness of Braddock's defeat. When you read that bloody story

in Chapter VII. you will feel as if you yourself had been a looker-on.

In this part, you have the true story of the Acadians (different from that in *Evangeline*); you see of what rude elements the Provincial army was made; you meet John Stark and Rogers "the Ranger;" you feel afresh the horrors of the savage raids; you live in terror of ambushes; you wait in suspense to learn the fate of the frontier forts and their brave defenders. Last of all these intensely dramatic scenes, you witness the desperate attempts to gain the Heights of Quebec, you see the plateau of grass patched with corn fields, the Plains of Abraham, where the long, long struggle between England and France for American dominion came to its final issue, where Wolfe fell and Montcalm received his death-shot.

Our author loves a hero; he delights to portray a character; to picture the man, bringing him out of the past and making him alive before us. He has done this for the two brave officers who gave the title to this, his crowning work.

He has done it, too, for an Indian chief, who is the subject of another volume, which, though standing independently and written earlier than the others may be said to belong here—*The Conspiracy of Pontiac*. Though small space remains, let me say that the introductory part is a careful account of the social institutions and habits, and the tribal relations of the North American Indians. Probably in no one volume will you find so much, put in so concise and attractive shape—their order of tribes, councils, plan of government, what the *totem* meant, their ancient transmitted customs which took the place of laws.

The main theme is the gathering of all the Indians into one great confederacy to strike for their lost territory; and the aspect of the country when this is about to take place is sketched—the loneliness, the scattered Indian villages; even in the most populous portion "one might sometimes journey for days together through the twilight forest and meet no human form;" the English settlements lay "like a narrow strip between the wilderness and the sea," with places of rendezvous and outposts.

Pontiac, at the head of the confederacy, a man of remarkable foresight and power over his people, enters upon the scene at about fifty, in 1760, when Rogers the Ranger with his men was sent to the western forts to take possession in the name of His Britannic Majesty. Pontiac, who had been an ally of the French, demands to know what they are there for.

Soon begins the murderous strife, which means attack upon the forts, stratagems, ambushes, every diabolic measure that savages could resort to—it is a bloody, a curdling story, of which we have details even to the preparation where the Indians put on the war-paint. Through it all, we

cannot help sharing the author's admiration for the man whom he calls "the greatest Indian on the American continent." Pontiac was assassinated by a strolling Indian, but, says the historian,

whole tribes were rooted out to expiate it . . . over the grave of Pontiac more blood was poured out in atonement than flowed from the hecatomb of slaughtered heroes on the corpse of Patroclus. . . . Neither mound nor tablet marked the burial place of Pontiac. For a mausoleum, a city [St. Louis] has risen above the forest hero, and the race whom he hated with such burning rancor trample with unceasing footsteps over his forgotten grave.

I hope I have been able to indicate to you that vast pleasure and profit await you in reading the works of this historian, and that you will be tempted to avail yourself of the whole series. Great enjoyment is before you.

Francis Parkman was born in Boston, September 16, 1823, and in these later years his time is chiefly spent there and at his summer home a few

miles out, by Jamaica Pond, where he indulges himself in his favorite pastime of horticulture, and may be found of a summer day at work among his beloved roses and lilies — you will notice how flowers bloom along the pages of his books — of which he is so fond and for the cultivation of which he is so distinguished that he has written a "Book of Roses," and had a lily named for him, *Lilium Parkmanni*.

NOTE. — His books are *Pioneers of France in the New World*, *The Jesuits in North America*, *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*, *The Old Régime in Canada*, *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.*, *Montcalm and Wolfe*, *The Oregon Trail*, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*. He has lately prepared a *Historic Handbook of the Northern Tour*. A short sketch of his life may be found in *The Critic* of February 27, 1886. In connection with the Acadian episode you will find it of interest to read *Evangeline*; and *Hiawatha*, and the *Algonquin Legends* of Charles G. Leland may afford help in understanding Indian customs and traditions. It is also well to read what Bancroft says upon these topics.

MY GARDEN PETS.

BY MARY TREAT.

X.

MORE ABOUT SLAVE-MAKING ANTS.

TWO days after the flight of the winged members of the slave-making colony, at eight o'clock in the morning, an army of red Amazon soldiers came out of the formicary and formed a line about five inches in width, which soon reached a negro colony, seventy feet distant, situated beneath an oak-tree.

The external appearance of the negroes' formicary, or city, is not compact, like that of the slave-makers, but appears slovenly, and is often scattered over a large space; in this instance it occupied five or six square feet.

This species (*F. Fusca*) often annoy us by working in our lawns and grounds, and gardeners try frequently to destroy them with boiling water, kerosene, and other destructive agents; but no means I ever saw tried can equal the slave-maker's work of extermination. The blacks seemed to have had warning of the intended attack and bravely faced the enemy. Untold numbers met the advancing army and boldly closed in deadly conflict. But still the line of red soldiers was unbroken between the two colonies — on, on the marauders came until the field of battle extended around the entire city. Two hours the conflict waged. Great num-

bers were slain on both sides. Heroes, with dismembered limbs, still held on with dauntless courage. The blacks are not so strong as the red warriors, or have not as thick coats of mail. The ground is strewn with their dead — eight or ten blacks to one red.

But now the negroes are becoming discouraged and show signs of yielding to the enemy. Numbers are coming out of the formicary with young in their mandibles, and fleeing in all directions often pursued and overtaken by the kidnappers who wrest the young ones from their grasp and carry them to their own quarters. Soon the defeat is certain — the blacks are fast fleeing, and the great army of slave-makers are pouring into the various avenues of the city, issuing again to return home with the plunder, marching back over the same track and in the same regular order in which they started out, each carrying a pupa — a little bundle destined to become a slave. This pupa is not enclosed in a cocoon like the pupæ of the slave-maker's, but is simply covered with a thin transparent gauze-like substance, through which the head and eyes and limbs of the young ant are plainly visible.



PUPA, FRONT AND SIDE.

When the kidnappers reach home they all pass through the same wide door and disappear. But soon they return empty-handed—they have left their bundles in the care of the slaves, and again start toward the negroes' city, of which they now have complete possession, bent on the work of transferring the young to their own dominions. Although moving in opposite directions there is no crowding or jostling; all the empty-handed are going toward the negroes' formicary and keep on one side of the road, while those with burdens are marching in the direction of home and keep to the other side. The ranks seem no thinner than when they first started out; the column stretching from one city to the other, is still the same width—about five inches. Back and forth they go, with no cessation, from ten o'clock in the morning—the hour of victory—until about eight in the evening, when many return home without burdens; the negro nurseries are empty of occupants and the day's work is done.

The slaves never accompany their masters in these marauding wars. They stay at home and receive the young negroes and place them in various rooms or nurseries. I hoped in this instance they would put them beneath the glass in the large apartments so recently vacated by the winged slave-makers; but no! they passed beneath the frame, across one corner, down into the underground rooms beyond the reach of prying eyes.

On the following morning all was quiet around their home, not even a slave was visible. The wide door through which they had passed was closed and an embankment thrown in front and over it, reaching to the upper part of the frame. Two days they kept thus housed; only occasionally a master or slave came out of a small side-door and walked around the city and again disappeared. Were they resting after the fatigue of war, or having a great cannibal feast?

On the third day they again sallied forth and sacked another negro colony over a hundred feet distant, with the same result as the one already

recorded; and their raids were continued, with varying degrees of success, for the space of over a month. Not only the blacks (*Formica Fusca*) were made



MASTER TRANSPORTING A SLAVE.

war upon, but all the species they could find within a radius of five hundred feet.*

If all the young ants which the slave-makers captured lived to become slaves, they would greatly exceed the masters in numbers, whereas, as nearly as I could estimate, they were about equally divided, with one exception, when there were fully twice as many blacks as reds.

See, *Chapters on Ants*, Harper's Half-Hour Series.

On the same day that the marauders started on their second expedition, the slaves brought a goodly number of pupæ into the upper rooms beneath the glass, but not a quarter as many as had been captured. Yet this alone is not sufficient evidence that the rest were eaten; they may have been concealed in other apartments.

No black mothers are raised in the slave-makers' home. They transport only the pupæ of workers from the black colonies, and as far as I have observed, the cocoons and pupæ of the winged individuals are always left. This seems to indicate that the primary object of these raids is not for food.

If some naturalist could invent an artificial formicary in which the ants would work, as bees do in a hive, we should learn many things in their life-history of which we are now entirely ignorant. In the absence of this, the most satisfactory knowledge we can gain of what the interior of a formicary must be, is to watch a colony when they change their residence. But each month, at least from April to November, constant change is going on, so that no two successive months will present the same features, and during June, July and August the removals are widely different in character. I witnessed one in June, before the winged individuals had been liberated from their cocoons, when over two weeks elapsed before they were fully established in their new home; yet when they move in war-times, during their greatest activity, the same result will be accomplished in two or three days. Of course much must depend upon the size of the colony; the one I had under observation was very large, and they remained three years in one place without changing, while one summer they made two moves in less than a month. The cause of this second transition was very remarkable and indicated a degree of intelligence that was truly astonishing. But in the first place I must give an account of the removal.

The slave-makers had been on one of their great raids and were returning home with the plunder, when all at once some of them seemed to be struck with the idea that the city they were sacking was better than their own; so a large number of the ruling spirits stationed themselves around the various avenues leading into the negroes' city, and when their fellow workers appeared with pupæ they stopped them. Sometimes the bearer would turn and go back at once, while others more obstinate, or not comprehending what was wanted, would try to pass homewards, when the pupæ would be wrested from them by the guards and carried back. But it was not long before they all seemed to be of one mind—that this was a desirable location. And now the great move began. First of all the slaves were brought and set to work to close the numerous entrances that led into the city from which their kinsmen had just

been expelled. A master on returning to the old home would approach a slave and touch her antennæ, when she would crouch and allow her master to transport her to the new home. After awhile the slaves also understood the situation, and they too became bearers of the pupæ and of the females, or mothers of the colony. A great many hundred females curled up in a compact bundle were thus carried along the road — about eighty feet — to the new home. Not one, so far as I could see, performed the journey on foot, although they were larger than the bearers and able to walk rapidly.

A number of the slaves seemed to consider that the material which they had used for the embankments was too valuable to be left; so some of the largest, most difficult things to transport were carried to the new home; the very things which had cost them the most trouble to manage — like pieces of anthracite coal, or pebbles — were selected, and sometimes more than a dozen workers were employed in removing what to them was an immense boulder.

The subjection of the slaves to their masters is nowhere so perfectly shown as in this change of residence, especially when possession is taken of a city that has been built by the same species they enslave. As servitors, the negroes go diligently to work to close the numerous doors that lead into the formicary, which the free blacks always keep open.

After the removal was completed, I noticed a good many ants, both masters and slaves, still remained at the old home, and they looked singular, as if something was growing on their backs. The lens enabled me to see that it was a species of mite with which they were infested — in some instances they were literally piled all over the ants; these mites increase and spread rapidly, and this then, no doubt, was the cause of their change of residence. But how they caused these poor unfortunate creatures to understand that they must remain at the old home is a puzzling mystery, indicating a degree of intelligence which most of us

are unwilling to accord to such lowly beings. Still more remarkable was the fact that an infested ant was conducted from the new home back to the old; the conductor walked backward leading it by the tip of the antennæ, apparently keeping as far as possible from contact with its body. When they reached their destination the unfortunate ant was left at the foot of the mound. Was the old home converted into a hospital? I now gave my entire attention to the conductor. She started

back rapidly, but after going a short distance she stopped and rolled or rubbed herself on the ground, and then proceeded to make her toilet by passing her fore paws through her mouth, and then over her head and face, like a cat washing



AN ANT MAKING HER TOILET.

her face, then sitting in nearly an upright position and passing her legs over her entire body. (The ants have an admirable comb on the last joints of the legs, a much better arrangement for combing and cleansing than puss has.) After she had completed her toilet she proceeded on her way back to the new home; but just before she reached the door she was stopped first by one and then another sentinel, who at last permitted her to enter. Were these sanitary surgeons examining the conductor to see if she had become infested on her perilous journey? Was she compelled to perform the task? or did she voluntarily risk her life for the good of the community?

I kept watch over the hospital, and placed water and honey within easy reach of the inmates. They ate sparingly and moved about in a listless dejected manner till they died. But the custom of carrying the bodies away — which they usually conceal under dry leaves — was still adhered to by the survivors as long as any were left to perform the last sad duty to the dead.

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.

(Foreign Series.)

BY MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

X.

A MORNING VISIT TO THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

OUR first day in Copenhagen had been spent with our friends at their lovely country seat on the Baltic; they bringing us back to town, to inspect our Paris toilettes and apportion them to

the occasions for which we had invitations. There is so much etiquette and form in court-matters that this was a necessary precaution.

We had separated, and were making ready for a resting night, when a note came from our minister's wife — we had called in the morning — enclosing one to her from the *Grande Maitresse* — the chief lady-in-waiting on the Queen, to say her Majesty

was coming into town the next morning and would be pleased to see the American ladies, informally, at noon, at the Winter Palace. Madame de B. added: "The Queen will receive these ladies in their walking dress (*toilette de promenade*)."

Mrs. Y — in her note said, "But you must wear white bonnet and gloves."

Nobody has white gloves in modern days, and for me a white bonnet was impossible, for it would have spoiled the effect of my white hair. What to do? My Danish friend, in an early morning interview, assured me the Queen was too intelligent not to accept an explanation through Madame de B — and liked pretty things too well not to prefer seeing our Felix hats to any solid Copenhagen millinery. But when we met before noon at the Winter Palace Mrs. Y — was uncomfortable about us.

Madame de B — listened to my explanation, smiled approvingly on my black lace and jet, and the straw-colored *toilette* of my daughter, and went into the adjoining room returning with the Queen's invitation that we two should come to her in the library.

We had been properly coached — one does not make "informal morning calls" on Queens often enough to feel quite sure of the etiquette: "You will find the Queen standing. She may or may not ask you to be seated. If she does she will end the visit by rising in ten minutes or so."

The Queen did ask us to be seated — very near her too, for, alas, she is somewhat deaf (as is the beautiful Princess of Wales). And when she rose and said she would see us again at the Ball it was not ten minutes, but a good half-hour we had been with her. The explanation had directed her attention to our hats, which she approved to the extent of directing Madame de B — to ask who our Paris *fournisseurs* were. So that nice point was safely passed.

For the rest one lady is the same as another. With the advantage, that people of fixed accustomed position can be and usually are of quiet, simple manner, because there can be no question of their social value and they do not need to assert themselves in any way. Least of all in the common way of expensive dress.

The Queen wore a quiet black silk, short and without "trimming." Her figure as well as her face was still very youthful, and it is her beauty which has come to her daughters. Direct, gentle manners, and a quick easy way of talking made the half-hour short. On the large library table by which we sat was a bust of the Prince of Wales to which she called our attention, as a present just received from "my son." All the royal family, every one in society almost, and the people generally, speak English. English is now the diplomatic language as it is fast becoming also the necessary business language. Until in Cromwell's

time the diplomatic intercourse of nations was in Latin — you remember Milton was Cromwell's secretary. Charles II. introduced the French language, which is now displaced almost completely by English.

After the Ball of Welcome, a breakfast was given by the Minister of State, Count Fries. Friesland, Jutland, and another county, of which I forget the name, were his property; and in these three countries were some thirty towns and villages, also his. Here again was the same simplicity of attentive good manners, and dress. Although all Royalty and all the highest Danish nobility were present, the Countess Fries and a daughter, the Countess Agnes, were dressed well but in proper daytime dress and without jewels. Diamonds by daylight, and evening dresses before night, unless for great State ceremonials, are not worn by women who are too used to them to wear them out of place. At the Ball I had noticed all wore their hair in what was evidently their habitual way. Just then it was a fashion to put all the hair in one thick plait which drooped from the back of the head on the neck and was thence carried to the top of the head in a straight line. A hot and tickling way in a summer night ball-room. One lady at the Ball had her hair done in this way. She was very nice-looking every way, with her pale blue dress and collar of diamonds. The King, whom I had not yet met, took this lady for me. Standing near the throne, I heard him say to the Minister of War, "*Faites moi l'honneur de me présenter à Madame Frémont*," moving as he spoke toward this lady. He told General de R — "I made the mistake because the American ladies follow the fashions *de si près* (so very quickly) that I thought *that* must be the American lady with her hair dressed in the last mode." She was English, however, and I think it was a point in our country's favor that though American I wore mine, as did the Danish ladies, in my usual way.

But the white bonnet was obligatory for the Bridal Breakfast. Every woman, old or young, had on an uncompromising white hat. With all my Paris finery mine was a case of "nothing to wear." A look round the Copenhagen places satisfied me that their substantial respectable bonnets would crush my hair and spoil the effect of my dress. So I made my own bonnet. Sitting before the glass, I built it on my head with many hair-pins. A coronet wreath of pale violets placed becomingly on the hair made the "foundation." Some Mechlin lace gathered into a large loose rosette fell softly over the upper part of the flowers, in front and over the hair behind. More violets and lace form a central knot for a long barbe of the same lace which made a loose fluffy tie under the chin — it was white, but not heavy, and so artistic and becoming that several ladies said to me, "Only Paris could produce such bonnets."

At this beautiful breakfast there were long suites of both drawing-rooms and breakfast-rooms open; all newly decorated for this occasion. In the room where the royal party had breakfast we were but twenty-four at table, myself the only unofficial person. Except the King and the Prince-bridegroom and Count Fries all were ladies. The Countess Fries several times left her seat, made the tour of the table speaking a little with different guests, saying to me in English a nice hospitable hope that I was finding myself pleased and altogether carrying out the impression of good will as well as good manners which is common to all classes in Denmark.

We spent the day at a country-seat about an hour out of town where we found in perfection this charming combination of simplicity and luxury. The house was old and built around three sides of a courtyard as large as a public square. A delightfully irregular house of uneven growth; some rooms moderately large and opening together, while others were really great halls, many opening out by stone balconies and steps to the rich velvety green of old lawns running down to the sandy beach of the blue Baltic. Trees of age and beauty that it made one glad to see were everywhere about this domain, while back of it lay a famous beech wood and deer park. This we visited in a little basket wagon, driving among the tame deer. The beeches were of immense size and very old. Their strange trunks were even more weird than any Doré has drawn and their whitish bark made them phantom like in the green dusk of the forest. This wood was only a part of the royal deer-forest. Mr. S. — had recently bought it from the crown, giving eighty thousand pounds sterling for this addition to his old estate which had a long, long frontage on the Baltic. For a fishing village on his estate he had built a fine breakwater. Our Danish friends were intimate here and told us of the good providence the whole family were to their tenants and people. At dinner the fish was from their own waters, the venison and birds from their own forests, the beautiful peaches and grapes from their own glass-houses, and the flowers were from their fields as well as those cultivated. To us accustomed only to the unbroken green of our wheat fields (corn as it is called in England and Europe), the gay beauty of north European corn-flowers in a wheatfield is something fascinating. I had said something of this pleasure to the eye as we had travelled northward. In one room where a pale blue glazed chintz covered the walls as well as the furniture, and the light was softened by abundant white muslin curtains, a large window was filled by a tall basket-stand with its tiers of trays filled entirely by blue corn flowers, relieved by borders of the loveliest white roses; and in the next room, where everything was pale pink, the wild sweetbrier was the only flower.

Great vases of fine china and majolica had the poppy and ripe wheat with the blue and yellow corn flowers everywhere. My friends told me the sisters, three girls of remarkable beauty, had themselves arranged the flowers to please me. Their father showed me in the library a large beautiful painting of the place where Jorg  n was shipwrecked and his sad young life ended in the sands of Jutland. Hans Andersen is responsible for making us all sorry for the poor Spanish boy; it was such a desolate lonely stretch of dull wave-ribbed sand with the low wash of the cold ocean against it that one felt the tragedy of the lost boy. It was good to escape back to the lovely flowers and lovelier girls.

We had another beautiful day at the castle at Elsinore, where Hamlet saw his father's ghost on the ramparts; and a visit to fortified islands which defend the harbor. Going out to them in a steam-launch and doing credit to our country by not being sickened by the rough short waves which made some of the dignified officials blue and gray in the face and miserable. Nelson was always seasick. What a brave man he was to become such a naval hero in spite of his quailing stomach. We had the old story of his bombardment of Copenhagen told over here, on the spot, and Campbell's poem, "The Battle of the Baltic," took new beauty and meaning to me. My old French friend, the Count de la Garde, had been present and had part in the defence of the city that day, though only a lad of sixteen.

To be in Copenhagen and not to speak of Thorwaldsen would be almost to omit Hamlet.

Genius is honored in Denmark. It has its true place as a rare and divine gift, and learning is fostered and brings honors. Hans Andersen was, with all his petty vanities and childish self-importance, valued for his talent and was not only a popular favorite but a welcomed frequent guest of royalty. The university there is so stately and beautiful and has attached such wealth of libraries, museums, etc. that it was a pleasure to learn that the great income which enabled all this to be done had been gained by the students themselves. Some centuries before, when the plague was devastating the city and panic followed, so that the dead lay unburied, authority could not prevail with any of the regular people, and the students volunteered; and they made the check in the spread of the disease and terror it caused. For this they were granted a proportion of all burial fees in perpetuity, and *that* supply never fails.

Denmark was the last European country to embrace Christianity, and in its fixed uneventful national life old usages and traditions have lingered, so that among the peasantry and farming folk their silver jewelry and pottery and many small customs retain a mythological character. It was an altogether quaint, characteristic, special visit we made there; delightfully in contrast to the modern life

even of the "Old World" cities, and fascinating to us as Americans where the unwritten law is to destroy forests and tear down the few edifices having histories and marks of time.

We know what happens if you ask for something to eat on an excursion to any of our out-of-the-way little places. But driving far one day we rested before returning where a very small fishing village lay between a forest and the Baltic; very small weather-beaten huts of cottages, boats, fishing nets, etc. — all plain and poor. We stopped at the largest house — two rooms with sanded floors and a few wooden benches and tables in one, and cooking arrangements in the other, showed it to be the "Public."

Here they knew only Danish. All was clean, but a "fish-like" atmosphere pervaded everything. We were hungry, and tried by pantomime to get something, but understood from their deprecating gestures and the blushes of a pink and white young girl who shook her yellow head as she looked us over admiringly that they had nothing good enough. F.'s fourteen-year-old appetite was not to be soothed by such an idea; he pantomimed vigorously,

advancing into the kitchen and triumphantly seized an egg, broke it into a plate and by gestures indicated the beating of eggs, then pointing to the fire was understood, and mother and daughter, laughing, followed his lead as he searched the shelves and a closet and secured some raspberry jam; he found in the bit of garden some parsley, and soon we had a really good omelette, with clean water to drink, and hard rye bread. The good humor, the good, excellent cooking, the modest charge — about twenty cents — all were exceptional in our much-travelled experience, and the girl's shrill laugh of delight at the little present of money we made her was equally exceptional.

The upper classes are very like the English country gentry in wholesome truthful ways of living, without pretense or striving, but having an open life; first for home and family, and after, if it is quite prudent and convenient, to broaden it. But with these, as with the plainer people, there seemed to be an atmosphere of not only content, but light-heartedness very foreign to the English and even to our American people; and very refreshing to be in contact with.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

BY MRS. LUCIA CHASE BELL.

XLVI.

THE FLAG DRILL.

LAST winter the ladies of Post-grand prepared two very attractive public entertainments. One was a kind of "Authors' Carnival." The other was a grand "Continental Tea," celebrated on Washington's Birthday.

They were given by two different societies, rivals, in a friendly sense, and each set included a variety of really admirable talent among managers and actors, both old and young. It was intended to produce Addison's "Fan Drill" at the "Continental Tea," but when the young ladies thought of preparing for it they discovered that the "other entertainment" were to present this ever-popular feature. Their costumes were ready, and they had a "brigade" of handsome little girls accurately drilled. The report said that it was "perfectly enchanting, and nothing else could possibly equal it as an attraction."

Then the chief thinker of the "Continental Tea" management leaned her head "pensively upon her white hand" and thought deeply for the

space of at least three minutes. She was a school-teacher and accustomed to drill a class of graceful Grammar-school girls in calisthenic exercises on several days of every week.

"Don't be discouraged," she said at last, with that calm air of unlimited resource that we so much admired. "I think we can manage a much greater attraction. For the Fan Drill, it must be confessed, is rather old now, though of course it is always pleasant to see. Give me sixteen girls, as nice and bright as my Grammar-school girls, and we'll prepare a FLAG DRILL. That will be just the thing for a patriotic occasion, and it will be *new*, and *I think* it will be beautiful."

The girls were forthcoming. There was no trouble about that. And they were all about fourteen years old, with their dresses the delightful length that just misses touching dainty boot-tops.

The teacher, Miss Neal, drilled them every day after school, for an hour, in the hall where the entertainment was to be given, and on Saturday afternoons also, for two weeks, and there was not a minute of time to spare.

Each girl had a wand. These wands were about as large around as the girls' thumbs, and each girl

had one which, standing on the floor, reached to her arm-pit. This made the wands vary a little in length, but not enough to mar the symmetry of the exercise. On the right end of the wand was pasted a bright, painted United States flag, about eight by fourteen inches in size. It was pasted because, if tacked, it might hurt the girl's hands. The movements, of course, were all in time to music, after the first two or three lessons which were given very slowly, the teacher counting aloud, in march time, for each number. They had afterwards, a cornet, piano, and violin, to practice with. The music used was a very pretty old piece, called "Smith's March." Some of the strains were repeated, to conform to the number of movements, and where the music did not seem to accord with the spirit of the action, some other strain was used in that place, as, for instance, when the girls were kneeling down, instead of a martial, energetic strain, something softer and more plaintive from the same march was substituted, to harmonize with the movements.

In every movement of the feet, Miss Neal insisted that they must start with the *left* foot. Some of the girls declared, at first, that they *never* could do it — "it was not natural" — but they found it quite easy after a short time.

In all of the numbers, in every initial movement, the "flag end" of the wand was held up, as to the right — never *down*. Miss Neal wrote out the numbers in a blank book, just as you will see them here presently, and several of the girls copied them so that they could study and practise them at home. A few of the less striking movements Miss Neal adapted from calisthenic exercises she had learned when a scholar herself; but most of them were original.

On the night of the public performance the girls were dressed in uniform costume of red, white and blue, with white stockings and black slippers, and they wore jaunty little close-fitting "liberty-caps" just back of their fluffy "bangs." Their dresses were made of unbleached cheese-cloth, which was found to be exactly the sort of soft creamy, bunting-white that was desired. The skirts were as nearly of the same length as possible. Each little lady wore a broad drapery of red, white and blue fastened at the left shoulder, crossed diagonally in front, draped low at the left side and brought up high in graceful loopings at the back. They made these scarfs at home, being careful to select the real flag-red for the red stripe, all using from the same piece, which happened to be scarlet silesia, because different shades of red in the costumes would have spoiled the whole "picture." Cheese-cloth, too, was used for the white stripe in the scarfs.

The girls were drawn up in line across the back of the stage when the curtain rose. The time occupied with the exercise was ten minutes.

It was *encored* again and again, and has been repeated in the same town many times, always before delighted audiences.

"Healthful amusement contributes to working power," and Miss Neal did not feel that the time spent in preparing this exercise had been anything but a benefit to her girls. They enjoyed it, from the very first, and gained perceptibly in grace, freedom of movement, and self-control; qualities desirable at all times.

THE DRILL.

Position in line across the stage, standing with shoulders almost touching. Wand in front of right shoulder, with flag six inches above, wand held between forefinger and thumb of right hand, right and left arm straight at the side. Line must be previously counted off into "ones" and "twos," there being eight alternate "ones," and eight alternate "twos."

1. Salute, with one chord from the music. Bring left hand across wand in front of right shoulder, with fingers extended closely, showing, in front, the edge of the palm, and narrow side of the wrist.

2. With chord, deliberately. Bring left hand back to place at side.

3. With one sweeping chord from the music. Still holding the wand with right arm and fingers in position at right side, bring left hand to back of wand in front of right shoulder, clasping the wand lightly between thumb and forefinger.

4. Stand motionless, looking straight forward, during prelude from the cornet. If the prelude used be a genuine bugle-call the effect is very beautiful.

5. Mark time, four beats, with full accompaniment from music hereafter, without pause.

6. Forward, four steps in line.

7. Twos forward, four steps.

8. Rest till strain be completed.

9. One chord, accompaniment, four beats. Bring wand down to horizontal position in front, held in hands twelve inches from the ends. Second chord, hold wand out horizontally in front. Third chord, bring wand down to horizontal position, in front.

10. Bring wand to chin and down, four times.

11. Wand from top of head down to chin, four times.

12. Wand held horizontally on top of head, slide right hand to right end, four times.

13. Left hand to left end, four times.

14. Wand from horizontal position on the head to front of right shoulder, four times, hands clasping it twelve inches from the end.

15. Wand from over head to front of left shoulder, four times.

16. End of wand on floor between feet, held

lightly between thumb and forefinger of right hand, two inches from the top. Strike floor four times.

17. Place wand diagonally forward on the right. Step to wand with right toe four times. Left hand down during this movement.

18. Wand diagonally forward on left side. Right hand down. Step to wand with left foot four times.

19. Arms horizontal in front, wand vertical, clasped in both hands, left above right, bring back to chest, four times.

20. Bring wand in front of right shoulder, four times.

21. Bring wand in front of left shoulder, four times.

22. Hands in front of chest, clasping the wand, six inches from the lower end, bring wand diagonally forward, first to right, then to left, four times. With the first and third movement slide the right hand straight forward on the wand. With the second and fourth, slide the left hand forward.

23. Wand held diagonally across the breast, flag end above left shoulder. Quadruple step four beats. First beat, extend left foot diagonally, forward. Second beat, bring back to position, with heel almost touching the heel of right foot. Third beat, bring left toe in a curve to the side of right instep. Fourth beat, bring left foot back to position.

24. Wand held diagonally across right breast. Quadruple step, with right foot.

25. Wand on top of head, pointing flag forward. Right hand forward, four times.

26. Left hand forward, four times.

27. "Twos" cross flags with "twos," and "ones" with "ones," clasping the wand twelve inches from lower end. In this position take the "gypsy step," four beats. First beat, bring left toe to side of right instep. Second beat, bring back to position. Third beat, bring right toe to side of left instep. Fourth beat, bring back to position.

28. Swing wand over head from left to right. four times.

29. Bring wand diagonally back of right shoulder, left hand clasping it twelve inches from the lower end; right hand, just below the flag, back of shoulder. Beat time with left toe four times, while bringing wand into this position.

30. *Mark* time, four beats, alternately left and right foot.

31. March forward, four steps.

32. March back, four steps.

33. Left foot, beat time, four, while bringing wand to position in front, left hand down, right arm down, right fingers clasping wand as in opening of the exercise.

34. *Mark* time, four beats.

35. Salute, four times, as in No. 1.

36. Wand horizontally down in front bring to chin and back four times.

37. Wand to diagonal position across right and left breast, alternately, four beats.

38. Wand pointing forward, clasped in both hands, wave in downward curve from right to left, four times.

39. Wand held vertically in front of chest, clasped in hands twelve inches from the lower end, describe quadrant of a circle, down to horizontal position parallel with right shoulder, four times.

40. Describe quadrant of circle down to left shoulder, four times.

41. Wand in front of right shoulder, right hand down, clasping wand, left hand clasping wand in front of shoulders, mark time, four beats.

42. Kneel with wand across right knee. Clasp the wand in both hands, dividing its length into thirds. Four beats, while taking this position.

43. Right hand to right end of wand, four times.

44. Left hand to left end.

45. Cross flags, and swing the free arms, four times, as for a "hurrah."

46. Rise to standing position, bring wand to back of neck, hands clasping it twelve inches from the ends. Four beats, to give time for change of position.

47. Beat time with right toe four times.

48. March forward, four steps.

49. March back, four steps.

50. Bring wand to opening position. Time, four beats.

51. "Ones" march forward, four steps, coming into line.

52. *Mark* time, four beats.

53. March back in line, eight steps.

54. March forward in line, eight steps.

55. Rest, during interlude from cornet or bugle.

56. Full chord, four beats. Right face, changing flags to diagonal position across left breasts.

57. *Mark* time, four beats.

58. March, following leader to form a circle.

59. March around in circle once, then counter-march twice, crossing flags as the couples come down the centre.

60. Form a circle, and take the "May-pole March," which is sometimes called the "grand right and left," only with this exercise no hands are clasped. Wands held vertically in front. March around twice or three time.

61. Lead off in line back to place across the front stage, flags held in front of right shoulder.

62. Rest for interlude, eight beats.

63. One chord, four beats. Change wand to diagonal position across left breast.

64. Sing "Red, White and Blue." With close, march back eight steps. Swing the flags with the refrain.

Any class of bright girls can study these directions

and prepare the Flag Drill without any teacher. Each girl should take her wand, and with the open book beside her practice the movements deliberately, at home, before a mirror. In this way, the whole exercise will in a day or two be committed to memory, *which is absolutely necessary*. In practicing together, be careful to take steps of uniform length. Look straight forward, with eyes directed to the front, and know the exercise so well that no trace of anxiety lest you fail will be visible in your face. *Don't look stolid, nor pensive, but cheerful.*

If the Drill is well presented, very many of your audience will declare, "I could look at that all day, and not grow tired."

If *you* grow tired of too many encores, you can arrange the class for one response, in a very pretty tableau. For this, you should be able to get a large handsome silk flag, that will reach down to the floor in picturesque sweeping folds when held in centre of the stage by two of the girls. Two

of the girls can kneel, a little to the right, in front of this flag, with their flags crossed, and two can kneel at the left in the same position. Others can be grouped prettily at right and left. In the Post-grand entertainment, two bona-fide United States soldiers stood, one at the right, one at the left, of the stage, next those girls who were kneeling, and they were a highly effective feature of the tableau, with their immaculate dress parade uniforms and gleaming bayonets. This simple tableau of the "Red, White and Blue," was easily prepared, and very beautiful, with the colored lights. It might be suggested that the simplest as well as the most elaborate tableau is always more effective, if an appropriate *background* is arranged close to the figures. At Post-grand the background for this little tableau was formed of gracefully draped pale-blue and gold, and cream-white curtains, these having previously been looped up above the stage, out of sight.

STRANGE TEAS, DINNERS, WEDDINGS AND FETES.

BY C. S. FURSDON.

X.

OLD ENGLISH HARVEST CUSTOMS.

Hoaky is brought
Home with hallowin'
Boys with plumb cake,
The cart followin'.

— *From Poore Robin*, 1676.

IN one of the fine old Homes of England, the tapestry lining the Withdrawing Room represents a scene which must have been very familiar to the ladies whose diligent fingers accomplished this large piece of handiwork. It is a "Harvest Home" of more than a hundred years ago; and as the light from the huge logs burning on the hearth flickers on the figures it almost seems as if the gayly decorated horses are drawing on the cart laden with sheaves, as if the girl enthroned on the top of the corn is waving the small sheaf she holds overhead, and as if the harvesters are really dancing around; that in another moment the lad riding the leader must sound his pipe, and the old man following the dancers make a merry tune come out of his fiddle-strings. The Harvest is over, and the "last neck" is being carried home in triumph, held on high by the Queen of the Harvest, until it can be deposited in the centre of the supper-table in the big farmhouse kitchen.

This tapestry hangs in a house in Cornwall, a

county in which, from its remote southerly position, many traditions have lingered. Among such traditions those connected with the harvest are probably some of the most ancient; handed down from generation to generation from the days when the Romans first brought civilization to England and left their stamp on the harvest as well as on the language, laws, numerals and the roads of this county.

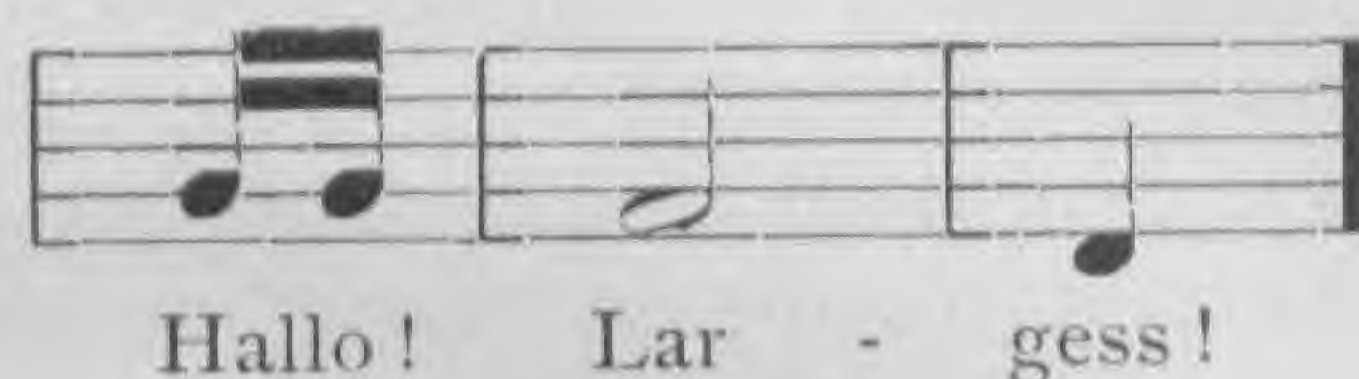
Until the beginning of this century, Ceres was the name given as a matter of course to the queen of the harvest; and in Bedfordshire two figures made of straw were formerly carried in the harvest procession, which the laborers called Jack and Jill, but which were supposed to represent Apollo, the Sun God, and the beneficent Ceres, to whom the Romans made their offerings before reaping began.

The merry queen of the harvest, worked in the tapestry, had no doubt been chosen after the usual Cornish fashion. The women reaped in Cornwall, while the men bound, and whoever reaped the last lock of corn was proclaimed queen. As all were ambitious of this honor, the women used to hide away an unreaped lock under a sheaf, and when all the field seemed cut they would run off to their hidden treasures, in hopes of being the lucky last. When a girl's sweetheart came into the field at the end of the day, he would try to take her sickle away to finish her work. If this was allowed, it was a sign that she also consented to the wedding taking place before the next harvest.

The last lock of corn being cut, it was bound with straw at the neck, just under the ears, and carried to the highest part of the field, where one of the men swung it round over his head, crying in a stentorian voice, "I have it, I have it, I have it!" And the next man answered, "What hav-ee, what hav-ee, what hav-ee?" Then the first man shouted again, "A neck, a neck, a neck, hurrah!" This was the signal for the queen to mount the "hoaky cart," as it was called, and the procession started for the farmhouse.

Over the borders in Devonshire, the custom of "crying the neck" varied a little. The men did the reaping and the women the binding. As the evening closed in, the oldest man present collected a bunch of the finest ears of corn and, plaiting them together, placed himself in the middle of a circle of reapers and binders. Then he stooped and held it near the ground, while all the men took off their hats and held them also near the ground, and as they rose slowly they sung in a prolonged harmonious tone, "A neck, a neck, a neck!" until their hats were high over their heads. This was repeated three times; after which the words changed to "We have-'en, we have-'en, we have-'en!" sung to the same monotonous cadence. The crying of the neck, as it echoed from field to field, and from hill to hill, on a fine evening, produced a beautiful effect, and might be heard at a great distance.

A musical cry of this sort was also common in Norfolk, Suffolk and Gloucestershire; but the words sung were "Hallo, largess!" One of the men was chosen lord of the evening and appointed to approach any lookers-on with respect, and ask a largess, or money, which was afterwards spent in drink. Meanwhile the other men stood round with their hooks pointed to the sky, singing:



In Gloucestershire Ceres rode the leader of the Hoaky Cart, dressed in white, with a yellow ribbon round her waist.

The last in-gathering of the crop,
Is loaded and they climb the top;
And then huzza with all their force,
While Ceres mounts the foremost horse.
"Gee-up," the rustic goddess cries
And shouts more long and loud arise,
The swagging cart, with motion slow,
Reels careless on, and off they go.

Stevenson in his *Twelve Moneths*, date 1661, goes on to describe the arrival of the procession at the farmhouse:

The frumenty pot welcomes home the harvest cart, and the garland of flowers crowns the Captain of the reapers.

The battle of the field is now stoutly fought. The pipe and tabor are now briskly set to work, and the lad and lass will have no lead on their heels. O! 'tis the merry time when honest neighbours make good cheer, and God is glorified in His blessings on the earth.

In Herefordshire "crying the neck" is called "crying the maze;" the maze being a knot of ears of corn tied together, and the reapers stood at some distance, and threw their sickles at it. The man who succeeded in cutting the knot won a prize and was made Harvest King for that year. In the same county there was a rough custom of the last load being driven home by the farmer himself at a furious rate, while the laborers chased the wagon with bowls of water which they tried to throw over it.

In the more stately processions the horses that drew the Hoaky cart were draped with white, which Herrick, the Devonshire parson-poet, describes in his poem of *Hesperides*, 1649:

Come, sons of summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil;
By whose tough labours and rough hands
We rip up first, then reap our lands.
Crowned with the ears of corn now come
And to the pipe ring Harvest Home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Dressed up with all the country art.
See here a maukin, there a sheet
As spotless pure as it is sweet;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
(Clad all in linen, white as lilies:)
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy to see the hock-cart crown'd.
About the cart hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout;
Pressing before, some coming after—
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Well on brave boys, to your lord's hearth
Glittering with fire, where for your mirth
You shall see, first, the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef;
With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon (which makes full the meal;)
With sev'ral dishes standing by,
And here a custard, there a pie,
And here all tempting frumenty.

The harvest supper in Northumberland was called the "Kern Supper," from a large figure dressed and crowned with flowers, holding a sickle and sheaf, which was named the "Kern Baby," and, being carried by the harvesters on a high pole with singing and shouting, was placed in the centre of the supper table, like the Devonshire and Cornish Neck. Rich cream was served on bread at the Kern Supper, instead of meal; a custom which was reversed in a sister northern county, where the new meal was thought more of than cream, and the feast was called the "Neck Supper," in its honor.

There was one more quaint ceremony for the laborers to accomplish, after the feasting was over, connected with the completion of the rick or stack.

This was formed in the shape of a house with a sloping roof, and as the man placed the last sheaf in the point of the gable he shouted, "He's in, he's in, he's in!" The laborers below in the stackyard, then sang out, "What's in?" and the rickmaker answered with a long harmonious sound, "The cro' sheaf," meaning the cross sheaf.

It has been thought that there used to be one universal harvest song used throughout England, but the words and music are not preserved as such. Some curious songs are performed by the laborers, where harvest suppers are kept up. A very popular one has a chorus ending with:

And neither Kings, Lords, nor Dukes
Can do without the husbandman.

The majority are drinking songs, and there is reason to fear that the ale and cider that flowed at harvest-time, conduced in no small degree towards the unbounded revelry of these old celebrations.

At the same time the country people of England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were for the most part very simple and ignorant, and their childish exuberance of spirits may have been but the natural expression of life in a perfectly unartificial state. They were men and women who could live for the hour while the sun shone, who could laugh and dance like children who have no fear, and, as George Eliot says, who "cared not for inquiring into the senses of things, being satisfied with the things themselves."

But the change was coming. The old women of Cornwall lamented loudly when their sickles were taken away, and the corn was "round-hewed" by the men with a kind of rounded saw.

"There was nothing about it in the Bible," they said; "it was all *reaping* there."

The round-hewing was but a step, to be speedily followed by the scythe, and then by the steam reaper. And it often happens that the steam engines do not leave the field until the corn is carried to a temporary rick in the corner and threshed on the spot.

Farewell to the Hoaky Cart, the crowns of flowers, the Kern Baby, and the Cro' Sheaf!

With the puffing snort, the whirr and smoke of the engine, came the downfall of the ancient ceremonies. If the corn is threshed in the field and carried away in sacks, there is no time for the triumph of Ceres, or the decking of "Necks."

The laborers are no longer "satisfied with the things themselves." They are keen for the shilling they will earn for overhour work, and in some counties prefer it to the gathering of master and men round the harvest board; and the drink makes them envious instead of merry.

Times are hard. The great iron rakes clear the fields and there are some farmers who no longer say with Boaz:

Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not, and let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them that she may glean them, and rebuke her not.

It seems as though the old happy gleaning days were also numbered. Those days to which the villagers look forward from one year's end to another! The hour at which gleaning may begin is made known in some parishes by the church bell tolling at eight o'clock, after which the children troop off with their mothers to the wide fields. The sun may shine with fierce August fervor, the children's arms and the mothers' backs be weary to breaking, and the corn gathered be only enough for two half-peck loaves—yet there are charms in the long days in the fields, in the strawberries picked in the hedge, and the potato pasties eaten under the rick, and when the church bell tolls again at nine o'clock there are still many lingerers in the fields.

The world is growing grave and old, and it is sad to think that many of the simple old-fashioned enjoyments of past years are fading away. Still there is another side to the inevitable law of change; for out of the relics of the worship of Ceres, out of the ashes of the ancient customs of revelry, a phoenix has arisen, grand and hope-inspiring, and that carries back our memories to days before the Romans were conquerors of the world, and when the most ancient of all nations, the Jews, used to celebrate their yearly feast of Ingathering.

When first Harvest Festivals in Churches were proposed they were looked on with suspicion, for somewhat similar services had been swept away by the iron hand of the Reformation. But thankful hearts and good common-sense have worn out the suspicion, and the day comes now in each year, when every Church in England is decked with sheaves of corn, grapes, torch lilies, dahlias, sun-flowers, and all the splendors of autumn, and when glorious Te Deums, and hearty Harvest Hymns rise in thanksgiving for the blessings on the fields.

Once more the ancient cry of "Largess" is, as it were, revived. But now it is largess for the poor, beloved by God, it is largess for the suffering ones, who watch in pain, it is largess for home and foreign missions, that all may be safely gathered in to the great final Harvest.

It is also customary for a Festival to be held in the Cathedrals of the principal county towns. And there are few nobler sights than to see the Nave of one of these magnificent old buildings, on a market day, so full of men and women of every position in life, that they are sitting on the bases of the pillars, and standing in the aisles; and there are few nobler sounds than to hear that mighty congregation burst into singing:

Come ye thankful people come!
Raise the song of Harvest Home!

SEARCH-QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

X.

FICTION AND LOCALITY.

181. Which of George Eliot's works is a story of life in Florence at the close of the fifteenth century?

182. What once famous didactic tale has the scene of its action placed in Abyssinia?

183. In what city is placed the greater part of the action of *Our Mutual Friend*?

184. Of what novel of note is a considerable portion of the scene laid in the Marshalsea prison in London?

185. In what noted novel published some thirty years ago, does much of the action occur in a boarding-school at Brussels?

186. In what part of England is the scene of *Adam Bede*?

187. What country is the scene of many of the novels of Carleton, Lover and Lever?

188. Name the two cities referred to in Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*.

189. What town is the original of the town called St. Ogg's in *The Mill on the Floss*?

190. In what portion of England is the scene of *Lorna Doone*?

191. Name two English novels that had a notable effect in reforming English private schools.

192. What famous English school is the scene of one of the most noted books for boys.

193. What country is the scene of Mrs. Oliphant's earliest novels?

194. What country is the scene of the action of Scott's *Talisman*?

195. What once famous watering place is often mentioned by Jane Austen in her novels?

196. What city is the scene of Charles Kingsley's historical romance *Hypatia*?

197. Where is Castle Dangerous, mentioned in Scott's novel of that name?

198. In which of Dickens' novels is the scene partly American?

199. What famous castle, once the home of Queen Elizabeth's favorite courtier, is the scene of one of the Waverley Novels?

200. What Norman town is the original of Miss Thackeray's *Village on the Cliff*, there called "Petitport"?

ANSWERS TO MAY SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

141. Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher.

142. Sir Philip Sidney, "worthy of all titles, both of Chivalry and Poesy."

143. John Sterling. Julius Hare's memoir of Sterling appeared in 1848, and Carlyle's in 1851. See Caroline Fox's "*Memories of Old Friends*."

144. Andrew Marvell.

145. *Thyrsis* is in memory of the poet Arthur Hugh Clough.

146. Colonel Frederick Burnaby.

147. John Galt.

148. Thomas Hughes.

149. Mrs. Mary Somerville.

150. Edwin Arnold. The testimonial was an expression of the king's pleasure in the poet's *Light of Asia*.

151. Frances Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arblay.

152. William Cowper.

153. Charles Dickens.

154. Dr. Isaac Watts.

155. Jane Austen, Jane Porter, Agnes Strickland, Hannah More, Joanna Baillie, Mary Russell Mitford, Harriet Martineau, Emily Brontë, Elizabeth Sara Sheppard, Adelaide Anne Procter.

156. Oliver Goldsmith.

157. Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

158. Dr. Samuel Johnson.

159. Oscar Wilde.

160. Thomas Hood.

WHEN good-temper flies away,
Haste to call it back, sir;
For 'tis that which sweetens play,
Helps work, and covers lack, sir.



PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

(American Series.)

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

XI.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

INFINITE variety goes to the making of literature, and we would not have it otherwise if we could. We do not want all, or much, to be of the sledge-hammer style of Carlyle; we weary of the ponderous sentences of Dr. Johnson, even of the elegant finish of Addison. It would not be satisfactory to have all writers rambling and reminiscent like De Quincey and Ruskin, notwithstanding their wondrous affluence of words, their suggestiveness, their picturesqueness and charm. We tire too much of the stately and statuesque, of the too highly elaborated, of the abrupt and brusque, of too much piquancy or too much dash.

We must not read history only, or biography, or dry essays on vital subjects to the exclusion of everything else. What would life be with the poetry eliminated from it? Let us have our ideals, only they must be high ones; let us sometimes — not too often — dream dreams, even as the old book-keeper did in *Prue and I*, provided they make us gentler, tenderer, purer, kindlier.

Take away from literature the poetic and imaginative part, and what a dreary residue it would be! Take away the beings who have had no existence but in the author's brain, and what wide, what awfully wide gaps there would be! The favorites of your childhood would be the first to go. You would lose your fairy princes and princesses, Cinderella, and the Mother Goose people of your earliest remembrance. As with the waving of a conjurer's wand, away, away they go; as swiftly and as noiselessly as the fairies who had been dancing on the sands by moonlight, in Allston's lovely sketch. Robinson Crusoe would go; and the Pilgrim to the Celestial City and all he had to do with. Prospero and Ariel would be no more; Oberon and Titania and Robin Good-fellow would be spirited away.

Are you acquainted with the "Howadji?" Do you know "Prue" and the book-keeper? Have

you ever mused over the unfortunate possession Titbottom had in his magic spectacles? — spectacles with the power of magic that was malign, not beneficent. If so, you know the quality of this author's prose, unlike anything you have yet had brought before you. There is always the



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

same individual imprint in whatever his pen touches. You see it month by month, in the Easy Chair of *Harper's Monthly* — a little dreamy, full of memories with a flavor of pensiveness that you are conscious of, as you are of a delicate perfume. In the perfection of finish, the elegance and re-

finement of language, there is a hint of Irving; and there is a something, not easily defined, which is a reminder of Charles Lamb. And yet, Curtis is like neither.

If you would know for yourself just what it is that I find such difficulty in defining, put yourself under the spell, and read *Prue and I*, one of the most engaging of modern classics, a little volume made up of seven short sketches. What makes the charm? There is no story, no grand march of syllables, no incisive statement, no crystallized thought to compel your attention. Yes; where lies the charm? You have it the same in the Howadji books of travel.

It is the daintiest of poetic prose. It is not the bread of life, but a choice conserve. You do not care to have all quince or all pine-apple, but when you spread your table you would not forego the exquisite aroma and the delicious flavor which give zest to your banquet. When you have our author for your guide you find yourself in the realm of fancy, and for the time being you walk in the glamour that it casts over common things. Too much of such prose would be enervating, like soft airs, floating clouds, the fragrance of flowers, the calm of summer seas. You do not find here the sinews and thews, the brawn and muscle of literature, but another and essential part, refinement, elegance, delicacy, quiet humor, something subtle and evasive; what odor is to the tuberose, what poetry is to language.

It is an ineffably lovely quality of the imagination which conjures up pictures, like that in Elia's "Dream Children," in the seven sketches mentioned. See how the gray-haired book-keeper indulges his fancies about his Spanish castles, in "My Chateaux":

My finest castles are in Spain. It is a country famously romantic, and my castles are all of perfect proportions and appropriately set in the most picturesque situations. I have never been to Spain myself, but I have naturally conversed much with travellers to that country. . . . The wisest of them told me that there were more holders of real estate in Spain than in any region he had ever heard of, and they are all great proprietors. Every one of them possesses a multitude of the stateliest castles. . . . It is not easy to say how I know so much as I certainly do about my castles in Spain. The sun always shines upon them. They stand lofty and fair in a luminous, golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy perhaps, like the Indian summer. . . . All the sublime mountains, and beautiful valleys, and soft landscapes that I have not yet seen are to be found in the grounds. . . . From the windows of those castles look the beautiful women whom I have never seen, whose portraits the poets have painted. . . . The lights that never shone glance at evening in the vaulted halls upon banquets that were never spread.

How delightful it would be if you could read in connection with this some of the poems in verse (for this, you know, is a poem in prose) where a similar fancy has taken form in words. Thus, Mrs. Browning called hers "The House of

Clouds;" Tennyson dreamed of "The Lotos-Eaters," and "The Palace of Art;" and in the poems of a writer on this side the ocean, "A. W. H." (Rose Terry Cook), you will find a veritable Spanish Chateau, entitled "En Espagne," in perfect verse, beginning

I built a palace white and high
With gold and purple tapestried.
No dusty highway ran thereby,
But guarded alleys to it led
And shaven lawns about were spread
Where bee and moth danced daintily.

The old book-keeper of Curtis has the vision and the faculty divine; he does not need to leave the room to see the world, for he says:

An orange takes me to Sorrento, and roses when they blow to Pæstum. The camellias in Aurelia's hair bring Brazil into the happy room she treads. . . . The pearls upon her neck make me free of the Persian Gulf. Upon her shawl, like the Arabian prince upon his carpet, I am transported to the valley of Cashmere, and thus as I daily walk in the bright spring days, I go round the world.

He can sit upon the shore, and see in one ship Cleopatra's galley, Columbus' Santa Maria, the Bucentaur of the Adriatic, the Spanish Armada, the May Flower, and all the famous ships of history, tradition and song. In "Sea from Shore" he lets the vessel from India take him far away. He says of his own resources:

For those of us whom Nature means to keep at home she provides entertainment. One man goes four thousand miles to see Italy, and does not see it, he is so short-sighted. Another is so far-sighted that he stays in his room and sees more than Italy:

which is his poetical way of telling us what writers before and since have said, and which you will apprehend for yourselves, if you are true observers, that the eye sees only what it has in itself the power of seeing, but having power, sees wonderful and precious things hidden from other eyes that have it not.

The seven sketches referred to are "Dinner Time," "My Chateaux," "Sea from Shore," "Tit-bottom's Spectacles," "A Cruise in the Flying Dutchman," "Family Portraits," "Our Cousin the Curate;" and if you fail to appreciate their beauty it is because your taste is not educated. Curtis's one novel *Trumps* you will perhaps better like, written to show up the folly, shame and wickedness of society, after the Thackeray manner, with a spice of sarcasm, pungent and biting. There is a sweet, true, pure girl for a heroine, Hope Wayne, the primness of whose bringing up is intimated thus:

So Hope as a child had played with little girls who were invited to Pinewood—select little girls, who came in the prettiest frocks and behaved in the prettiest way, superintended by nurses and ladies maids. They tended their

dolls peaceably in the nursery; they played clean little games upon the lawn. . . . They were not chattering French nurses who presided over these solemnities; they were grave, housekeeping, Mrs. Simcoe-kind of people. Julia and Mary were exhorted to behave themselves like little ladies, and the frolic ended by their all taking books from the library shelves and settling properly in a large chair, or on the sofa, or even upon the piazza if it had been nicely dusted and inspected until the setting sun sent them away with the calmest kisses at parting.

It was in the days of a genuine old-time minister, who wore

a silken gown in summer, and a woolen gown in winter, and black worsted gloves, always with the middle finger of the right-hand glove slit that he might more conveniently turn the leaves of the Bible, and the hymn-book, and his own sermons.

And it looks at first as if we were going to have a book of the country life of Curtis's own youth in a rural town in Massachusetts, but New York city soon draws in the characters, and it ends in a whirlpool of fashion and folly, amidst which the face of Hope Wayne shines out serene and unspoiled, sweet and lovable to the end. There is a dreadful Aunt Dagon (who ought to have been Dragon), and upstart people who have nothing but money—the Dinkses and Newts and Van Boosenbergs and their kind.

In that novel you have a vivid description of the wonderful boy-preacher, Summerfield, who magnetized the people, so that one of his hearers said:

I have been into the old John Strut meeting-house when the crowds hung out of the windows and doors like swarming bees clustered upon a hive. He swayed them as wind bends a grain field.

Somewhat in contrast to this boy with the sweet blue eyes, and "face of earnest expression and a kind of fairy sweetness," comes a fine account of Dr. Channing, whose style and influence were evidently not without potency over Curtis, whose belief is of the Channing order. Read it, that you may know just what was the presence and manner of that distinguished New England divine of rarely fine qualities and saintly life:

In a few minutes a slight man, wrapped in a black silk gown slowly ascended the pulpit stairs, and before seating himself stood for a moment looking down at the congregation. His face was small and thin and pale, but there was a pure light, an earnest spiritual sweetness in the eyes—the irradiation of an anxious soul. . . . A natural manly candor certified the truth of every word he spoke. . . . As he warmed in his discourse a kind of celestial grace glimmered about his person, and his pale, thoughtful face kindled and beamed with holy light. His sentences were entirely simple. . . . The people sat as if they were listening to a disembodied soul.

You will remember that in *The Minister's Wooing* of Mrs. Stowe you have a powerful portraiture of another New England clergyman of former

days, and that to the novelist we often owe some of the best pictures of actual people that we find anywhere in print.

Another book by Curtis which had great popularity, showing up the hollowness and snobbishness of New York society, after the same Thackeray manner, was *The Potiphar Papers*; but those of his writings of greatest interest to you are the books of travel, the *Nile Notes of a Howadji*, and *The Howadji in Syria*. Romantic yet realistic, steeped in the poetry and glow of the orient, each volume of his Eastern experiences has the same luxuriance of language, while giving at the same time a more satisfactory impression of the scenes and places than columns of matter-of-fact description would do. They are summer books, to dream over, under the trees, in the hammock, on the veranda. Different books are for different times and seasons and places. Some are to be read when snow-bound, in a cosy corner by the evening lamp; some are for odd hours, left to lie about on the window seat and taken up by snatches, like Leigh Hunt's; some are for travelling companions, but the Howadji books are for summer days. Esthetic, leisurely, strangely fascinating, and potent over the young imagination. There is a golden haze about them, and yet through it, we see distinctly what he said, and in a light we can never forget. Here are bits from what he says about his first sight of Jerusalem:

I passed rapidly over this lofty, breezy table-land with an inconceivable ardor of expectation. . . . As I paced more slowly along the hills, the words of the psalm suddenly rang through my mind, like a sublime organ peal through a hushed cathedral. "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the North, the city of the Great King." . . . The high land unrolled itself more broadly. The breezy morning died into silent noon. . . . There was a low line of wall, a minaret, a black dome, a few flat roofs, and in the midst a group of dark, slender cypresses, and olives and palms. There lay Jerusalem dead in the white noon. The desolation of the wilderness moaned at her gates. There was no suburb of trees or houses. She lay upon a high hill in the midst of hills barren as those we had passed. There were no sights or sounds of life. The light was colorless, the air was still. Nature had swooned around the dead city. There was no sound in the air; but a wailing in my heart.

When he was in Nazareth the music of the convent bells brought up that New England town which was Hope Wayne's home, and here follows an autobiographic passage which perfectly represents both the style and the meditative spirit of the man:

My heart sang hymns, and preached of remembered days and places,—June Sundays in country churches, to which we walked along the edges of the fields, and under branching elms hushed in Sunday repose,—of the long, village road, with the open wagons and chaises, in which the red-handed farmers in holiday suits drove the red-cheeked family to the church-door, . . . the long sermon, of which I faithfully remembered the text and forgot the drift, and in which the names of Galilee, and Mary, and Nazareth

were sweet sounds only, filling my mind with vague imagery, whose outline has long since faded, the flowers and the sunny hay fields breathing sweetly in at the open window, . . . the people in the pews, all whose faces have vanished now, save hers, so many years my elder, yet still radiant with youth, queenly in beauty and bearing, who came, when all were seated, following the old grandfather with powdered hair and gold-headed cane, and who sat serene during the service, while I, an eight years' child, felt a vague sadness overshadow the sweet day, and quite forgot the sermon.

Compare his pictures with those of any other writer of Eastern travel. The Howadji's have that golden light thrown over prosaic reality. His is the very romance of travel. There is nothing else so steeped in oriental atmosphere — you feel it as you feel the warm, soft air of a summer night. He takes in all that is picturesque and genial, and yields himself to the spell, which you, too, will come under; and you, too, will dream as he did and think yourself in Syria or on the Nile.

You will find it interesting to take up books by other writers over the same routes. Look over those of Bayard Taylor; *The Land and the Book* of Dr. Thomson; Henry M. Field's *From Egypt to Japan, On the Desert*, and *Among the Holy Hills*; William C. Prime's *Boat-Life in Egypt and Nubia* and *Tent-Life in the Holy Land*; Charles Dudley Warner's *My Winter on the Nile* and *In the Levant*; in a word acquaint yourself with the experiences and impressions of different authors on the same subject, and so test your powers of criticism and comparison, and arrive at your own conclusions.

George William Curtis was born in Providence, Rhode Island, Feb. 24, 1824. He was one of the brilliant company who tried the famous Brook Farm experiment; spent two years in foreign travel, and after his return was on the staff of the New York *Tribune*; was editor of that capital but short-lived magazine, *Putnam's Monthly*; was for many years, as you know, one of the most popular speak-

ers in the "lecture field," and long ago (perhaps more than thirty years) settled into the Easy Chair of *Harper's Monthly*, since which withdrawal, no more books. His books belong to his early manhood; but, as before indicated, the same qualities of elegance, high-breeding, refined taste which distinguish the man, are in all his work. The occupant of the Easy Chair is the Howadji of old. The essay-ish paragraphs from that cosy retreat are choice and captivating.

His home is on Staten Island, and near it is a little Gothic church where sometimes of a Sunday, he reads a sermon. A lady who was an ardent admirer of his, while visiting in the neighborhood went one day to hear him, and she wrote to a friend:

"The small church in which he officiates is a quaint building with many points, the surroundings being quite country-like. As we sat in the carriage waiting for the gates to open, the birds sang, making sweeter music than the bells. . . The chancel window is of stained glass, circular, and the colors blue and gold, and each side are fluted pillars the same colors; a little lower down, the organ; and as these are the prevailing tints everything harmonizes and the effect is very pretty. As Mr. Curtis walked up the aisle, my first impression of him was of harmony. I was not disappointed in the man who wrote *Prue and I*, and if he had leaned over the desk excusing Adoniram's absence from church I should not have been surprised. . . I never heard such clear, fine pronunciation as his; it must have required years of study to have reached such perfection."

NOTE.—The list of Curtis's book is as follows: *Lotus Eating* (a record of summer rambles in America), *Nile Notes of a Howadji*, *Prue and I*, *The Howadji in Syria*, *The Potiphar Papers*, *Trumps*. A sketch of his Life is to be found in *The Century* for February, 1883.

MY GARDEN PETS.

BY MARY TREAT.

XI.

MOUND-BUILDING ANTS.

THE mound-builders (*Formica Exsecta*) are not exactly "my garden pets," but less than twenty-five years ago one of their great cities occupied the site where the garden and house now stand; in fact the city must have extended, as near as I can calculate, over nearly a hundred

acres of ground — unlike most other species of ants they disappear when man takes possession of the lands which they so long inherited — and this very interesting people still occupy several acres of woodland adjoining the vineyard, where for the past sixteen years I have made most of my observations.

In general appearance these ants very much resemble the slave-maker (*F. Sanguinea*). The head, thorax and legs of the winged females and

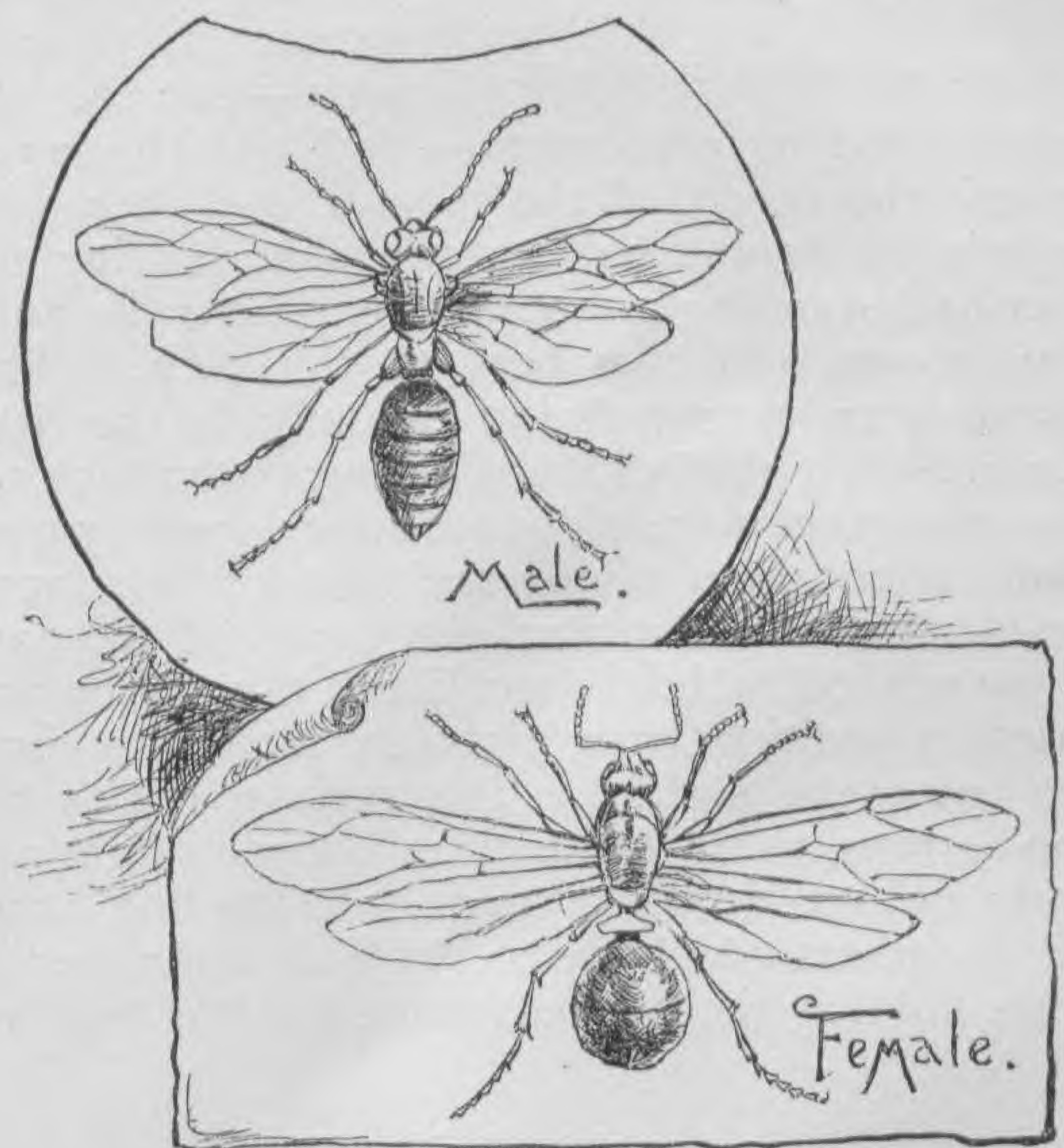
workers are yellowish red — not quite so deep red as the slave-makers — and the abdomen is black; the males are entirely black. As with most ants of our country, the colony is made up of males and females and two sets of workers — worker-major and worker-minor. Some naturalists claim a third set of workers which they call dwarfs; but I have never found them in sufficient numbers to justify a third division. The males, as with honey-bees, and other ants, take no part in the labor of the community, and are driven away and left to perish after swarming.

The mounds vary in size from one to three feet in height, and from two to thirteen feet in diameter. Covered streets, sometimes hundreds of feet in length, run from mound to mound. These streets are excavated and vary in depth from a half to three inches; the shallowest parts are covered with leaves, sticks, and earth, but the deeper portions are tunnels that need no outside work. I have often uncovered a road a yard or two in length when a great army of workers would soon congregate to repair the damage. It matters not how far a city extends, whether over one, five, or a hundred acres, the little people all have some freemasonry by which they recognize each other. I have several times brought individuals together from the most remote parts of the city, when they would greet one another with the utmost good fellowship, touching one another's antennæ, pausing a moment as if asking after the other's welfare — whether any calamity had befallen their section of the city, whether those great biped creatures that tower so far above them had leveled any of their mounds, or whether all was peace and prosperity. Would this be any more wonderful than the knowledge which enables all the inhabitants of a city, however far removed, to recognize one another? On the other hand they quickly notice a stranger from another city situated only a mile or two distant, and which must have originally descended from the same stock; yet these are considered foreigners, and all foreigners found within the city limits are under penalty of death and speedily killed.

From May to September, during their greatest activity, it is almost impossible to make extended observation of their habits as they allow no trespassing upon their domain without swiftly punishing the transgressor; and it is no light punishment when myriads of these hot-tempered little creatures assail every available part of one's person, even quickly reaching the head and neck, where they bite and inject formic acid into the wound, making it sting and smart. So my observations during the summer are limited to skirmishes along the borders, just outside the city. Notwithstanding the bad treatment I receive, I never go empty-handed when I make my visits, but take sweet apples or pears which I slice and sprinkle with

sugar and place near the base of the mounds, when it is astonishing to see how quickly the news is spread. Most of the ants that find this new and luscious supply of food do not stop to partake, but hasten with all speed to several of the nearest entrances to the mound where they disappear, and almost immediately out rush an excited throng of workers and these soon cover the pieces of fruit — not simply regaling themselves, but filling their honey-sacs to feed the helpless young within the mounds.

It has been a matter of much speculation why these ants should build tunnels to travel in when myriads of them are so fully exposed while on and around the mounds. I have observed that in other species of ants the workers are divided into two sets — mining-laborers and nurses. The nurses make journeys to the various feeding-grounds while the miners do the excavating. It

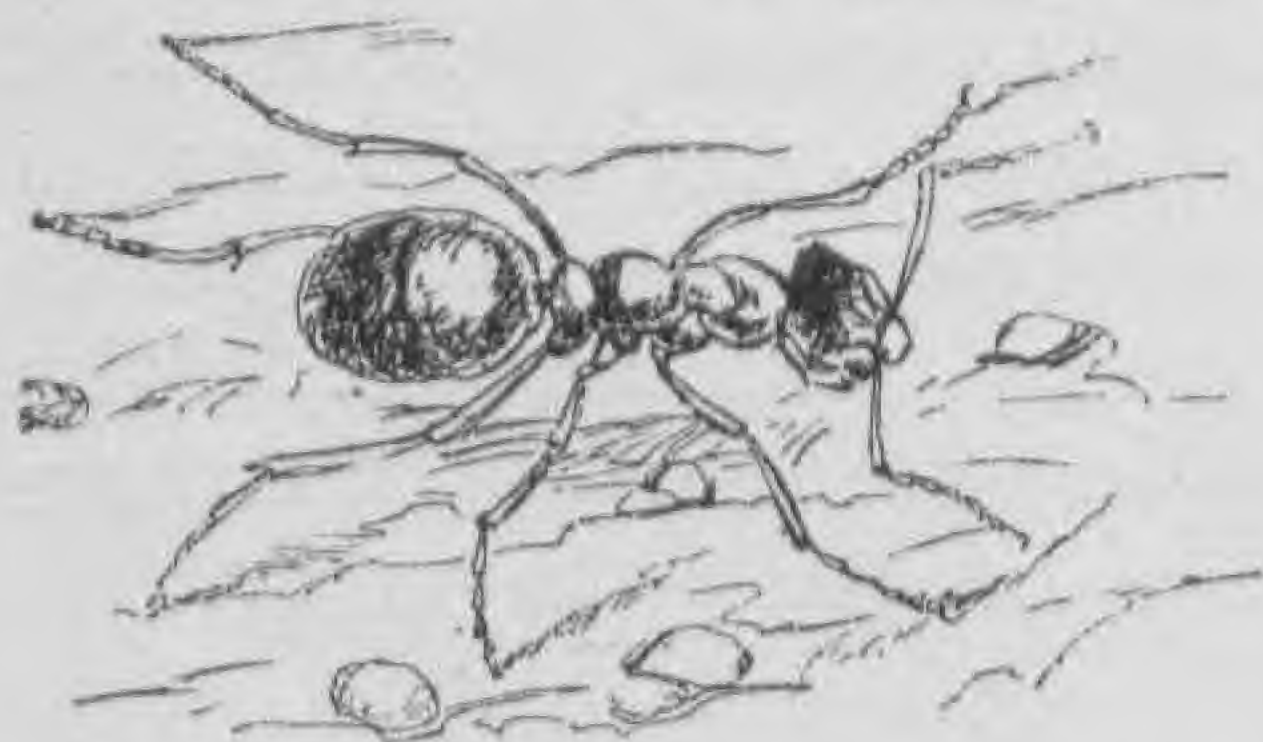


MALE AND FEMALE MOUND-BUILDING ANTS.

may be that these covered roads are constructed mainly for the nurses, as the prosperity of a colony must greatly depend upon those who have the care of the young. Birds, toads, lizards, and other creatures devour great numbers of ants, and it looks as if these intelligent little inhabitants were aware of this, and made these tunnels for self-preservation. A curious fact which I have observed strengthens this belief. The nurses frequently mount pine trees (both pitch and scrub pines whose trunks are covered with loose shaggy bark) where they find the destructive larvæ that feed on the pine foliage. Plant-lice — the ants' cows, as they are frequently called — also often abound on the young twigs. Even here, along the trunks of the trees, the workers try to conceal the track of the nurses by carrying pine needles, sticks, straws,

leaves, and even little pebbles up along the trees, and insert them between the rough bark, leaving space enough back of these fragments for an easy passage up and down the trees. Very singular such a tree looks, bristling all over with odds and ends which the little creatures have stuck in the crevices of the bark.

I am satisfied that the mounds are the nurseries where the young ants are reared. A party of us, wishing to ascertain this, repaired to the city with the necessary implements to enable us to see the interior. One of the gentlemen after taking the precaution of strapping his pantaloons tight about



MAJOR MOUND-BUILDING ANT.

the ankles, and also of securing the sleeves of his coat with rubber bands about the wrists, his hands and neck being also well protected, took a saw—one of the largest used by carpenters—and quickly sawed through the centre of the mound, and then with a spade threw one half to one side, leaving the other half standing intact, thus exposing the numerous rooms and chambers to full view. This was such an overwhelming calamity to the little creatures that they did not attempt to attack us. Our precautions were all unnecessary, for they were wholly intent upon saving the young. We found the interior of the mound was made of the hard yellow sub-soil, which is peculiar to this region and varies in position from eighteen inches to three feet below the surface. The surface soil in the pine-barrens where these cities occur, is light and sandy and could not be made into the fine rooms and chambers which we saw. Tier upon tier of rooms holding the helpless white babies, together

with untold numbers of those in swaddling-clothes, and chrysalids, were exposed to view — babies and chrysalids were rapidly carried out of sight by the excited throng of workers.

How far below the surface their excavations extend has never been ascertained. I am credibly informed that when the cellar was dug for the house where I am writing, six feet below the surface the ants were very numerous and constantly thrown out with the soil by the workmen.

These ants form a republic, but allow no new republic to start within their reach. When the great throngs of males and females that are annually raised in the city take their flight, a sort of frenzy or wild excitement prevails among the inhabitants. After the flight all the females that that can be found are stripped of their wings and taken back to the city. Like the slave-makers they seem to be willing prisoners and go peaceably with the attendants who usually conduct them to the base of the mounds where they disappear within, never more to be seen outside of their apartments. No attention is now paid to the males unless an unhappy wanderer should alight on or near a mound, when he is speedily conducted away by one of the sisterhood. These industrious female workers are like the honey-bees in this respect — they will not support the lazy males.

If a female alights within a reasonable distance of the city, and should escape the vigilance of the attendants, and the numerous disasters that are liable to overtake her, she will attempt to found a new and independent republic, but this will not be allowed to continue; sooner or later she will be found and put to death for the rash effort. This accounts for the fact that no two large cities are near each other. But it occasionally happens that a female is wafted a long distance away where she may safely establish a new community.

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.

(Foreign Series.)

BY MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

XI.

PRAGUE. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT WITH SHAKESPEARE.

YOU shall hear no English or French spoken, you will not see a railway or a telegraph-post, and unless you order your mail to follow, you can have an unbroken atmosphere of repose from all usual ideas."

That was a tempting idea! And were we not willing and glad to be governed for our own good and make no rash scrutiny into the details of this promised rest but take it gratefully as it came. That is, we elders. Younger America went deep into the planning and enjoyed preparing the surprises and pleasures for the docile parents. We had asked for the daughter of our Danish friends to accompany us back to Paris where her father was to be later; we making a "long way

round" by Dresden, Prague, Munich, the Austrian-Tyrol and Vienna, and from there the straight line to Paris. A. de R. had made this plan from her experience of travel with her father; she further secured the "foreign" and resting atmosphere by arranging that our stopping-places should be exclusively at hotels apart from the line of travel; no *Eisenbau* with the rush of railways in their service, and tourist ideas of food, but leisurely characteristic old-world hotels.

Old Lübeck near Hamburg whose "flourishing commerce was destroyed by the discovery of America" began the programme of "the past." Dresden was painfully modern in all but the pictures; but when we saw Prague we felt we touched the Middle Ages. Everything there tells of the power of the privileged few and the extraordinary submission of the people. To the favored class belonged palaces covering squares; that of the King, though rarely lived in, covers a hill-face. Adjoining some of the finest is that monument of ignorant bigotry, the "Jews' Quarter." There the houses were immensely tall, as ground was denied them, and the streets so narrow that as we drove through in an open carriage our outstretched arms could almost have touched either side, and the sunny day seemed to have darkened, so shut in were they from space and light.

The Synagogue, built partly under ground "*for better defence*," with its steep roof so near the ground that it was like a great ice-house (and it was almost as chill and damp), was a speaking comment on its day. This is one of the oldest Hebrew places of worship in Europe and retains in its inner structure and the tombstones closing in around it the Oriental character.

Emerging into free light we came to a Bishop's palace where there was an oriel window of rich old stained-glass of such size and beauty that the carriage was stopped and Anna's sketching-traps taken out and F—— adjusted the folding-stool, little easel-table and color-box and remained with her while we drove on to the bridge of St. John of Nippermunk. We have the "biggest rivers" but in the Old World they have the "biggest bridges;" not in height and for railway traffic, but in adornment, and that growth of legend and story which time alone gives, and running water favors. A legend seems to need a substantial basis when it is on land, but there is something that invites imagination and vague forms in the flowing stream and its mists. It is not much of a river as American rivers go, but this special bridge alone is an epitome of history, of art and of superstition, and now of the dead-and-gone past when even thought was not free.

St. John had received the confession of the Queen — a Queen of "once upon a time" — whose royal husband wished to know what she had told her confessor. This was in early Christian days.

The priest would not of course tell. Nor would the King recognize any power that could oppose him, of the Church or of the world. And as Father John, for he was only a simple priest then, refused, though imprisoned and tortured, he was put to death and his body thrown into the river (in the old unsanitary manner). Behold the miracle! Not only did the dead man not sink but, as he floated in an upright position, there settled about his head five points of light forming a halo. By this the wicked King knew he was fighting the powers of the unseen world and that John had become a Saint because he was a martyr to duty. And as such he is held to this day. There are twelve life-size groups in marble on this beautiful bridge, the places of honor in the centre being reserved on one side for the Holy Mother with the dead Christ on her knees — the favorite ever-recurring group in South Europe of Mother and Son — and, opposite, St. John with his halo of stars. Each of these stood on altar-like rising steps and had, whenever we passed them, kneeling people before them. They may or may not have believed that whoever said certain prayers to St. John could not be drowned, but we, as well as those kneeling there, were heartily thankful for the reminder of duty steadfastly adhered to, even unto death; and there is no creed to the mother-heart that aches over its dead.

From the bridge rises steeply the hill on which the old palace stands, or rather which it covers, with outer side walls like stony precipices. From above, on one occasion when the council disagreed with the King, he called in his guard and had the disagreement ended by dropping the councillors out of the windows. The windows are shown to you and, as your eye measures the distance of that drop, you understand that like Abner Dean of Angel's the subsequent proceedings interested them no more.

But if the one will was powerful for evil it could also act quickly for good. Opposite, the *Raths-chin* a high solid wall of masonry starts from the river and climbs up and over the hill — a strange wall to see in a city and with a strange name — the "Hunger-Wall." In a time of famine and when there was nothing for the people to do, the King of that day ("once upon a time") had this wall built and the people working on it were paid well, and so, earning their food, were in better state every way than if food had been doled out to them; which was not bad political economy.

The southern and oriental love of beauty, of color and graceful form, makes Prague charming. In place of mere cobble stones the chief streets are laid in a rough mosaic by placing the stones in large pattern and outlining the grays and tans with red stones. And the raised sidewalks are of a coarse gravel done in the same way but of more elaborate pattern and more varied coloring. The white uni-

forms of Austrian officers and many local and characteristic costumes made agreeable figures in this rococo sort of setting. We had found this love of beauty marking everything in our hotel. The Austrian Parliament meets in Prague and this hotel was much in favor with the nobles attending it, so we found as Anna had promised *couleur locale* in everything. The house was delightfully old and the rooms were dignified by their size and the exquisite shining inlaid floors and rich dark wood-work of doors and panelled walls and ceilings — while, as it is the capital of Bohemia, we had enough genuine Bohemian glass in chandeliers and mirror frames and table service to gladden even the insatiate eye of one who appreciated the effects of light and color in the transparent glass. And in all details the harmony was complete. Our bedrooms, opening *en suite* from the spacious drawing-room with its wood fire reflected in the polished woods and glimmering glass, were as beautiful as rich fittings and good taste could make them. Frescoed ceilings had their chief colors repeated in rich rugs and the satin furniture and bedspreads; while the table, which was served in the drawing-room, was for all its appointments of flowers, fine silver and china and damask, with the silver branched candlesticks having shaded wax lights, like a lovely dinner party. Careful and delicate cookery is the rule even in wayside inns in Austria, so that here we had it in perfection.

We did not travel by night. Our programme was arranged for an easy day between early coffee and a late dinner. There is always the long halt and abundant time for the mid-day breakfast at the regular stopping-places where well-set tables and good food make this truly a "refreshment."

Getting to Prague for dinner we had intended giving it one day, then going to Munich for one day, and from there into the mountains making Salzburg our headquarters for excursions. There was not time for everything, so the mountains were made the chief object as the General had to be in Paris by a fixed time, leaving us to go to Vienna and make the travel by Frankfort more at our leisure, and join him at Paris.

But one day was not enough of the beautiful city. By making a very early start and going straight to Salzburg, only stopping to change trains and get dinner in Munich, we could give two days to Prague. It was against the theories of our chief traveller not to make camp while it was still light — "all travelling accidents happen in the dark" — but when I saw the placards, announcing Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" for the next night, then no locomotive could have hauled us from that spot. Munich was a modernized sort of a place anyhow — we had seen sculptures and pictures enough in Copenhagen and Dresden to confuse us, and now it was the turn for music, and

this open-air page of history, unspoiled by "modern improvements."

So we again had a long open-air day and dined with good appetite in the beautiful drawing-room and then drove by the river road out of town to the suburb where was the summer theatre. A great building where the stage was under cover but the house was open to the sky, and the moon and stars looked down upon Juliet as she leaned from her balcony. The house was in dim light and the footlights well masked. The Juliet was a lovely, tall girl with the midnight dusk of hair and eyes of her country — her long white satin gown was not a Worth costume but a clinging soft-falling, gentle-looking gown such as the true Juliet might have worn. And Romeo was young and looked and moved the daring lover. Fancy Gounod's music set to such realities of youth and beauty and possible passion, with the summer moon shining on the lovers — we the audience only a dusky bank of cloud to them.

Then the tumult of the street fight was no sham struggle with absurdly wrong postures and sword exercises.

But from narrow streets by old garden walls and massive palaces hurried forth armed men — light, graceful swordsmen, and the two bodies of retainers met in conflict that was a delight to an audience to whom the sword is as familiar a weapon as the gun is with us.

To make a play a success in New York it is almost enough to insert some sort of drill exercise; you will see breathless attention follow every move and no good point fails to bring out comprehending applause. In Prague the sword was as well understood. I had had some (not enough) twinges of conscience at upsetting Mr. Frémont's plans of early camps, and hurrying into the Tyrol, but he too was charmed by the music and the truthful fit setting of the immortal tale of youth — and when this perfect fencing scene began and progressed to a grand *assaut d'armes*, then I knew *he* would for no reason have missed so congenial an exhibition. From all over the house came cries of approval and delight — none more enthusiastic than from Mr. Frémont and my son.

It was an extraordinary completeness of enjoyment throughout. The drive back by the river with the moonlight beautifying all things was only one more idealized pleasure.

"We must be at the train and in place at six!" and it was then past twelve. We hurried to our satin quilts but the envious morn came all too soon and we were a silent and sleepy party over the five o'clock coffee; but it was a delight to have had that night, for then and for always.

This was our one exception to the wholesome plan of only daylight travel, but to give more time to the Tyrol we were willing, for once, to go on into the night. Those puzzling "Bradshaws" I never

attempted to understand but the younger ones believed in them.

It is a point of honor I think with railway officials not to know about the next place and you are thrown on the printed information; so the girls made out that by four o'clock we would be at Munich with a two, or four-hour rest there, and then two hours to Salzburg. A telegram to the hotel there insured our finding supper and all things ready including the carriage and "*oberkeltner*" waiting to meet us at the station. As we were to make the two, or four-hour stop in Munich we decided to dine there at a usual hour and made only a very light breakfast at noon of figs and grapes and bread.

That "Bradshaw" was a deceiver. It was nearly eight when Munich was reached. The bright handsome railway station was most welcome and the sight and odor of food was grateful to an all-day appetite. "We will let all these people get off and then have our dinner in quiet," said Anna.

We ordered it with care, including "by request" roasted pheasant and salad, and the menkind stepped out "to look around," while we gave way to the comfort of stretching our cramped limbs on sofas and comparing our rest and the leisurely refreshing dinner we were to have with the hurry of the passengers who were making off to a starting train.

Just then Anna caught some words that made her go swiftly to the *Bureau d'information*, and our rest was over. That treacherous "Bradshaw" had misled us again. There was not four, not two, not any hour at all of waiting. The train that was starting was ours. Myself, the two girls and our maid were there—but the General and Frank?

In came an authoritative bustling official: "*Salzburg, Madame? Dépêchez vous donc.*" One girl had gone outside on a scout for the missing men, when the other spied their laughing faces at a side window where they were evidently amused by our flurry. They shared the discomposure when they understood the rush and "no dinner?—not even that pheasant"—but we just made our train and that was something. In fact it was all the comfort we had. The night was chill anyway and as our train slowly climbed from the plain to the mountain elevation it grew positively cold. We had only light wraps and our empty stomachs had neither external nor internal warmth. And those foreign railway carriages will not let you go to sleep and forget yourself. "*Qui dort dine,*" says the French proverb, but even that form of dining was unattainable.

The grade was sharp and our engine took it in a leisurely way and again Bradshaw was wrong for it was past midnight when we came to Salzburg. I think it speaks well for us all that though both cold and hungry we were not cross. The familiar phrases about "making camp before dark" and "accidents in travel come with the dark" were not added to our depression, for we really did feel depressed. Eighteen hours travel on the morning coffee and some bread and fruit was not stimulating.

However all was obliterated by the comfort and beauty of our rooms with the cheerful wood fire and supper. Even to "roast pheasant." It was the season for the *rebhuna* (the wild-hen) which is to them what our prairie chicken is to us. Soothed and renewed we went off to sleep as comforting as our food, and woke to begin some weeks of unalloyed enjoyment in the enchanting Austrian-Tyrol.

SOME ITALIAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

X.

PETRARCH, THE POET.

WHEN the clouds and mists of the Dark Ages cleared away, a new character appeared in history—the chivalrous lover. Heretofore woman had been either a slave or a toy, but now as if in compensation she was to be an idol before finding her appropriate place under an advanced civilization. This period of transition is one of the most captivating chapters in history. What an atmosphere of romance surrounds the "Days of Chivalry!" We see knights on lonely pilgrim-

ages in pursuit of fame and honor, or watch them dashing down the lists with flying crests and flashing arms to feel the shock of levelled lances, and win perhaps the coveted wreath with which to crown his "ladye faire" "Queen of Love and Beauty." Such scenes as this remind us of Northern France and "Merrie England." If we turn to Spain and Italy, it is only to hear soft music floating upward to his mistress' window as the lover sings a madrigal, and lightly touches his guitar. From the Thames to the Tiber this new passion, the purified and reverent love for women, everywhere prevailed. He who should first give voice to this universal sentiment, and describe in verse,

however faulty, the beatings of the lover's heart, would win for himself a fame not confined to the limits of his native land.

Among those who were exiled from Florence by the same decree which banished Dante, was a certain lawyer Pietro, or Petracco (another form of Pietro). In 1304, at Arezzo, a son was born to Petracco, and the lad grew up under the name of Francesco di Petracco (Francis the son of Petracco), which he afterward changed to Francesco Petrarca. The father, unable to return to Florence, settled at Avignon in Southern France, where the pope, when driven from Rome, had set up his court. Francesco was carefully and thoroughly educated in his youth, and was sent to the University of Bologna to study law. But this profession seems to have had no charm for the young fellow, and we soon find him back in Avignon, having a gay time at the papal court, where his handsome face, graceful bearing and genial manners secured for him a cordial reception. He was the favorite of the pope, the cardinals, bishops and princes who crowded the ecclesiastical palace. He early showed a fondness for literature, and eagerly collected ancient manuscripts. His popularity gave him opportunity for travel and research. Now a cardinal takes him off for a trip through his province; scarcely has he returned when a bishop invites him to spend a few months in his diocese, and excusing himself from a visit to a lord or prince Francesco disappears to revel in the good bishop's library, and discuss Virgil and Cicero with his kindly host. To Petrarch is due in a large measure that revival of literature in Italy which spread over the rest of Europe, and at length reached Geoffrey Chaucer under the trees at Woodstock. But although his true greatness consisted in his devotion to literary research and in his tireless efforts to arouse literary activity among his countrymen it was not in this capacity that Petrarch was to gain "what has not yet been attained by Shakespeare, Milton or Dante — an European reputation."

We have passed over an event in his life which, though it cost him years of suffering, was the means of making Petrarch famous. Like Dante he learned to worship a woman. It came about in this wise. Let him tell the story himself:

"It was in the early days of my youth, on the 6th of April in the morning, in the year of 1327, that Laura, distinguished by her virtues, and celebrated by my verses, first blessed my eyes in the Church of St. Clara at Avignon."

Laura was nineteen when Petrarch first saw her, and had been married for two years. From a tangled mass of conflicting stories, this much seems certain: Laura was a beautiful woman flattered by the attentions of her gifted admirer, yet true to her husband and children. In those days it was

not deemed improper for a married woman to accept attention from admirers.

Petrarch's regard for Laura seems to have been of the highest and purest type, and found expression in almost numberless sonnets. These verses were smooth and flowing, but the style was too often strained, pedantic, and unnatural. His ideas were few, but he worked them over and over again, looking at them in new lights, and giving them new forms of expression. Through the whole he wove a large thread of egotism. These sonnets were read throughout Italy and France. There were Francescos everywhere anxious to sound their Laura's praises, and here were delicate sonnets exactly suited to their needs. The original Laura became almost as noted as Petrarch himself. Visitors at Avignon asked to see her whose beauties they had learned from the poet's minute descriptions.

An invitation came to Petrarch in the year 1340, to be present at a literary contest in Naples. After three days of debate and declamation, Petrarch was awarded the palm for preëminence in learning and literary ability. He was conducted to Rome in triumph, and received from the pope the token of victory. This was a greater honor than any ever attained by a Marius or a Cæsar.

In 1348 while Petrarch was absent in Italy, the plague broke out at Avignon and Laura was among the victims. Her lover mourned her loss and wrote sonnets on her death, which were finer far than those addressed to the living Laura. Some three hundred of these sonnets have been preserved, and to them is largely due the fact that the name of Francesco Petrarca became known from one end of Europe to the other.

After Laura's death the poet devoted himself anew to literature and diplomacy. He collected manuscripts, many of which he devoted to founding the famous library of St. Mark's at Venice. He was called upon to settle disputes between Genoa and Venice, and was arbitrator in various difficulties at Padua.

The Pope, again in Rome, summoned Petrarch to the imperial city, for a visit at the papal court, but on the journey the poet was taken ill. He never fully recovered, and retired to a little villa he had near Argua. Here one morning his servants found him in his study, his head resting on a beloved manuscript. He had passed away in the presence of his friends — his books.

The works of Petrarch, beside the three hundred sonnets, consist of about fifty odes in Italian, a number of Latin poems, and several essays in the same language. On the sonnets and odes, however, rests the fame of Petrarch — the lover of Laura. Great as a lyric poet, he was greater far as the beginner of the literary revival which influences us to-day.

STRANGE TEAS, DINNERS, WEDDINGS AND FETES.

BY GAYLORD S. WHITE.

XI.

EASTER AT JERUSALEM.

AT no time is there more to be seen and done in Jerusalem than during the Easter season. Then it is that the old city is crowded with pilgrims from far and near and wears, in consequence, an appearance of varied life and activity. Some of the pilgrims are Moslems returning from their journey to Mecca; others are Jews who have come to see that the massive stones of the old temple are being duly wailed over by their brethren; but by far the greater number are adherents of the Eastern Church.

Their purpose in making the pilgrimage is to anoint themselves with the fire which, according to their belief, is sent down from heaven each year at Easter-time to light the candles on the altar in the tomb of our Saviour in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Can they but ignite their little bundles of wax tapers by the holy flame and with it bathe their faces and breasts they believe that all their sin-stains are purged away. The great crowds of devotees become so wrought up with excitement over this divine manifestation that it is safer for those who would witness the ceremony to go to the church under consular protection.

Accordingly we assembled, about eleven o'clock on the morning of one Easter Sunday, at the American Consulate and from thence proceeded, with a number of fellow-countrymen, to the Church under the guidance of the *cawass*, or consular servant, whose heavy staff of office—a veritable drum-major's bâton—inspired respect on the part of the natives and opened a way for us through the dense crowds.

Arriving at the Church we were led to one of the galleries which run around the building in three tiers. The main portion of the structure is circular in form, and in the centre of the rotunda is a small chapel which, according to the tradition of the Greek Church, guards within its walls the Sepulchre of our Lord. The entrance to this little building is so lowly that one has almost to crawl on hands and knees to gain admittance; and when once inside there is only a shabby altar worn down by the lips of countless thousands of pilgrims, and shabbier candles which make the atmosphere most disagreeable.

From our vantage-point in the gallery we looked

down upon a curious scene. Men, women and children armed with little bundles of tapers covered every foot of the spacious floor, save an aisle which a double line of some two hundred Turkish soldiers kept open around the Holy Sepulchre as best they could. The officers of the guard had difficult work in preserving order. Serious outbreaks were of frequent occurrence among the excited people which could only be quelled by a vigorous application of the officers' rawhides to the backs of the ringleaders, and, in some instances, a gentle prod from a soldier's bayonet was necessary to remind the individual that he was forgetting his good behavior.

The space between the inner line of soldiery and the Sepulchre seemed to constitute a sort of prison-pen, for here were thrust the most turbulent spirits. In a short time an assortment of these leading rascals was thus gathered together and, as might have been expected, they soon began to make things lively among themselves; the result being a vivid representation of pandemonium. In fact, rough-and-tumble fights were now the order of exercises, for all were endeavoring to elbow their way to a position nearer the chapel that they might be the first to secure the coveted fire. Such was the conduct of the adherents to the Greek Faith in their holiest sanctuary and at their holiest ceremony!

After waiting for nearly three hours, surveying the hubbub below us which had been, if possible, increasing, we noticed an unusual stir; and soon from one of the ante-rooms issued a procession made up of priests bearing large banners of various hues, and numerous surpliced boys swinging silver censers of incense, while in the centre of this company walked the Patriarch of the church clad in robes of heavy silk and satin richly embroidered with gold and silver thread as befitted the dignity of the High Father.

Three times this band moved round the Sepulchre while the crowds were awed to silence by the magnificent spectacle. After the procession passed out the pent-up excitement of the people broke out with renewed energy and those in the rear redoubled their efforts to gain a front place, for this pageant of priests seemed to herald the advent of the fire.

Soon two of the priests approached apertures in opposite walls of the Chapel and through these received from the Patriarch, who had meanwhile entered the Sepulchre alone, the heaven-sent

flame. As the priests drew forth handfuls of tapers ignited by the holy fire, the agitation of the multitude knew no bounds. The great surging crowd seemed frenzied in their eagerness to light their own tapers. The women and children in the throng were entirely ignored and, as the stronger pushed them aside, more than one went down and were trampled under feet. But gradually now the divine flame was passed from one to another, those in the galleries letting down their tapers to be lighted until the whole church was soon ablaze.

Strife and wrangling speedily gave way now to smiling good-nature, and all were anointing their faces and breasts with the holy fire. The dark recesses of the old building, which the sunlight

could never penetrate through the dingy dome, were lighted up with the flickering glow of the little candles which, with the constant darting to and fro at the flames, like so many will-o'-the-wisps, made up a weird picture never to be forgotten. Soon, however, the smoke and heat rendered the atmosphere intolerable and we were glad to elbow our way out through the now happy throng to the open air.

Such is the ceremony gone through with each year at Jerusalem. Many of the people try to carry the fire away with them that they may keep a candle which has been lighted with it continually burning, as it is reputed to possess wonderful restorative properties both for the body and the soul.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

BY FREDERICK LEROY SARGENT.

XLVII.

HOW TO SEE A BUMBLE-BEE.

YOU will first need to catch your Bumble Bee. A little chloroform poured on one will kill it instantly. Make a general examination at the outset of the insect. The outside of the body is horny and covered thickly with hairs. On the upper side the hairs are much more numerous than on the under side. The whole body is divided into three regions: the head, bearing the feelers and mouth-parts; a middle part (thorax) bearing the four wings and six legs; and a hind part (abdomen) armed with the sting.

Remove the head and examine with one and one half inch power. At the sides are two prominent oval bodies (compound eyes) which seem to be crossed by five lines; near the top of the head, between the compound eyes, are three little shiny bead-like organs (simple eyes); starting from about the middle of the face are the two feelers (antennæ) and at the lower part of the head are the mouth-parts. The sides, top and front of the head are all covered with hair.

Examine one of the compound eyes with one fourth inch power. The surface is made up of innumerable little facets, something like a cut diamond.

Cut off a piece of one of the compound eyes, remove some of the black pigment on the back and examine the piece in a drop of water. Each facet is a tiny hexagon. Some care is necessary to see them well.

Remove an antenna and examine it with three fourths inch power. It is thickly covered with minute hairs which give it a velvety appearance. Count the joints. At the base is the longest joint; at the lower end of which is a little knob that fits into a socket in the head. The next joint is quite small, while those beyond are much alike.

Scrape the hairs from the face and examine the horny shell with three fourths inch power. The surface is full of little pits. In the upper part of the face there is a groove, in the middle of which is one of the simple eyes. Just below the antennæ sockets is a groove which extends crosswise a short distance on either side and then bends downwards to the mouth. The portion of the face bounded by this groove is called the clypeus. At its lower part is hinged a little oblong piece (labium) which may be moved up and down with a needle.

Melt a piece of sealing wax on the centre of a slip of glass (taking care not to break the glass by too sudden heating) and before the wax hardens press the head into it face downwards.

Examine with one inch power. The hole near the top of the head shows the position of the neck. The portion of the head around this hole is destitute of hairs and is hollowed in, to make room for the rounded front part of the thorax. Below this one there is another cavity which contains a portion of the mouth parts when they are retracted. At each side of the mouth in front of the base of the sucking organs, are the two jaws (mandibles) each with a little tuft of hair on the outer side. The jaws move freely to and from each other, sideways instead of up and down as do the jaws of the higher

animals. The sucking apparatus consists of five pieces viz : two outermost pieces each tapering to a fine point, two, each of which ends in three little joints and one in the centre which projects beyond the others. It may be necessary to spread these out with the needle, to see them well.

Separate the thorax from the rest of the body. Scrape off the hairs on the back. Two principal grooves extend across the back, one near the front and one near the hind margin. The thorax is composed of three divisions and these grooves show where they are joined together. The hind division bears the hind wings and the hind pair of legs; the middle division, much the largest division of the three, bears the fore wings and the middle pair of legs; and the foremost division is quite small and bears only the front pair of legs.

Remove the wings of one side and examine in a drop of water with one and one half inch power. The wings consist of a shining transparent membrane strengthened by numerous horny veins running through it. Examine with one half inch power. The membrane is seen to be covered with minute hairs and little dots. On the front edge of the hind wing a short distance from the outer end is a row of hooks. At a corresponding place on the hind edge of the fore wing there is a thickening or ridge. When flying, the hooks catch on to the ridge and thus the wings are held together and act as one large wing.

Examine this grappling apparatus with one fourth inch power and with the needles hook the wings together and pull them apart. If you look through the magnifier while you do this you will get a good idea of the form of the ridge and of how the hooks catch on to it. Remove one of the forelegs, being sure that none remains attached to the body. Examine with one and one half inch power. The extremity is armed with two claws; then come four short joints followed by one about as long as the others together. All these make up the foot. The next joint above is the shank, then comes the thigh and then quite a small joint, the lower hip, and lastly attached to the body is the upper hip.

Remove the last five joints of the foot (the claw part, and the other four joints), examine with one third inch power. The claws have each a branch projecting from the inner edge. Between the claws is a little velvety pad. Each of the small joints is covered with short closely appressed hairs and from the lower end of each joint project several spines. Now examine the remaining long joint of the foot attached to the shank. At the upper end of the inner side is a deep semicircular notch, the upper portion of which is light colored. Beside the notch is a peculiarly shaped movable spine which projects from the lower end of the shank. This queer arrangement is what the bee uses to clean his feelers. The reader has probably seen the operation performed by a bee or a wasp. The

leg is thrown over the feeler, the latter is grasped at that particular bend of the leg where the cleansing apparatus is situated and then drawn through from base to tip; and this is repeated several times with each feeler.

Examine with one and one half inch power a leg from each of the other pairs and compare the corresponding parts. They differ chiefly in size and in the absence of the cleansing apparatus. You cannot fail to admire the many beautiful forms of the different portions. On the outer side of the hind shank is a smooth flattish surface destitute of hairs, excepting a fringe of long ones at the margin. At this place may sometimes be found a sticky mass of pollen intended for bee-bread. Examine the abdomen with one and one half inch power. It is composed of several wings. If some of the hairs are scraped off this will be shown more clearly. From the hind extremity projects the sting.

We have far from exhausted all the beautiful and interesting points in the make-up of a Bumble Bee, not even those that may be seen with the limited powers of a simple microscope; but probably enough has been said to show the reader that such things are well worthy of study and it is hoped that enough directions have been given to render future use of the instruments comparatively free from difficulty.

XLVIII.

SOME LITTLE THINGS TO SEE.

THERE is no end to the beautiful and wonderful things one can see with the simple microscope. Only a few of the more attractive and easily obtained of these are now to be mentioned.

To begin with, there are ever so many pretty flowers to look at. The asterworts, that is, such flowers as the daisy, aster, golden-rod, dandelion and thistle, are particularly full of beauty. The blossoms are all made up of a number of little flowers as in the dandelion; but the shapes and colors and so forth, of the different kinds are exceedingly various. Some, such as the asters and daisies, have two kinds of flowers in the same blossom — flowers with strap-shaped corollas (like the dandelion's) are arranged along the margin of the blossom, while in the centre are little flowers with star-shaped corollas presenting a much different appearance. Flowers of many of the Parsley Family, for example wild carrot, wild parsnip and caraway, are quite odd. Very pretty flowers are found among the grasses, sedges and common weeds. The different trees as they bloom in spring — the maples, elms, willows, poplars, sassafras and hosts of others — all have flowers that are perfectly lovely. Most of these flowers need to

be picked to pieces under the magnifier to show up their full beauty. The parts of flowers, both small and large ones, deserve attention. Frequently one meets with remarkable forms.

Seeds are highly interesting. They are often handsomely marked with series of pits or projections, grooves or ridges. One meets with many curious appendages by means of which the seeds are carried off and sown at a distance from the plant. Some, like the dandelion, have a parachute attachment; others have wings to catch the wind, and others still are covered with hooked spines whereby they become attached to the fur of animals, to remain until brushed off to the ground.

Leaves and stems sometimes have on them beautiful hairs and oil-glands. The woolly covering of mullein, for example, is made up of innumerable slender-branched hairs. These show best when a piece of leaf broken off is looked at edgewise.

If you examine the fruit-dots on the backs of the different kinds of ferns you will be surprised to find how pretty they are and of how many different shapes. Sometimes the fruit is not borne on the back of the leaf but forms little clusters by themselves, sometimes at the end of the fern, sometimes in the middle, sometimes on a separate stalk.

Mosses, lichens and sea-weeds are well worth looking at.

Early in the summer an exquisite fungus called "cluster cups" may be found on the underside of barberry leaves. Hawthorn and other plants have handsome fungi on them later in the season.

By observing closely while out in the fields or woods, one sees hovering about in swarms, myriads of tiny insects. Under the lens some of them are very odd, others very beautiful. The easiest way to catch these little midgets, is to wet the palm of the hand and then sweep it among them, or in the same way use a piece of sticky paper.

The study of the different parts of insects is one of the most fascinating of the many uses of the Simple microscope. Although all insects are made up on the same general plan and corresponding organs occur in most of them, there is an endless variety in the forms under which we see the different organs and the uses to which they are put.

Take for example the antennæ. In the grasshopper it is long and threadlike; in the butterflies always ending in a knob; in moths always tapering to a point, although sometimes threadlike and sometimes much branched, forming a beautiful plume; in the beetles, sometimes fan-like, sometimes like a comb; and in other insects assuming still other forms. Insects' eyes are often colored beautifully. A horse-fly's eyes are striped. Butterflies' eyes have usually a soft liquid coloring, and moths' eyes in the dark shine like little fiery beads.

The mouths of insects, such as beetles, grasshoppers and dragon flies, have strong jaws for biting; flies, bugs, moths and butterflies, have the

mouth-parts transformed into sucking organs, while bees, wasps and the like have both sucking organs for honey, and biting organs for leaf-cutting, wood-tearing etc. as was the case in the Bumble-Bee.

Butterflies' wings and moths' wings are covered with little scales of a variety of shapes. These should be examined attached to the wing to show their arrangement which is like that of shingles on a roof; but to show their form they should be looked at when brushed from the wing onto a piece of glass. Many other peculiarities may be noticed in the wings of other kinds of insects.

Legs, the same as the other organs, have various forms, markings and appendages, and so it is with the abdomen and its stings or its egg-laying apparatus.

The hairs of "Woolly Bears" and caterpillars of that kind are peculiarly branched.

The four hind pairs of feet in caterpillars are armed each with a row of little hooks which are used in walking to get a firm hold. The larger caterpillars show the hooks best.

Sometimes you will find pretty insect eggs on the underside of leaves or on stems, and also little silken cocoons in similar places. If you are near a pond-hole, or an old hogshead that collects rain water, you can find a good many little animals, some of them very frisky—young mosquitoes or "poly-wogs," water-fleas, cyclops, little worms, young dragon-flies and lots of others. When you go to collect them take a small wide-mouth bottle and, having found a place where there is what you want, lower your bottle, mouth down, in the midst of them and when it is well under water turn the mouth upwards. A good many of the animals will run in with the water. If the first time you do not get what you want, the second time you may. When you want to examine them at home you can fish them out with a glass tube and put them in a watch crystal or on the glass stage of the microscope. In using the tube take it between the thumb and middle and third fingers, and close the top with your first finger; then put the lower end of the tube in the water close to the thing you want to catch; now lift your first finger quickly and the water will run in the lower end of the tube carrying with it your little squirmer, unless he has been too quick for you. Close the top of your tube again and the water will not run out when you remove the tube, until you lift your finger. Sometimes it takes a good deal of patience and skill to catch the more agile of the little water animals. Glass tubes are sold in drug stores for five or ten cents.

The way to find out about all these things is to go out into the fields and woods, and form the habit of observing closely what is around you. Carry your magnifier along and look at this flower, that fern, this insect, that moss, with different powers of the magnifier; and when you come across any objects worthy of a more careful exam-

ination carry them home and examine them systematically with Simple microscope, needles, knife, and so forth. Insects may be kept in alcohol until winter, when careful studies may be made.

When using the magnifier in the field, hold it in such a way that the smallest lens will be nearest the object when the lenses are combined and be careful not to shade the object with the hand or the hat brim. Just enough light should fall on the object to make its examination comfortable for the eyes. If you rest the hand holding the magnifier on the hand that holds the object, both lens and object can be held much steadier. When commencing to examine an object it is best to have the three lenses spread apart, for in this way you can use first the lowest power then those higher and finally, if you wish to, the three lenses combined. The dissecting forceps are very handy to have in the field, both for picking up anything too small for the fingers and for holding an object to be examined.

A collection of some of these little things preserved and ready for examination adds greatly to the pleasures of studying them. Of course all the different kinds of objects cannot be preserved so as to show their full beauty, but many can be and the following directions will tell how to make a very good collection :

Seeds, fern-fruit, insects and other opaque objects like these may be mounted on pasteboard slides. One of these slides consists simply of a stout piece of pasteboard, having a hole cut in the centre and a piece of thick paper or cardboard glued on the under side. The object is attached to the cardboard at the bottom of the hole.

It is best to make a number of these slides at a time. Having procured some quite thick pasteboard, from old paper boxes, rule lines on the surface dividing it up into spaces three inches long by one inch wide. In the centre of each space cut out a hole about half an inch in diameter. A sharp knife will make a neat square hole or a good round one may be made with a gun-wad punch. This done, the spaces may be cut apart with a sharp knife and ruler, along the lines already drawn. Pieces of cardboard for the backs should be cut a trifle larger than the pasteboard portion of the slide ; after they are glued onto the latter they may be trimmed down neatly with a pair of scissors. Glue or mucilage containing glycerine (in the proportion of one or two teaspoonfuls to an ordinary bottle of mucilage) is the best thing to use for sticking on the backs. While the slides are drying they should be either under a weight or in a clamp screwed up tightly, so as to prevent their twisting out of shape. The mucilage may be prevented from being squeezed in round the edges of the hole, by taking care when putting it on not to have it come too near the hole. One or two coats of India ink may be painted on the middle of some of the

pieces of cardboard, either before or after they are put onto the slides ; and thus a black background may be obtained for the lighter-colored opaque objects. Many of the objects will however show best on a white background.

When you have the slides all made, nothing more is needed to mount an object than simply to attach it to the bottom of the hole with a little mucilage and glycerine, or something of that sort, and finally to write the name of the object on the front part of the slide, and on the back any desirable notes. A good way to mount such objects as fine seeds is to put them in the hole loosely and then cover them with a piece of mica such as will be spoken of presently.

Objects which are to be examined by the light shining through them, for example a bee's wing or a butterfly's scales, must be mounted on glass slides.

A glass slide three inches by one is taken, on the centre is placed the object ; over this is laid a thin piece of clear mica three fourths of an inch square, and this is attached to the glass by pasting narrow strips of tissue paper around the edges of the cover, partly on the cover and partly on the slide. Finally the slide is covered with some pretty colored paper and labeled.

Two pieces of paper are needed to cover each slide. One for the under part is cut about one and one half by three and one half inches, with a hole in the centre (round or square). This piece is first pasted on, the corners being cut and the edges brought over onto the front. The upper piece, which has a hole in the centre similar to that in the lower piece, and is cut a trifle larger than the three by one inch slide, is next pasted on so that the hole will correspond with the one below. The upper piece of paper is now trimmed down to the slide and the label attached. Window glass will answer for the slides and you can get any glazier to cut up a piece for you into the right-sized slips. Mica can be bought at a stove store, in sheets which may be cut up into three fourths of an inch squares with a pair of scissors. The mica should be as clear as you can get it. You will find it handy to have some tissue paper all mucilaged like postage stamps and cut up in strips the right size ready to use. The same may be said of the colored paper covers and the labels.

The dust may be excluded from the uncovered opaque objects by keeping the mounted slides in small groups, held together by elastic bands. This will also serve to classify them so that all the insects will be together, all the seeds, and so on ; and the transparent slides may be treated the same.

In working with the Simple microscope there is a fine chance to display ingenuity, not only in making the instruments and mounting the objects but in discovering new things to look at and in seeing how much can be found out about those things which are the most common.

SEARCH-QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

XI.

AUTHORS WITH NAMES ALIKE OR NEARLY ALIKE.

201. What two poets living nearly a century apart, the later being author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, had the same Christian name and surname?

202. Which of the two writers, George Fox or John Fox, was the martyrologist, and which was the founder of the Quaker sect?

203. What two contemporary Irish novelists of the present century had surnames differing only in the second letter?

204. Mention four writers of note named Fletcher.

205. What two poets of the same surname were contemporary with Smith, one of them being satirized by Pope as "namby-pamby"?

206. What four writers, two of them poets of note, were children of an Italian refugee who settled in England in 1825?

207. Name at least two writers of note not now living named Robertson.

208. Mention four Wordsworths known to literature.

209. Mention four or more writers of note named Arnold.

210. Name three or more writers of note named Trollope.

211. What philosopher of the thirteenth century had the same surname as a later philosopher to whom the authorship of the most noted English plays has been sometimes attributed?

212. What political writer of note, executed in the reign of Charles II., and whose first name was Algernon, had the same surname as a noted writer killed at the battle of Zutphen a hundred years before?

213. Mention three or more Napiers known to literature.

214. The surname of Lord Kames who wrote a once famous book entitled *Elements of Criticism*, was the same as that of the author of the work containing the lines:

My name is Norval; on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks.

Give the names of the two men.

215. What living poet has the same surname, with one letter in addition, as the author of the famous *Essay on the Understanding*?

216. Mention three Scotch historians having

the same surname, father, son and grandson, whose lives covered the period from 1711 to 1849.

217. What modern philosopher has a surname alike in sound with that of the author of the *Faerie Queene*?

218. Who wrote the hymn beginning "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire"? Name a poet contemporary with its author who had the same surname.

219. A famous scientist who died in 1882 was the grandson of the author of *The Botanic Garden*, a curious poem of the last century. Name the two writers.

220. Mention at least two novelists named Smith.

ANSWERS TO JUNE SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

161. "Godiva," by Alfred Tennyson.

162. "Tam O'Shanter," by Robert Burns.

163. "John Gilpin," by William Cowper.

164. The ramparts of the citadel of Corunna, in Spain. According to his expressed wish Sir John Moore was buried where he fell.

165. St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

166. If thou wouldst view fair *Melrose* aright
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

167. With the churchyard at Stoke-Pogis.

168. Lissoy, near Athlone, in the centre of Ireland.

169. "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp."

170. *The Lady of the Lake*, by Sir Walter Scott.

171. See "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College."

172. Eddystone Lighthouse. Jean Ingelow is the author of "Winstanley."

173. The grave of Cowper in St. Edmund's Chapel in the church of East Dereham.

174. "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," by Jean Ingelow.

175. "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," by Mrs. Hemans.

176. Moore's "Evening Bells" are the bells of the parish church at Ashbourne in Derbyshire.

177. Wm. Edmondstone Aytoun.

178. The Falls of Lodore are in the vicinity of Keswick and very near Derwentwater.

179. *Gertrude of Wyoming*, by Thos. Campbell.

180. The poem is "Hart-Leap Well" by Wm. Wordsworth, and the locality is Hart-Leap Well, a small spring a few miles from Richmond in Yorkshire on the road from Richmond to Askrigg.



PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

(American Series.)

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

XII.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

LET us call him Ik Marvel, for by that name and no other we first knew him, in those early books, *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life*. Here is the identical *Dream Life* now, which has been lying about on some handy shelf, as if somebody would be wanting to take it up, for these twenty-five years or more; in dark green covers, with red edges, a much thumbed and slightly shaky volume, but good for service for many years to come.

If you were to look it over — this book written in his early manhood — you would notice the same quality which has continued to prove captivating to his readers all along through everything he has written since. You will see a love of country life, warm and abiding; an intuitive sense of the beautiful, refinement, and taste; and underlying all, prevailing over all, that delicacy and sympathy, and tenderness of feeling which we call sentiment.

Not sentimentality: do not mistake, for there is a wide, wide difference between the two, as wide as that between an affected and a natural feeling, between sham and sincerity, for one is true while the other is pretence. Shall we not define sentiment in the words of Sir William Hamilton, as a term "applied to the higher feelings"? You will understand it as you read Ik Marvel. In this very book, *Dream Life*, in the second chapter, called "With my Reader," he confesses to his sympathy and his honesty in writing down his fancies, and says:

Nature is very much the same thing in one man that it is in another: and as I have already said, Feeling has a higher truth in it than circumstance. Let it only be touched fairly and honestly, and the heart of humanity answers. . . . Of one thing I am sure: — if my pictures are fair, worthy, and hearty, you *must* see it in the reading.

That is just what has come to pass. People have recognized what he hoped they would, and

those who read him of the new generation that has come up since the words were written, appreciate that truth to human experience, those touches which show the whole world of one kin in loving and hoping, in suffering and sorrowing. He is sympathetic and tender; the very atmosphere of his books is genial; they are full of home love,



DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

fireside content, family life, and the domestic feelings which no one can too sacredly cherish, the sweet sanctities and charities of every-day living under the same roof-tree, by the same hearth-side.

Then, again, his own personality is in every volume, almost on every page. How unlike authors are in this respect you will one day know,

when you are able to discriminate through wider reading and careful study and comparison. Some writers hardly give you a hint of their individuality, they are so separate from their books, as if the books were merely the result of brain-work, or were purely imaginative or outside of themselves. Yet, after all, it is this personality which interests us and invests one's writings with a charm whose power is felt at once; even if it is such bare egotism as in the case of Ruskin, we delight in it. What is there more attractive than the frank revelations in those chapters of *Præterita* just now being published where John Ruskin shows us all his heart and talks about himself with the candor of dear old Anthony Trollope in his autobiography. Ik Marvel does not follow the Ruskin method, to be sure, but the boy, the collegian, the man in his own library, in his garden, abroad in his fields, is before us. We know his tastes, his favorite books, his walks, his employments, his feelings. We have him for a companion, and he is always that, more than he is the author. So it follows that the books he wrote are winning and engaging, and very much alive they are, too, with real life-blood pulsing through them.

Of all American authors I can think of no one who has so much of boy feeling and boy experience, who understands a boy's nature so well. Usually it is in the country that his boy finds delight, and there is nothing worth finding out or enjoying that he does not know and enter into. Ik Marvel was not in a strict sense country-born, for his native place was the old town of Norwich in Connecticut (where his life began in April, 1822), but he must have early known the joys that farm-life has for a child. It is Connecticut country living that he pictures; the flavor of the old hill pastures, of the meadows and orchards, of blooming peach-trees, of fennel and clover, of wild-grapes in grape-time and nuts in nutting-time is along the pages. That State has had liberal treatment in the lighter literature of New England, in Mrs. Stowe's old-time stories and those of Rose Terry Cooke and Ik Marvel's loving reproductions of landscape and farm-life as in his boyhood he delighted in them and in manhood transferred them to his magic page.

I have marked a score of passages in his books to quote for you, beginning with the old garret:

I know no nobler forage ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy, than the garret of an old family mansion on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry. The heavy rafters, the dashing rain, the piles of spare mattresses to carouse upon, the big trunks to hide in, the old white coats and hats hanging in obscure corners, like ghosts — are great! And it is so far away from the old lady who keeps rule in the nursery that there is no possible risk of a scolding. . . . There is no baby in the garret to wake up. There is no company in the garret to be disturbed by the noise. There is no crotchety old uncle, or grandma, with their everlasting — "Boys — boys!" — and then a look of such horror!

But there is not space for many of them. This, however, you shall have about the Fourth of July, from one of his later books, *Bound Together*:

I do not know what the habit of the boys' schools may be now-a-days; but in those old times when *we* wore roundabouts, and studied Adams' Latin Grammar, the Master (or "Principal," as we Scottishly called him) used to give us a day's excursion by omnibus or stage-coach on the Fourth. And we piled into, and all over such vehicles, by the dozen, infesting the doors and windows and roof — hanging about the beloved stage-coach like bees on gone-by fruit — making the hills resound with our jollity. . . . The old ladies, standing akimbo in the doors, stared blank astonishment at us through their iron-rimmed spectacles, and shy girls caught admiring glimpses of our spick and span new white drilling from behind the farm-house curtains. What a triumphal progress it was to be sure! Dew on the grass, larks singing, late roses blooming, cherries ripening, tall rye waving, the old coach crick-cracking. . . . Then we stopped towards high noon at some huge, lumbering village tavern for dinner. A tavern dinner! — my mouth waters even now to think what ambrosian fare had been provided. . . . A turkey — positively a turkey (and stuffed too) — at one end of the long table, and at the other — great heavens! — a dapper, crisp, curled-tailed pig, with a sprig of parsley in his mouth, and giblets and what-not, in a little paunch-y tureen of gravy close by.

And this:

Who that feels the gray shadows of middle age thickening over his head (for my part I confess to it) does not remember the peach-orchard near to every old homestead of New England, and the rich burden of rare-ripes and free stones and cling-stones (before yet the magnificent Melocoton was known) and how round-jacketed school-boys with big pouches of pockets thought it no theft to abstract a few from between the fence-bars.

And these scraps — tantalizing enough I trust to make you read Ik Marvel and become acquainted with him:

I believe that boys' vacations, now-a-days, come around in July, or thereabouts; but five and thirty years ago, in those boys' schools of which I had painful experience, vacations happened somewhere in October. . . . What a gorgeous thing it was to take that first tramp after the return . . . through the melon-patch where the yellow-faced cantaloupes smiled at us! We knew well enough that the cantaloupes would not be gone; we knew some "roasting ears" would be left; we knew the Pound-sweets would be just at their best. . . . I do not know how a month could have a better naming for a boy than to be called vacation month. . . . I think that a good, wholesome longing for vacation-time to come is one of the best possible evidences that a boy is kept up to the notch of a good daily gain.

And now see what advice he gives in the closing words of "Two College Talks," to students:

Live up to the level of your best thought; keep the line of your life tense and true; it is but a thread; but it belongs to the great Republican warp, where Time is weaving a Nation. You cannot alter its attachment yonder, to the past — nor yonder, to the unrolling years. . . . And if you would broider such things there as will stand fast, and carry your name worthily upon the roll of history, you will have need of all your energy to dare — all your cultivation to refine — of all your charity to ennoble.

Let the hope of this . . . keep you wakeful to all honorable duties. Let it make you bold, and honest, and painstaking. Let it nerve you to shun affectations—to hate shams—to love truth—to cherish simplicity; and then—whatever may betide—you will walk with a freer and more elastic step toward the gates, where we must all go in.

Ik Marvel wrote one novel, about twenty years ago, *Dr. Johns*, the story of an old-time Connecticut minister, and he has a volume called *Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic*, made up from reminiscences of travel, but with these exceptions, and the two named at the beginning of this paper, his writings are chiefly of rural life.

Many years ago he bought a country place not far from New Haven, and there after his own tasteful plan re-modelled and embellished till the beautiful home which he named Edgewood grew with the years, as a true home with all its accessories and adornments of tree and vine, of shrub and lawn must grow, for it does not come into being in a day. To know about it, and how the master's heart was in all the work and in all the growing, you must read *My Farm of Edgewood*—a book practical enough for an agriculturist, yet romantic enough for a poet; picturesque, and full of that personality before referred to. You will read about the stone cottage he built, with its gables and sharp pent roof, the gray walls which lichens and creepers are decorating, and all about his country tastes which made it so attractive without, so restful within.

If you wish to know more about it, and see the sketches of house and gable, of porch and gateway, and know just what the ideas of the owner were and are, about the making of a home, from the house-building down to the simplest details, which with him are esthetic and refined, read *Out-of-Town Places*.

If you would know yet more, and more about the owner, read *Wet Days at Edgewood*, which is made up of rambling sketches about some of the "worthies" who wrote something concerning agriculture. Of such books he says he has "a motley array" in one corner of his library. Be not deterred by the fact that he calls them "farm-books," for not to these does he confine himself; on the contrary, they serve as the excuse (as one may say) for some of the most delightful off-hand writing and personal revelations of our author himself. They remind one of Leigh Hunt in more ways than one, but chiefly in that joy in books which is so marked a feature in Hunt.

What Ik Marvel says so lovingly and gracefully about Virgil and others among the ancients is pleasant reading for your own rainy days; and be sure to read those papers, called "A Picture

of Rain," "English Weather," "Old English Homes," "A British Tavern," "A Brace of Pastorals," "Goldsmith," "William Cowper," "Gilbert White," and "Country Story-tellers." What toothsome dainties in prose they are! If you are tempted to take up some of the authors he writes about, so much the better. Why not read the *Vicar of Wakefield* after you have read what he says. "I do," he writes, "still keep his *Essays* or his *Vicar* in my hand, or in my thought most lovingly."

And how can you let "As you Like It" alone after reading:

One pastoral remains to mention, published at the very opening of the year 1600, and spending its fine forest-aroma thenceforward all down the century. I mean Shakespeare's play of "As you Like It."

From beginning to end the grand old forest of Arden is astir overhead; from beginning to end the brooks brawl in your ear; from beginning to end you smell the bruised ferns and the delicate-scented wood flowers. . . . Who . . . will match us the fair, lithe, witty, capricious, mirthful, buxom Rosalind? Nowhere in books have we met with her like,—but only at some long-gone picnic in the woods, where we worshipped "blushing sixteen" in dainty boots and white muslin. . . .

"As you Like It" is as broad as the sky, or love, or folly, or hope.

In *Bound Together*—the felicitous title of a "Sheaf of Papers"—you come upon more of the Edgewood pastorals, under the divisions called "Procession of the Months," and "In doors and Out of doors," winding up with a children's chapter and Thanksgiving Day.

The influence of Ik Marvel is tranquilizing and refining. If sometimes there is an excess of sentiment, we know that the springs are pure and sweet, the sources deep and unfailing of such tender feeling that we do not care to criticise. He has kept his hold upon two generations of readers because he is true to human nature, in sympathy with childhood, and one at heart with youths and maidens, so that the stories he tells are their own lives, their own hopes and joys and anticipations. There is an air of repose, of restfulness and peace about his writings. Some one has said of them that "they are the wood-fire on the hearth in American letters. They are light, warmth, cheer."

NOTE.—Nearly all his writings are in the following books: *Fresh Gleanings* (European Travel), *Reveries of a Bachelor*, *Dream Life*, *My Farm of Edgewood*, *Wet Days at Edgewood*, *Out-of-Town Places* (formerly *Rural Studies*), *Doctor Johns*, *Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic*, *Bound Together*, *About Old Story-Tellers*; and a new and complete edition has just been published, in unique, simple style, with characteristic prefatory notes by the author.

MY GARDEN PETS.

BY MARY TREAT.

XII.

BENEFICIAL INSECTS.

AMONG my garden pets are certain carnivorous beetles that are as much dreaded by the timid vegetable-eating insects as are the lions and tigers by the higher animals; and some are called tiger-beetles from the fact that they pounce upon their prey like their large namesake.

The practiced eye recognizes these bloodthirsty creatures whenever it sees them, both in the larva and beetle states, and with the aid of pictures and descriptions I hope to make them appear so plain that young readers will be able to identify them, and so help to preserve and thereby increase their numbers in the garden.



CALOSOMA CALIDUM.

I most often meet with *Calosoma Calidum* among my pets—the name “*Calosoma*” comes from two Greek words meaning “beautiful body;” he is a fine-looking large beetle, with a bluish metallic luster and

three rows of indented gold-colored round spots on each of the wing-covers (the true wings

of beetles are concealed beneath the hard and shining wing-covers, or *elytra*, as they are called by entomologists), but the trunk or thorax is of a bluish luster without the gilded spots. The eyes are prominent, standing out each side of the head, which together with the powerful sickle-shaped jaws gives him quite a formidable appearance.

Calosoma Calidum is most frequently seen in damp cloudy weather, or just at twilight when he is always on the alert; his movements are quick and rapid as become a good hunter. He often pounces upon the slow, clumsy, vegetable-feeding

beetles, sometimes twice his size, and tears open their horny sides with his strong jaws, quickly killing them and sucking out their juices and leaving their bodies but slightly mangled.

The children, or larvæ, of this *Calosoma* are as great hunters as their parents and even more voracious. They are dark brown, or black, ugly-looking, worm-like creatures, with no resemblance to their handsome parents. When full-grown they are nearly two inches in length, and often so gorged with the juices of their victims that they can scarcely move. Their favorite food is the cutworms which do much injury to our tender garden plants. They often bring a struggling worm to the surface of the ground grasped by the throat and hold on until its life is ended.

Almost any one unacquainted with insect-life would be pretty sure to set his foot upon, or otherwise crush, this unattractive larva, little dreaming of its great usefulness in helping to keep injurious creatures in check.

Last summer some friends were with me on the piazza when a *Calosoma* larva ran near our feet, and one of the number exclaimed, “Oh, kill the horrid thing!” Here was a chance for a lesson. I saved the creature’s life and quickly imprisoned it. Then I hastened to a walk in the garden bordered with perennial phlox, where I soon unearthed three cutworms from around the roots. These I put in a tin pail partly filled with earth and covered them from sight. Then I returned to the piazza and dropped the “horrid thing” into the pail. For a little while he seemed frightened and made frantic efforts to scale the sides of the pail which he could not accomplish; so presently he became quiet and seemed to be listening, and then commenced to burrow in the earth directly over one of the worms which he soon brought out by the throat. The cutworm was larger than the *Calosoma*, and stoutly resisted its enemy, but quite uselessly; it was quickly killed and its juices abstracted. By this time my friends were much interested—as there was an unusual number of cutworms that season and their plants had suffered greatly from their depredations. Their exclamations changed: “Bravo, bravo, my fine fellow!” As soon as he had finished the first worm he found the second and then the third, and quickly brought to a close their careers of mischief.

Calosoma Scrutator is another beautiful beetle quite common in our gardens. His color is bright

green and his long legs enable him to get over the ground rapidly. He is fully as ferocious and I think indulges in a greater variety of diet than



CALOSOMA SCRUTATOR.

his golden-spotted relative. In New Jersey he has learned that green corn is infested with delicious sweet game in the shape of fat corn-worms, and he hunts them persistently. It is very amusing to watch his proceedings; he runs over the ears, now and then stopping as if listening, and if a worm is in the husk he is sure to work his way to the right spot.

But one day last summer I saw him completely nonplussed and defeated by a few ants. I had placed a corn-worm near the nest of the slave-making ant, and the inhabitants had swarmed all over and around the big creature, and were fast worrying its life out, when one of these beetles suddenly came upon the scene of action. He stopped perfectly still and looked on, standing so near that he attracted the attention of three or four ants, and they left the worm and immediately fastened their mandibles on his long legs. He bounded off, apparently in a great panic, dragging the ants with him for quite a distance; but they soon let go their hold and returned; and I noticed that they touched the antennæ of their comrades as if telling them of their remarkable exploit.

The larva of this beetle resembles that of its relative—*Calosoma Calidum*, and its habits are similar. They both ascend trees in search of canker-worms, and also of the tent caterpillar,

in whose nests they have often been seen making great havoc among the inhabitants.

Cicindela is another family of carnivorous beetles, popularly called Tiger-Beetles, which are a terror to all weaker insects. Imagine a tiger furnished with wings and powerful talons in addition to his strong teeth and legs—what havoc he could make among herbivorous animals! And this is the way our tiger-beetles are armed, and they make good use of their powers; they swoop down upon an unsuspecting victim without a moment's warning. Unlike other beetles they fly with the greatest ease and rapidity. The wing-cases of others prevent an instantaneous flight, but our tigers have no such difficulty to overcome; their beautiful wings are as quickly unfolded and repacked as if there were no elytra to cover them. As a rule they are smaller than the *Calosomas*, but they are brilliantly and beautifully marked with bronze-green and old-gold, and under a good lens the color is absolutely dazzling in its splendor as if set with the rarest sparkling gems.

New Jersey soil is well adapted to be the home of these beetles, for they like sandy places, and we find them plentifully anywhere along the sea-coast. The reason they prefer sandy soil is on account of their children which burrow in the earth and are the oddest-looking creatures imaginable. Their tunnels, or burrows, are from eighteen to twenty inches in depth, and here they live during their infancy or larval states. They are of a dusky whitish color, with broad flat heads and strong sickle-shaped jaws, and their bodies are



TIGER-BEETLE AND LARVA.

furnished with a pair of hooks by which they can hang themselves up and rest at the top of their tunnels without any effort to keep from slipping

back while waiting for prey. When an unfortunate wandering insect comes within reach of one it seldom escapes, for this concealed vigilant watcher springs upon it and takes it to the bottom of his tunnel for lunch.

It requires considerable adroitness to capture one of their larvæ. It is next to an impossibility to dig one out of the loose sandy soil without injuring it. But I once succeeded in taking an irate individual near the seashore by inserting a long stem of coarse marsh grass into his burrow; he grasped the stem in his jaws and hung on until I landed him quite a distance away from his home, where I had the satisfaction of seeing him in all his native ugliness, and also to observe his manner of burrowing, for instead of trying to regain his old home he immediately set to work to build a new one. He used his sickle-shaped jaws and fore-legs to dig with, and his broad flat head for a dumping-cart. At first his loads were emptied very rapidly, but as he progressed with his work the intervals were longer, for he now was obliged to climb up the sides of his tunnel with his load. He proved to be an industrious, vigorous worker, and from the amount of sand he threw out he must have gone down several inches in the space of an hour. At the end of this time I marked the spot and left him. The next day I returned to make him another visit, and after remaining perfectly still a short time I saw his head come slowly and cautiously to the door where he anchored himself, and soon after he sprang upon and seized one of those terribly annoying green-headed flies that are often seen near the salt water. He sprang partly out of his burrow and then like a flash disappeared with his prey.

In the more retired sandy part of my garden where the earth is undisturbed, I find the ant-lion. This lion is no relation to the beetles, but belongs with the dragon-flies and lace-winged insects. He has no resemblance to his pretty airy-winged par-

ents, in fact is even more singular in his appearance and habits than are the children of the tiger-beetles. When full-grown he is about half an inch in length and nearly as broad as long. His color is grayish drab, and he is armed with strong forcep-like jaws, and six rather long legs of which he makes very little use in travelling. He constructs a funnel-shaped pit, its size depending upon the size of the animal. The largest are from two to three inches in depth, and about the same width across the top, running down like a funnel, where at the bottom, beneath the loose sand, the creature lies concealed waiting for unwary insects to fall into his trap. He generally preys upon ants, as his name indicates; but sometimes quite a large beetle or spider falls over the side of the pit and tries to scramble out, when the vigilant proprietor resorts to an ingenious device to prevent its escape—he throws up a shower of sand which flusters and bewilders the victim until it loses its unstable hold, and slips down, down the inclined plane into a pair of open jaws. And now the body must be disposed of, for our lion is neat and methodical in his habits and never allows any débris of his victims to remain in his den. When he has a body on hand larger than himself it requires quite a feat of engineering skill to remove it. He gets under it and adjusts it on his back, then ascends backward up the side of the pit, and with his strong head and somewhat flexible body tries to keep his load balanced as he slowly proceeds upward; but sometimes it is more than he can do, and when part way up the balance is lost and back it tumbles to the bottom of the pit. The lion, not discouraged, tries again and again until, usually, he succeeds—reaches the top and throws the burden off his back quite a little distance away from his den. Occasionally his burden proves too large for him to manage, and then he forsakes his home and constructs a new one.

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.

(Foreign Series.)

BY MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

XII.

SALZBURG.

"Mein lieber land Tyrol."

WHEN we met next day for the mid-day breakfast we were all refreshed and gay and already feeling the sparkling freshness of the

mountains. The girls had their report to make. They had been to the *Mozarts-platz*, where the statue and fountain in the square and the tablet on the house all tell of Mozart's home there; but it was horses, not music, that had led them to that spot, for Anna knew of a reliable livery-man there from whom her father and herself had had their mountain outfit. The *ein-spanner* is a very comfortable, strong, two-seated open carriage made to

open or close at will; with the driver's seat so low in front that you see over his head. The wide flat box behind, which corresponds to the driver's seat, carries all one needs for a week or so. These are usually driven with one horse and that *to a pole*, giving the effect of an accident and the carriage being taken back by the horse that had not run away. Two horses are not absolutely needed on those well-graded beautifully macadamized roads, and to spend for what is not *needed* does not enter the Continental mind. We were better pleased to see horses both sides of the pole, and the girls had chosen good ones that met the requirements of their practised eyes, and also selected the two drivers from the men called out for inspection.

This important matter settled, we were to begin on the scenery nearest us.

Anna had given me no hint, for fear I might tell, but I saw suppressed excitement and eagerness in her anxiety that we should go at an early hour next morning for a drive, and we were all docility.

The town of Salzburg is so different from anything of modern days, even in Europe, that it was a pleasure just to idle about it on foot. All that was not actual church building was so decorated with religious busts and bas-reliefs that it seemed, as it is, an ecclesiastical headquarters with the impress of past days of power of the Church; and of the State also. The mountains rise so abruptly from the narrow bed of the rushing river which is parallel to its only level street, that the other buildings cling to the steep hill-sides, and the jutting lower spurs are crowned with huge edifices, royal or ecclesiastical; while on the abrupt height across the river, where its mass of shadow fell on our hotel until ten o'clock, was an old fortress, a genuine "strong-place" of the Middle Ages, rich in legends and in facts.

For this first day we were "not to cross the river;" there was more than enough to keep us interested on our side. The vibration from sweet-toned bells is never out of the air there. The many churches and religious buildings are all the time ringing bells, and the equally many great clocks strike musical hours, giving the quarters, and the high hills send back their echoes.

We went forth the next morning quite fresh and fit to meet the majesty of the mountains, our large comfortable landau wide open to the mild autumn sun and inspiring air. The mass of rocky height on which is the fortification lies for about four miles along the river. Beyond is a level rich valley, and much other good farming land. The peasant women, used to accepting life with every hardship they found in it, had been accustomed to plod around this long spur on their way to market, driving their donkeys loaded with produce—they walking. You will remember it is the

women who do the most of the field work where standing armies are kept; the men are taken for soldiers.

When the Empress Maria Theresa visited Salzburg she noticed this long way round which the women had to add to their already long walk to and from their homes in and beyond the valley. She ordered a tunnel to be cut through, under the fortress and where it would lead by the shortest way from the valley into the centre of the town. This was the thought and care of a beautiful woman, a most proud empress, for peasant women, a woman's care for other women. Through this tunnel we drove that lovely autumn morning, I pleased with the good done by the empress, Mr. Frémont admiring the beauty of the engineering work and its costly finish of wide raised sidewalks and smoothly lined sides and arched roof, all of us turning to examine the great bas-relief carved over its entrance on which the morning sun shone fair; something allegorical, intended to win favor for her young son; that son to whom she could leave an empire but could not transmit her brain and will—that son who let his sister Marie Antoinette die unsupported by royal or brotherly effort to save her. History will show you that "Happy as a Queen," is a nursery phrase and belongs with the age when "Once upon a time," is the only date used.

From the tunnel we came out into the rich open valley of which we saw only the floor, so to speak, for the broad road was bordered by double rows of venerable trees which interlaced overhead making another and longer winding tunnel of thick green leafage; but between the great boles of the trees and beyond their spreading boughs we caught glimpses of a regiment of cavalry at morning exercise on the green plain. That was inspiring. The bugle calls, the swift manoeuvres, the picturesque uniforms, all made beautiful accompaniments to the morning.

Then, as we emerged from this, Anna said, "Now, General, shut your eyes, do, until I speak."

She was paling with excitement, and well she might.

The carriage stopped at the point she remembered, where an opening in the high hills gave a view beyond of which words cannot make a picture. Immediately before us lay two lines of magnificent dark mountains curving boldly towards each other; closing the view across them in the distance, rose from this lower framing of deep greens and purpling-blue, something I had never seen before, a huge glacier—a shape of light—so high, so glittering it was, far, far up in the morning sunshine.

Anna's voice quivered as she said, "Now, General."

There come some exquisite moments in life. Culminating moments that make complete—full

and perfect and forever remembered as the crowning joy—what has been long wished-for, dreamed-of.

We were silent and quiet there a long time.

Anna's intended pleasure in showing the snow mountains of South Europe to Mr. Frémont had been a perfect success. He was dumb with satisfied joy. An expression I had never seen in them leaped into his eyes as he lifted them and saw that glory of the snow mountain—they knew each other.

Afterward, we noticed that when we did turn away the little we had said was in lowered voices, for we felt it would be intruding on the thoughts thronging in upon our "*Roi des Montagnes*" as Anna named him; like Sir Bedevere, it was clear he was

Revolving many memories.

It was no surprise that a very early start was asked for; and in our warm woollen rig we were off in the little carriages, as good as a short sofa on wheels, and that, and many other sunrises, we saw in the *lieber land* of Tyrol. And many a rushing pale-green brook tumbling down its rocks between pines, and other such dearly beloved and remembered mountain sights left me alone in the carriage, for the stream called him as it did Undine, and the General would jump out and walk by it, and cross on its rough stones, and walk up hills, "to spare the horses"—and the young ones "spared the horses" in their carriage too, and their voices would come back as fresh and sunny and gay as the morning itself.

And what appetites this gave! And what wonderful delicate food met us at village inns where the landlady was the convent-trained skilful cook and the landlady's daughter, pretty and gravely important, directed the servant-girls under her; who curtsied so often and so low in presenting each dish that it made me dizzy to see their heads sink and rise so abruptly. And they would be in such picturesque costume; the clean white plaited chemisette with the low black velvet bodice—in this as emblem of office the landlady's daughter wore, as one puts in a flower a little to the side, a large silver spoon, bowl up, together with the large black velvet bag (*à la Marguerite*) at her side in which jingled the keys; this marked authority and future proprietorship.

We stopped over night at such an inn in the village of Werfen; just a street of detached, low, stone houses, but with a village square and fountain where the women gathered before sundown with their pitchers and gossiped; costumes, fountain, gossips, all was a scene from *Faust*. High mountains shut in the narrow line of village. On a height above it was an old fortified castle, now used as a military prison. The others walked up there—a ladder-like climb I was not up to, as

I had lamed my knee in Denmark and for want of rest had been getting seriously lamed. But I looked out at the *Faust* scene and the sunset lights on the mountains, and the landlady and myself had a talk in pantomime all to ourselves. Their German has become a dialect here, and my German was scant anyway; but when two women want to talk they can manage with eyes and hands and oh's and ah's, and so we progressed, I assenting to all she proposed for dinner, checking off on her fingers unknown dishes, to which I nodded approval until *she* cried "enough." Then she led me to the oak presses which were in my room and, unlocking them with pride, displayed her treasures to me. She had reason for housewifely pride in them. Piled up in quantity was fine linen for bed and table. Napkins tied in dozens with their original ribbons—her marriage portion. "*Mein mudder*" had given this and that. She led me to a window looking down upon the crowded gravestones of the church adjoining her inn—"Mein mudder" was there; touching her black head-dress and woollen mourning gown, her husband too. It was bright with growing flowers, dahlias chiefly then, and wreaths on the crosses.

But she smiled again when she displayed her many eider-down puffy quilts of bright-colored silks and satins, and taking her favorite she spread it over my bed, first smiling and putting its clear blue near my white hair to show it would be becoming. Then, inquiringly, would I choose for the others? So the General had green for the hills, and Frank his gold color, while as I had the blue the girls had to take pink and crimson. It was charming to feel the friendly one-ness of hospitality which was quite apart from the relation of traveller and hostess, and which belonged in with the courtesy of the people everywhere in Austria. Her best silver, each spoon and fork wrapped separately in silver paper, she also took out from this range of oak presses which made one wall of a large room.

When the others came back they found the wood fire bright in the open part of the huge white porcelain stove, the table with wax lights in twisted-branched silver-candlesticks, flowers (dahlias from the graveyard, and geraniums—I saw the daughter cutting these funeral-grown flowers for the feast), and in their rooms more silver candlesticks on lace-trimmed toilet tables, lighting up the pretty satin quilts.

And such a feast! even the appetite of a boy, increased by mountain air and exercise, gave out. Each thing was not only delightfully cooked, but served in the most artistic manner, and as I had said "yes" to everything, we water-drinkers by habit were confronted with fine old claret, and such golden Tokay that it *had* to be tasted.

We were a party of five. Always on the conti-

nent you order — not chicken or beef or potatoes, but one or more portions of each. The things Frank was fond of he always ordered in six portions; when the servant would ask for the sixth person as we seated ourselves there was always a little laugh as he held up two fingers and explained *he* was both "five" and "six." This time even "six" was stalled. The landlady came up to ask if we had been satisfied, and with German words and expressive American looks and tone, we assured her it was all delightful.

Early as was our start next day there was an equally good breakfast, and garlands of (mortuary) dahlias all around the hood of the girls' carriage, and the hand bouquets for all were of late roses and geraniums tied with ribbons.

And all this for an amount in money so small by comparison that to us it seemed an unfair return. These inns are family property and the "good-will" of this I should count as quite as valuable as its fine appointments. As in all Southern countries the upper rooms are the best. On the ground floor is the great kitchen and the "travelers' room" where all enter and get refreshment — according to the purse — but no matter how little is spent there is smiling welcome. Baedeker, who is the German Murray, sends his son to make walking tours in common clothes and report on the reception given to such travellers, which they publish in their guide-books, and rarely do you see any word of dispraise.

How we did enjoy that time in the mountains! At first consciously, then as matter of course, so thoroughly had the complete rest entered into and renewed us.

It was not "always afternoon" for all the women we saw. Our American feelings were sorely tried by the constant sight of women at work in the fields where the earth was prepared as for a flower bed, so finely was the soil crumbled and smoothed. The manure cart would be in charge of a boy with shoes on — he was to grow into a soldier and must be healthy; the women were not only barefoot but barelegged, for their skirts were tucked so high you had to see the want of stocking or undergear. At one of the country churches into which we went while stopping for breakfast the Madonna's statue had a pair of new thick brogans on the feet, and tied to its outstretched hand was a square of coarse but well-bleached linen trimmed round with knit linen lace; evidently a votive offering from some weary woman to whom the clean handkerchief and dry-shod feet represented a heavenly rest.

We had our plan, but we broke it as often as we were tempted to linger by a lovely lake or a specially beautiful spot; and there was a glacier that just must be climbed. The stop near it for the night was not enough. A guide was engaged — "the best of our mountaineers, he does

not go up with everyone, and his terms are high." The General and Frank and the guide went up the glacier, and we spent our day mostly on the lake, and lying on the grass watching Anna sketching the glacier, and trying with our glasses to make out three figures on it. They came back at night delighted. The landlady carefully bringing in our long plaids and making them wrap in them after the day's violent exercise; and coming and going, on hospitable cares intent — bringing up word that the guide said that was no "traveller," he was a "mountain-man" and knew a mountain as well as he did — and the boy would make a climber too. And he was going to buy a cow with the present given him (in memory of many a hard climb in snow and rocks which did not end with home faces and a good dinner and bed).

For my lamed knee we went to the hot salt baths of Ischl, where three baths removed all stiffness, nor did it return. This is the great place for rheumatism, always the mountaineer's scourge. The hot salt baths are sovereign also for nervous ailing women, and to them came the Empress of Austria, the present one, when she was in such sorrow that her health broke down completely. She is a Hungarian; the Emperor was having rough times with the Hungarian nobles and a visit among them was thought desirable. To make sure of a welcome it was held necessary that the Empress, of whom they were proud, should go too. Her first child, a baby girl, was cutting its teeth and not well and she refused to leave it. But she was persuaded that it was nothing but passing usual fretfulness, and that she could do so much for the Crown, etc., etc., and she went with the Emperor and the welcome was given and danger averted. But the baby died while she was away.

It was not royal, but it was natural that she turned from State-life in horror. She kept away from Vienna; her health was given as pretext for her eccentric travel; one winter she stayed on the Island of Madeira. But she came back, and it is said a peasant woman begged her to come to Ischl and find health there. And health did come back, and every year she returns. We saw her daily on horseback; and on foot walking with her big dog under the terrace-trees, listening to the wild music of the Hungarian-gypsy band; generally in a short black silk skirt and white corduroy jacket, her magnificent long hair in two heavy plaits crossed behind her shoulders and the ends tucked in in front as I have seen the Californian and Mexican women wear their long braids. The Princess Gisela, about sixteen then, had her daily walk also past our hotel across the bridge to the more open country beyond, unattended except by her governess and in simple plaid woollen suits and brown straw hat.

There is the most complete simplicity in this

most aristocratic of courts and nobility, when at Ischl, and one usage charmed me. The bridge under our windows was a thoroughfare and led directly to the cemetery on a hill across the water.

All the funerals passed over it. All we saw, of the well-dressed and rich people, or the poorer class, were conducted in the same way; choir-boys led the way, the priest following; then the coffin borne by strong men; then the family—all walking. The priest would chant a verse of the funeral service, all in the procession chanting the response, and so, the sound fading away as they moved on, the funerals would go by between the gay hotel and the terrace always full of promenaders. But what interested me most was to see these people of ease and fashion quietly, and as matter of course, join in the funeral procession and cross the bridge with it, chanting the responses—then dropping out, return to their own life.

One fine-looking man I saw throw away his cigar and taking by the hand two little boys they crossed the bridge with a funeral, then on the return father and boys had their walk under the terrace trees. Asking his name, I found this was Prince Hohenloe, and the children were his. It was a Christian recognition of the one inevitable common bond and always interested me.

The weeks went by too fast. A large landau and four fine horses managed by a postillion with a cameo-profile, a green suit and a horn slung round him on which he waked the echoes as we dashed through villages, made our abode by day; the long drives being always to different points. "Hernani," as we christened the green-suited horn-blowing handsome postilion, knew every place. At one village inn he stopped "by request," and the landlord and "a committee" were waiting to speak with us. They wished to say to the American General that they had faith in America and had invested during our war in American greenbacks (it was a village of some twelve hundred people, and Protestant); that there was much said against their trusting our Government, and there came a time when printed news came to them that our election for President was going to undo the promise to pay in gold; that they talked it over and decided to write and inform themselves from the highest authority, and that they wrote to the "Minister of Finance," and by return mail his answer came to them. The letter was framed and preserved in their town records as evidence of the superiority of Republican institutions.

"When," they said, "when could we, villagers, and of the people, write directly to our Minister of Finance, or receive the immediate answer?"

This answer was that the election was not yet decided, but that the success of the Republican candidate, General Grant, was almost assured. That with him the honor of the nation was safe. And the signature was "HUGH McCULLOUGH, *Secretary of the Treasury*."

You may be sure the swell of pride in our country was great, and that was a *very* sunshiny day.

But they had to come to their close.

After I was back at home on the Hudson I had a large foreign parcel come to me; an album made for me by Anna of her own beautiful water-color sketches of the places I had liked best on "The Happy Journey" as she named it. There are the red sails of the fishing boats on the blue Baltic as we had watched them from the terrace of her country-house near Copenhagen while Hans Andersen read us his "Tale of a Thistle;" the rich stained-glass oriel window of the Bishop's palace at Prague; the two *ein-spanners* with their muffled occupants in the low foreground, and mountains on mountains filling the background—lovely views everywhere. We had named the railway carriage "the family hearth," for it was only when shut in it for the day's travel that we had full leisure for talking over what we had seen and talking up what we were to see. At Dresden we had uniformed ourselves in long wraps of soft Saxony-wool plaid of blue and green, with hats of peacocks' breasts to match; the General and Frank having each a bit of peacock's breast in the band of their gray soft hats, and cravats of green and blue plaid with their gray travelling suits. When we looked around for one another in the crowds at the stations invariably the guards would smile and touch the side of their own hats as they pointed out the gray hats with the bit of peacock breast. We quite regretted our change to usual bonnets and gowns with which to arrive in Paris, but as we ran in to the *Gare St. Lazare* and the General came forward to meet us, Anna shut her eyes with a little cry of regret. The becoming soft gray hat was replaced by "the iron-crown of civilization," the high hat, and the closing picture in the book is his photograph on which she had placed this mark that the good mountain days were ended. With this end of our "Happy Journey" I end also my two years with my young friends of WIDE AWAKE; it has been such a pleasure to me to write for them that I do not say *Adieu*, but rather *Au Revoir*.

SOME ITALIAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

XI.

MACHIAVELLI, THE DIPLOMATIST.

CERTAIN characters in history are notorious rather than famous. To this class most authorities have assigned Niccolo Machiavelli who, if we are to believe the majority of historical and literary scholars, was a direct descendant of the "Father of Lies," and a faithful follower in his ancestor's cloven footsteps.

An English author gives the following flattering derivation for a well-known slang term:

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
Tho' he gave his name to our old Nick.

Many a young collegian has rolled the fascinating adjective "Machiavellian" from his oratorical tongue, and felt considerable satisfaction in using so refined and literary a word of abuse.

If there is any truth in the old saying that the dead are disturbed in their graves by the words of the living, poor Machiavelli has been having a restless time of it these three hundred years and more, for in his case the motto, "Of the dead say nothing but good," has been sadly reversed, and his character has been painted in the darkest hues. Lest the reader become frightened at the prospect of meeting this abandoned son of Italy, and imagine himself in danger of attack from a ruffianly bandit, be it known that the subject of this paper was neither a cut-throat nor a robber, but simply a statesman of unusual skill and cunning, and a writer of marked ability.

Niccolo Machiavelli, a fellow-townsmen of Dante and Petrarch, was born at Florence, in the year 1469. His family was old and honored, though not wealthy. Little is known about his early life save that he received a liberal education and was a clerk in the office of the city chancellor. At this time the Medici, the former power in Florence, were in exile, and the city had been organized as a republic. The foreign relations of Florence were dangerously complicated. The Medici were making every effort to regain the position they had lost, and to this end incited Venice and other cities to attack the little republic. The French and the Swiss were making inroads from the North, while Cæsar Borgia, the merciless and ambitious son of Pope Alexander VI., threatened on the South.

Under such circumstances it became necessary

to appoint a committee which should outline the foreign policy of the city. Although at the present day one Secretary of State is deemed capable of superintending the diplomatic affairs of our nation, the Florentines in all their trouble thought they needed ten at least. Machiavelli, whose shrewdness and ability had won him rapid preferment, was made secretary of the board.

The "Ten," as the committee was called, had a difficult task before them. They must disengage Florence from the tangle in which they found her. Two ways were open. The snarled and twisted cords might be cut by the sword, or cunningly and patiently restored to order. Diplomacy was at last decided upon instead of war, and the work began.

The young secretary proved himself an invaluable agent. Returning successful from two or three lesser missions he was sent to France on a most difficult errand. He spent a year at the French court. He flattered the king, complimented the queen, made himself agreeable to the court ladies, gained the confidence and admiration of the gentlemen, and returned to Florence with his mission accomplished. The "Ten" were delighted at his skill, and sent him off to Venice, where he continued his diplomatic career brilliantly and successfully. Three times he was sent to France, and each time he did his work acceptably. He visited all the Courts of Italy and by his affable manners and fascinating conversation bent kings and courtiers to his purposes.

The first literary work of Machiavelli consisted of letters which he wrote to the "Ten" while he was absent on diplomatic service. These letters are clear, direct and full of humor. They tell with delightful frankness how he has been pulling the wool over the eyes of one man, or flattering the wife of another. We can imagine these ten old rascals chuckling over the cunning and dissimulation of their smart young agent, and sending back words of approval and encouragement.

This is the first unpleasant glimpse we get of Machiavelli. We see him sitting at a royal table, smiling, courteous, entertaining, and apparently sincere, and then watch him a few hours later as with ill-suppressed merriment he writes to his masters how he has been making the King of France dance to the Florentine fiddle.

But this smiling and feasting and writing were not to continue forever. In 1512 Machiavelli's plans were suddenly swept away, the Medici were restored, and a year later, the diplomat found

himself on a machine of torture, commanded to tell all about a conspiracy against the ruling power. Strange to say Machiavelli was not concerned in this movement, and having nothing to say, said it. Though he despised those who exposed themselves to needless danger, and admired the crafty and cunning, in the hour of torture Machiavelli proved himself a man of nerve.

For some years the ex-minister retired from public life and spent his time in literary pursuits. He wrote short histories, and several other works, the more important of which are *The Art of War* and *The Prince*.

In the former he discusses various methods of warfare, and takes pains to condemn the employment of mercenary troops, a universal custom in Italy at that time. He says:

Mercenary and auxiliary troops are useless and dangerous, and the prince who places the foundations of his state on mercenary troops will never be firm and secure; because they are disunited, ambitious, undisciplined, faithless, insolent to their friends, abject to their enemies, without fear of God or faith to man, and the ruin of the man who trusts in them is only put off as long as the assault is put off: . . . whilst you have no service to employ them in they are excellent soldiers, but talk to them of an engagement and they will either disband beforehand or run away in the battle.

The Prince more than any other one thing has given Machiavelli his sinister reputation. Calmly and sincerely as if he were laying down moral principles, the author gives to rulers advice which is directly contrary to all our ideas of right and wrong. Deceit is exalted into a virtue, and sincerity becomes another name for weakness and folly. The book is dedicated to the ruling Medici prince Lorenzo, and seems to have been written to win his favor, although various views have been expressed as to this point.

Some critics, appalled at the ethics of the book, have decided that the whole volume is a cunning satire. In view of the author's character, if this book be a satire, then his life itself was a satire, for they are in perfect harmony. One or two extracts will serve to show the character of the volume:

Men are so simple, and yield so much to necessity, that he who will deceive, will always find him who will lend himself to be deceived.

A wise man will so act that whatever he does may rather seem voluntary and of his own free will than done by compulsion, however much he may be compelled by necessity.

In his later years Machiavelli was employed several times on diplomatic service, but he never took the same interest in his work that characterized his earlier missions. He died suddenly in his fifty-eighth year, and it was only in 1787 that a monument was erected for him through the exertions of an English earl.

There is no doubt that judged by our standards Machiavelli's teachings are pernicious; but in judging the man himself we should remember how different a code of morals existed in his day. His books at that time were read and admired, and no one thought of being shocked. The Italian hero was not a daring, armoured knight who went about knocking people on the head with a battle-axe. The Italians admired the cool, cunning, self-controlled man who bided his time, and secured his ends by brains rather than blows.

Machiavelli truly reflected his age, and while for his morals we can have nothing but loathing we should not include in a general condemnation a man who was brave, wise and brilliant and who wrote: "Where the fear of God is wanting, destruction is sure to follow."

STRANGE TEAS, DINNERS, WEDDINGS AND FETES.

BY EDWARDS ROBERTS.

XII.

THE MOQUI SNAKE-DANCE.

ONCE attended an interesting Indian fête in the Southwest at the Moqui (Moki) village in Northern Arizona. It was the strangest spectacle altogether I ever looked upon and was performed by Indians who are perhaps the least civilized of any in the great Western Territory. No words can fully describe the dance that was given. It was a wild, weird sight and made one

with delicate nerves uncomfortable, to say the least. To the Moquis however the spectacle was the reverse of unpleasant. An Indian never indulges in noisy approval, but he enjoys laughing as much as a white man does; and in this particular dance the performers were constantly encouraged by their friends.

The Moquis are a people whose origin dates far back. How long ago their present village was built no one can tell. That it is very old is evident from the fact that in 1540 it looked exactly the same to Coronado as it does to us

to-day. He could not discover from the Indians living there how long their town had been founded, and as the people have no written history we can only speculate upon the age of their houses. There are seven villages altogether and all of them are built upon the very tops of high *mesas*, or table-lands, rising fully six hundred feet above the level of a wide valley. The *mesas* are rarely more than forty feet wide and are so steep that to gain the summit one has to climb a narrow foot-path that has been hewn in the rocky sides. The houses are of stone, cemented with mud, and are piled together one on top of the other.

The tribe is given a Reservation by the Government to live on which is nearly as large as the State of Massachusetts and on which they have perfect freedom. They raise sheep and goats, and live and dress nearly as they did centuries ago and have but little intercourse with white people.

An hour before sunset the Indians, robed in their very best, moved toward the town of Walpi that occupies the western end of the *mesa*. Following the crowd my friend C — and I reached an open square formed by the walls of the houses on one side and the edge of the *mesa* on the other. In the centre of the place stood a tall, tower-like stone fifteen or twenty feet high and of a fantastic shape. It was here that the dance was to be held. Every housetop having a view of the spot was covered with Indians, and children had grouped themselves on the ladders that lead from roof to roof. Making our way to a good place we sat down with a party of the natives and waited for the fête to begin. Far below where we were, lay the valley we had crossed, and in the distance were the mountains of Utah and Central Arizona. It did not require much imagination to believe ourselves standing on some high cliff overlooking the ocean, for the valley was like the sea, and the feeding sheep like little boats.

This Moqui snake-dance is given once in every two years. Nearly one hundred Indians take part in it and the custom has been observed for many centuries. It is commonly supposed that the ceremony is a prayer for rain, but why snakes are used no one surely knows. The reptiles are caught during the four days preceding the dance and are confined in the *estufas* or council chambers until the hour comes when they are to be used. Most of the snakes are "rattlers." Their fangs are not removed and the only precaution the Indians take against being bitten is to paint their bodies with a preparation that counteracts the effects of the poison. At the conclusion of the dance the snakes are carried down to the valley and allowed to go where they will, while the dancers return to the *estufas* and wash off the paint that has covered their bodies.

Directly beneath where we stood was a bower

made of cotton-wood branches. Soon after we were seated an Indian brought three large bags and placed them within the bower. These contained the snakes. The man had barely got out of sight before a party of fifteen Indians filed rapidly into the square. All were naked except for short, reddish tunics reaching from the waist to the knees, and their bodies and faces were thickly painted in various hues. Each man carried a rattle, made by stretching a piece of dried skin over a squash gourd, and a basket of sacred meal, and several wore strings of antelope hoofs around their ankles. Marching four times around the stone pillar, and shaking their rattles all the while, the dancers stamped upon the ground as they passed the snake bower and sprinkled meal upon it. After that they formed a long line and began the rather monotonous dance and song which is given in the same manner by nearly every tribe. The song consists of a few words repeated in a sing-song fashion over and over again, and in the dance the bodies are swayed slowly back and forth and the feet alternately lifted a few inches from the ground.

While this dance was being given a second party, dressed as those who had first appeared, and numbering fifty-seven men, marched into view and began their walk around the stone. These were the snake-dancers, and their coming was hailed with great joy by the assembled spectators. Instead of rattles were carried little wands made of eagle feathers which were moved rapidly through the air in imitation of the hissing of serpents. The men looked wild and sober, as though frightened at the prospect before them, and their faces were blackened and painted beyond all recognition. During the march around the stone pillar a party of maidens, each one wearing a bright red shawl and having her face thickly powdered, grouped themselves near the dancers and stood ready to sprinkle them with the meal which they carried in baskets.

Finishing the march both parties formed into two parallel lines near the bower of cotton-wood boughs and indulged in a grand song and dance which appeared to excite not only the performers but the dancers to the highest pitch of excitement. At its conclusion an old man stepped before the snakes and chanted a prayer, which he had barely finished before there was an unruly rush made for the bower. Reaching their hands into the place each man quickly reappeared with a hissing, squirming, biting snake, which he immediately placed between his teeth while beginning once more his walk around the open square. In time fully forty men had each his snake, and the scene became intensely hideous. At the side of each dancer walked an attendant who tickled the snake's head with his wand of eagle feathers, but in spite of this soothing caress the serpents made

savage attempts to bite and get away. One man had his cheek severely bitten and another his hand, while often a snake would coil its body around the neck of its tormentor so that it would have to be unwound by main force. We were glad to be as high above the dancers as we were, for at times a snake would escape and go darting off among the spectators, to their great confusion. The girls who were throwing sacred meal upon the men were often so frightened that they made frantic rushes to get away, but when the snake had been caught, they returned again to their places. For fully half an hour the strange dance was continued, the men holding the snakes growing more excited every moment, and the members of the first party that had appeared giving new life to their song, which was continued without interruption all the while, and the notes of which sounded high above the general confusion.

At last, perspiring, bitten, excited until their

eyes gleamed, the men threw the snakes together into a common pile in the centre of the square, where they formed a hideous mound of squirming forms. Then at a signal, a second scramble took place, and in a moment the pile had disappeared and every dancer held in his hands a reptile with which he ran swiftly down the trail and out into the valley. We could see the half-naked figures madly leaping down the narrow path, and later hurrying over the valley, dropping as they ran the snakes they carried.

By this time the sun had set. Waiting only long enough to watch the men come slowly back to their *estufas*, we left our housetop and were soon riding slowly away. For another two years the snakes in the vicinity of the Moqui village will go unmolested along their way. At the end of that time some of them probably will figure again in the dance which some strange decree has ordered.

WAYS TO DO THINGS.

BY EMILY MASON.

XLIX.

MAKING PICTURE-BOOKS.

AS no one has mentioned this pleasant and useful kind of work, I will say that any of you can make picture-books for the little children in your odd moments. I first knew about it from a friend who was desirous of doing something for a fair in the interests of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She could not afford to make a costly gift, or to spend even a dollar in money.

So she bought a yard of gray linen cloth and cut it into leaves the size of a good, generous picture-book, such as you buy for the little ones, like *Jack and the Bean-stalk*, and *Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog*. The yard was enough to make a good-sized and fairly thick book, as large and as much of it as a child would care for. Around the edge of each leaf she worked in button-hole stitch with bright-colored worsted, so that it would look finished and pretty, and also that the edge might not fray with the hard use the book would be likely to get. Then she stitched the leaves all together strongly, and covered the stitches with another button-holing of the same worsted; and on the outside she pasted neatly a cover of marbled paper, so that it was really a durable cloth-lined cover.

There was the book, made. Then she pasted on each page a large, beautiful picture such as a child would be pleased to look at. I remember of her telling me that a lady who was in an editor's office had given her a lot of odd numbers of *Youth's Companion*, *WIDE AWAKE*, *Harper's Young People* and some other illustrated papers and magazines, including several English ones like *The British Workman*, all full of most lovely pictures, so that she had only to select the choicest and most attractive.

She was very neat and tasteful in whatever she undertook, so that the pasting was done with care, and a suitable margin of the gray linen was left. Next, after these smooth pages were thoroughly dried, she set herself to what was really the most congenial part, and that was painting the pictures with water colors. This she did with the richest and most brilliant pigments her box contained, and with all the skill and taste she was capable of; so that the book was very handsome, and when, finally, she pasted on the cover the finest and most appropriate of all she had, and did her utmost in painting it, you may be sure it was a picture-book for a child to cry for. That it was appreciated you will see on being told that at the Fair it was sold for ten dollars.

Since that time, this lady has been called upon more than once to make a similar book for some-

body who wished one to give a child, or to be put on sale at some fair. A book so made is almost indestructible; one has been known to last the wear and handling, the turning over and throwing about by little hands, through a whole family of children, passing on to each successive little citizen of babyland. It is very well known that any child prefers a rag baby to the costliest wax doll that money can buy; and the same is true of the home-made picture-book which is eagerly seized and kept, while books out of the shops are thrown aside.

The cost is mere nothing, only the linen, and if one could not afford that, cambric which is only six or eight cents a yard would answer, but the stronger linen is more desirable. Such books would be very acceptable and serviceable in a Children's Hospital, where they would give great pleasure at small expense to the donor.

A young girl who knew about this tried a different plan. She had long been in the practice of saving little stories such as children like, which she cut out of the newspapers. Not a paper was ever allowed to be torn up in the house without her looking it over to see if there was not some nice story or poem fit for her purpose; and so many of these are copied from the children's magazines that she was not a great while in accumulating a mass of such matter, together with jaunty little pictures suitable for corners and margins, for head and tail-pieces.

When a leisurely time came, she took volumes of government books, like the "Patent Office Reports," which are neatly bound in dark cloth, and so converted them into her scrap-and-picture-books. She cut out about every third leaf, that the volume need not bulge after she had filled it, and then arranged her stores in a pleasing variety, so that the one who read could have no idea what was coming next. There were short stories, ballads, verses,

jingles from most of our favorite authors in juvenile literature, mixed in as wisely and attractively as the editors of the magazines themselves could have done; and along the margin of some of the pages would run a vine, or a flight of birds would be seen, while some neat vignette would occupy the centre of another, and "cunning" cuts of curly heads, of dogs, and horses, of children at play, or something that was just right for its place, would fill a corner. It was an exceedingly pretty way, and each page was a surprise.

She gathered material for a great many of these books, with the intention of making them at her leisure for children; and had already made several when I came to know about the plan. She had pasted on the back of each a title of her own devising, in Old English letters done in red on heavy white paper, over the original title of the book, so that there was nothing to show that it had been destined for United States service. Instead of title-page she had a vignette in the centre of a blank leaf, and an ornamental border.

It was the most perfect scrap-and-picture-book without cost that could be devised; nice and clean as to its mechanical make-up, with such varied and choice selections that not only children but grown people were entertained by the contents; the children of the households into which they went were never tired of hearing "the pieces" read; in fact they learned most of them by heart; and when last heard from, two of these volumes had become almost threadbare and printbare from constant usage.

It sometimes takes so little and costs so little to be the means of giving a great deal of pleasure to a child! A shilling's worth of cloth, a volume that nobody cares for, newspaper scraps and pictures such as every house abounds with, a pot of paste, a box of paints, and a little patience and time and taste — that is all at the most.

SEARCH-QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

XII.

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS.

221. Who is the supposed author of *The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes*?

222. Of what author is the vignette on the cover of *Blackwood's Magazine* a likeness?

223. What are the dates of the first three folio editions of Shakespeare?

224. Name the authors of the following novels: *John Inglesant*, *The Ladies Lindores*, *Citoyenne Jacqueline*, *Mademoiselle Mori*, *Robert Falconer*.

225. What famous poem ends with these lines?

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.

226. What authors since Chaucer have written *Canterbury Tales*?

227. What poem begins: "I sing the sofa"?
 228. What are "The Bampton Lectures"?
 229. Who wrote *The Fight at Dame Europa's School*?

230. What is the last word of Thackeray's unfinished novel *Denis Duval*?

231. What poem begins thus:

Dust are our frames; and, gilded dust, our pride
 Looks only for a moment whole and sound;
 Like that long-buried body of the king,
 Found lying with his urns and ornaments,
 Which at a touch of light, an air of heaven,
 Slipt into ashes and was found no more.

232. How many lines must a rondeau have?

233. Name the author of this poem:

Flower in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies;
 Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower — but *if* I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

234. Name the authors of the following works:
The Heir of Redclyffe, *Sesame and Lilies*, *The Little Schoolmaster Mark*, *Off the Skelligs*.

235. Who wrote *A Short History of the English People*?

236. What is the subject of the work called *The Diversions of Purley*?

237. What is *The Mabinogion*?

238. Name the authors of these poems and collections of poems: *The Earthly Paradise*, *My Beautiful Lady*, *Balder the Beautiful*, *On Viol and Flute*, *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*.

239. Name the chief work of each of the following poets: Philip James Bailey, "Owen Meredith," Sir Henry Taylor, Edwin Arnold and Coventry Patmore.

240. From the works of what two famous modern poets are taken these quotations relating to duty?

I.

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
 And the eternal heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

II.

The toppling crags of Duty scaled
 Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

ANSWERS TO JULY SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

181. *Romola*.
 182. *Rasselas*, by Dr. Samuel Johnson.
 183. London.
 184. *Little Dorritt*, by Charles Dickens.
 185. *Villette*, by Mrs. Charlotte [Brontë] Nichols.
 186. Warwickshire.
 187. Ireland.
 188. London and Paris.
 189. Gainsborough.
 190. North Devonshire.
 191. *Jane Eyre*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*.
 192. Rugby. See *Tom Brown at Rugby*, by Thomas Hughes.
 193. Scotland.
 194. The Holy Land.
 195. Bath.
 196. Alexandria in Egypt.
 197. The Castle of Douglas in Scotland.
 198. *Martin Chuzzlewit*.
 199. Kenilworth Castle.
 200. Arromanches, a small seaside resort some eight miles from Bayeux.

A DIGNITARY.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

I CHARGE you, when you walk abroad, my dear
 Priscilla May,
 To curtesy to all gentlefolk you meet upon your
 way!"

Priscilla May in silk pelisse, and ruffled par-
 asol,
 Went walking out and home again, all in the early
 fall;

"And now you've walked abroad, I hope, my dear
 Priscilla May,
 You curtesied to the gentlefolk you met upon your
 way!"

"O mammy dear, the gentlefolk all by their fire-
 sides sat,
 So I curtesied to a cardinal flower in a splendid
 scarlet hat."



PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

(American Series.)

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

XIII.

"H. H." AND OTHERS.

SINCE this series of papers was begun, one of the foremost women-writers of America has passed from this life. The hand of "H. H." will write nothing more. How pathetic that brief statement seems when we think of the brilliant spirit that was here a little more than a year ago!

It is well worth your while at this time, when her last work is passing through the press, to give attention to the books she has contributed to our literature. I know that they are all about you, some of them, indeed, almost fresh from her pen—it seems but yesterday, perhaps, that you read *Ramona*, and *Zeph* you have but just laid down.

Looking back now and considering how late it was when she began writing prose (in 1866, when she was thirty-five years old), never dreaming of becoming an author of distinction, we are surprised at both the quantity and quality.

Let me recall to you, in scantest outline, her personal and literary history. As "H. H." the world of her readers—and a wide world it is—has known and will remember her; the two modest initials which represent such an amount of exquisite work, which have always been so warmly welcomed, and which will be so sadly missed! Helen Maria Fiske was her maiden name, and she was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, October 18, 1831. On the 28th of October, 1852, she was married to Captain Edward B. Hunt of the United States Army, and on the 2d of October, 1863, she became a widow. One son had died when an infant, and the other died in less than two years after his father, so that, bereaved and heart-broken, she withdrew from society and even from her best friends, giving herself up to the feeling that life had nothing more for her.

She had a fine, natural gift of expression in poetry, and when the first sharp pain was over she did what hundreds of others have done, put her sorrow into verse, and soon the world recognized

a new poet. A sketch called "In the White Mountains" was her introduction to prose, and the success and fame which eventually came to her from this simple beginning were a revelation and continual surprise to her.

In October, 1875, she was married to William Sharpless Jackson, and thenceforth her home was in Colorado Springs, whence she went for benefit to her health, to California, where, in San Francisco, she died August 12, 1885.

How slight is this thread of facts concerning a woman so rich in personal and intellectual gifts, of a spirit so alert, so responsive, so versatile, so full of enthusiasm! You know well how her burning indignation found a voice that made itself heard for the Indian; and you will mark all through her writings that she was easily kindled—a marvellously susceptible, electric being, all ardor and fire. You see it all through her *Bits of Talk about Home Matters*, where she enters the lists, or charges as a free lance, in hot attack on those who are guilty of wrongs to children. Never did childhood have a more fearless, a more valiant champion, and one can but think how injudicious parents must have winced under the pricks and thrusts of her weapon that pierced the stoutest mail.

Her feelings were intense and her powers of observation of the keenest; she had the swift intuitions of genius and her pen was true to the thing she had to say. Gifts for writing may come by nature, but if that were all, how discouraging it would be! What if "H. H." had never developed what she seems hardly to have known she possessed until the accident (almost) of a single sketchy article in prose induced her to attempt further work? Study, reading, culture, painstaking, thoroughness—all these are quantities which enter into the training of a writer. No successful author ever trusted to born gifts; the equipments are not ready provided, and it is not always a royal highway with banners flying along which one goes. I think I have seen that she was an acute critic of her own composition as well

as that of others; that she made a careful study of style, and, as an instance of it, that she took certain paragraphs of Higginson's which she much admired and changed the construction of the sentences to see in what their power and beauty as purely literary work consisted, and if any other arrangement would do as well.

You might try that with almost any descriptive page of her writing. You will find a wonderful affluence of language, charged with feeling, often the words rushing on impetuously; but what artistic finish, fitness, and completeness! Take this from her description of the Rocky Mountains in her *Bits of Travel at Home*:

There seemed no defined horizon to west, or north, or south; only a great, outlying continent of mountain peaks, bounding, upholding, containing the valley, and rounding, upholding and piercing the dome above it. There was no sound, no sight, no trace of human life. The silence, the sense of space in these Rocky Mountain solitudes cannot be expressed, neither can the peculiar atmospheric beauty be described. It is the result partly of the grand distances, partly of the rarefied air. The shapes are the shapes of the north, but the air is like the air of the tropics, shimmering, kindling. . . . No dome of Constantinople or Venice, no pyramid of Egypt, ever glowed and swam in warmer light and of warmer hue than do these colossal mountains.

Read what she says about the wild flowers of Colorado, where words crowd upon words as if they could not keep pace with her admiration, and the very pages glow and burn with color. Read about the gorgeousness, the glory of autumn woods at Bethlehem in what she calls the "Miracle Play," and wherever she writes of skies or flowers, of anything rich, warm, beautiful. Her tastes were sumptuous; she revelled in color, and nowhere can be found finer word paintings than in her books. And the descriptions are always in harmony with the subject. Here, for example, from "The Katrina Saga," in *Glimpses of Three Coasts*, is a bit from the page and a half about the islands of the Norway coast:

There are myriads of them still unknown, untrodden, and sure to remain so forever, no matter how long the world may last. . . . At the mouths of the great fjords they seem sometimes to have fallen back and into line, as if to do honor to whomever might come sailing in. They must have greatly helped the splendor of the processions of viking ships, a thousand years ago, in the days when a viking thought nothing of setting sail for the south or the east with six or seven hundred ships in his fleet. If their birch-trees were as plummy then as now, there was nothing finer than they in all that a viking adorned his ships with, not even the gilt dragons at the prow.

If you wish to appreciate some of the finest work done by any of our countrymen and women, read *Ramona* again. It will bear more than one perusal. Leaving out of the question the purpose for which it was written, and reading it just as a story, consider its attractiveness and power. Notice

the grace of the narrative—how easily it slips along without a break or a dull sentence or a sentence you would skip! the charm of the language, not a word that does not fit its place—how tempting and how delightful it is! the beauty of the description—you are transported to the Mexican house and are sharer of the life on the balcony, in the court, are present at the sheep-shearing and the feast! the reality and life-likeness of the people who live there—you become intent upon watching the movements of the shrewd Senora and wonder over the success or failure of her plans! Study its construction, and the way in which character develops; see with what a firm hand the author keeps the mastery over her subject, and yet with what impetuosity of feeling she enters into the wrongs of Ramona and Alessandro! You will enjoy comparing this story with two strong novelettes by another of our best women writers—*The Led Horse Claim* and *John Bodewin's Testimony*, by Mary Hallock Foote, the artist author.

In reading "H. H." you always have a sense of such exuberance, such rapturous enjoyment of everything, perfume, flowers, sky and sea, scenery, travel; she was part of them, partner, sharer with them. She threw her whole soul into everything, and a vital, positive life pulses along her pages. Bear this in your thought as your eye follows down the lines, and see how alive they are. You can separate some authors from their work; or, to put it as it is, you cannot by any possibility connect them with it as a warm, human, living force; you cannot by what is written tell what manner of man or woman held the pen. But "H. H." is in every line, an ardent, eager, spirited woman, full of poetry, glowing with enthusiasm which was ready to leap into flame, and infusing herself into everything she wrote, coloring everything by her own personality. In no other American woman is this so pronounced a trait; in few will you find a nature at the same time so tropical and so sympathetic taking expression in a style as clear and vigorous as it is captivating.

Especially for children she wrote *Nelly's Silver Mine*, *Bits for Talk for Young Folks*, *Mammy Tittleback and her Family*, and *The Hunter Cats of Connorloa*, besides editing *Letters from a Cat* (which was by her mother). The titles of her other prose works are *Bits of Travel* (foreign, and very charming), *Bits of Travel at Home* (California, Colorado and New England), *Bits of Talk about Home Matters*, *Mercy Philbrick's Choice*, *Hetty's Strange History*, *Ramona*, *A Century of Dishonor*, *Zeph*, *Glimpses of Three Coasts* (California and Oregon, Scotland and England, Norway, Denmark and Germany); and soon to be published, *Between Whiles*, a volume of short stories, of which, not long before her death she wrote to her publishers, "Isn't it a lovely title?"

To what other authors of the many there are, shall I call your attention in the space that is left me? Do you need, does this generation of young people need, to be reminded of the beloved Jacob Abbott who did more for them, I have no hesitation in saying, than any other writer, perhaps it would be safe to say than any two or more writers? Abraham Lincoln paid his tribute to the little "Red Histories" by saying that he learned from them all the history he ever knew; and here, not many weeks ago, a lady who has written many excellent things, in a little article about bringing up boys, says, "over all the years that lie between us, I send my love to Jonas, as one of the best companions a little girl ever had, and the charming mentor of the little girl's brother."

Did it ever occur to you that so long ago as the time when Washington Irving and Cooper were writing sketches and novels this author was busy over books for the young, and that he kept on writing book after book for them, and that that good, wise pen of his was never idle? He had wonderful tact and skill as a teacher, in management, in understanding character, a clear insight into what the needs of young people were, and from writing something to help those immediately under his care, the question naturally arose why not help thousands of boys and girls. Hence some of the wise and sound little books which have gone on in their influence in the ratio of Edward Everett Hale's *Ten Times One*.

The mind of Jacob Abbott must have been as clear as crystal to judge by the way his thoughts appear in print, by his accurate way of putting things, candid, discriminating and to the point. They are every day facts and moral lessons, but duty is presented as a pleasure, and the right way as the tempting way. Practical duties and employments, doing good, living right, building up character—these are favorite themes, just as vital to-day as when he wrote, and more needed, good for a thousand years and as much longer as human nature, boy and girl nature, are what they were and are.

You have already had loving biographies of this teacher, pastor and author, and I am not expected to dwell upon the subject, but let me say that not long ago I had occasion to look over some of his books in a great public library, and found them thumbed and worn—that told the story of their popularity. History, biography, travels, science, out-of-door employments—he wrote of all these. In his series of adventure and travel he was pioneer of the Family Flights, the Zig-Zag and Bodley books and so many of that class which are favorites to-day. The stories of history and of biography written by himself and his brother (John S. C. who was also preacher and teacher) do not go out of date. Divided into "Founders of Empires," "British Kings and Queens," "Queens and

Heroines," "Heroes of Roman History," "Later British Kings and Queens," and "Rulers of Later Times," they make a trim and compact little reference library of much in small space for your handy corner and often use. Any young person who was brought up on Jacob Abbott's clear sense books, before the days of sensationalism, has something to be grateful for; and one who goes to them now finds soundness and simplicity, wholesome truth wholesomely treated, a whole gospel to be guided by.

You hardly need to have recalled to your mind another friend not long gone from this life, the author of *Yesterdays with Authors*, and *Underbrush*. The first-named is one of the books that stimulates



JACOB ABBOTT.

the love for books. James T. Fields appreciated literature himself, and was a real friend to the young writers who went to him with their firstlings. He had keenest joy in books, and in those papers he shows the pleasant side, to make his authors attractive. It was one of the intense desires of his later life to have a good influence over young people, and his words are wise and cheering from out his own experience and genial wholeheartedness. In his *Underbrush* he says:

Instead of trying so hard as some of us do to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to *deserve* happiness.

Of books and authors, this is characteristic of the man :

We can never be grateful enough to the men and women who have written books to make us more in love with the beauties and harmonies of nature, who have themselves been transported with the glories of her divine works.

And he adds that he always felt like taking off his hat when he met in the street the man (George B. Emerson) who wrote that valuable and attractive work on the "Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts."

Already you have a long list, but you must add the dainty prose of Aldrich ; and Warner with his mellowness and humor ; and Holmes with his scintillations of wit flashing like the white light, the pellucid light of diamonds — unique, the only man of his kind, it will be long before you see another "autocrat." And in choosing American books do not forget Charles G. Leland's *Algonquin Legends*, and his book about the gypsies ; or Drake's *Old Landmarks of Boston*, and *Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast*, and others from his pen ; or Mrs. Rollins' *New England By-gones*, a vivid reproduction of rural home-life sweet and true and charming, loyal to the past, but fresh as a morning in May ; or Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*, best of all sea-books that have been written from a sailor's point of view, as enchanting for a boy as the *Arabian Nights*, as homely in its details as *Robinson Crusoe*. What vitality there is about a book which has real life inside of it, in its texture and substance, in its warp and woof ! And such is this.

I cannot refrain from including another book, most delightful in its pictures of life in the Old Dominion, having the appearance of being genuinely as well as in form autobiographic (as it perhaps is to some extent) — the *Judith* of Marion Harland, to me more fascinating than anything else of hers I have ever read.

And yet one more, a thin volume of only five sketches — and one of them incomplete — its title *Old Salem*. The author, who wrote under the name of "Eleanor Putnam," was Mrs. Harriet L. V. Bates, and she died at Brookline, Massachusetts, March 13, 1886, at about the age of thirty. I should like to quote liberally from "Old Salem Shops," and from "A Salem Dame School," to which she went wearing antiquated raiment, and carrying for a satchel

the old green bag in which my grandfather had carried his law papers. It was so long and I so short that it nearly touched the ground as I walked, and my book and my apple rolled about unpleasantly.

For a choice piece of writing, a perfect little crystal, read her "Salem Cupboards" — it is as dainty a bit as you will often find, after this style :

Foremost in the memory of delightful Salem cupboards stands the dining-room closet of a second-cousin of ours, whom we called Cousin Susan. . . . A most delicious odor came forth when the door was opened : a hint of the spiciness of rich cake, a tingling sense of preserved ginger, and a certain ineffable sweetness which no other closet ever possessed. . . . At the left hand of Cousin Susan's shelves of china was a little cupboard with a diamond-paned glass door. . . . This little glass cupboard held the stock of foreign sweetmeats ; the round-shouldered blue jars, inclosed in network of split bamboo, which contained the fiery, amber ginger ; the flat boxes of guava jelly, hot curry powders, chilli sauce, and choleric Bengal chutney. Here were two miniature casks of tamarinds, jolly and black. . . .

There were black fruit-cake in a japanned box ; "hearts and rounds" of rich yellow pound cake ; and certain delicate but inane little sponge biscuit, of which our cousin spoke by the old-fashioned name of diet — or, as she chose to pronounce it "dier" — bread. She always called the sponge cakes "little dier breads."

An entire paper ought to be given to single books where scenes or incidents of our own country form the subject. Another might profitably be devoted to biographies of American men and women by American writers. In the "Notes" to the preceding papers I have furnished you with many titles, but only a small number out of the rich store. To name a few more, beginning with Sparks who wrote twenty-five of persons more or less associated with our history, how quickly you are reminded of the full and carefully prepared and edited Lives and Letters of Daniel Webster, George Ticknor, Charles Sumner ; the memorials of Bryant, and of John Howard Payne who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," of Agassiz, by his wife, of Jacob Abbott (including, or prefacing, the work its author would have desired to be best known by, *The Young Christian*), the *Reminiscences of William Ellery Channing*, by Elizabeth Peabody, the Life and Letters of James and Lucretia Mott (delightful record of Quaker ways, of a liberal, loving household, and characters greatly to be admired), Miss Stebbins' memories of Charlotte Cushman, the Letters, with a biographical sketch of Lydia Maria Child (which will make you regret that it is too late to let her know how you honor her for her great, royal heart of unselfish devotion to a cause she was enlisted in, for her loyalty to friends and her patience and bravery), the memoir of Mrs. Edward Livingston, of Mary Lyon, of Alice B. Haven, of Mary L. Ware, of Mrs. Prentiss (author of *Stepping Heavenward*), that of General Bartlett, of James T. Fields, Holmes' memoir of Motley, the sketches called *Worthy Women of our First Century* (which includes that rare woman and scholar, Mrs. Ripley of Concord, Massachusetts), the list of distinguished men in the "American Statesmen" series, and "American Men of Letters" series ; and scores of others might be included, and nearly all are histories of the lives of Americans.

What treasures await you, lie ready at your

hand! All are histories of the lives of Americans, worthy your earnest perusal, full of interest, in many cases having a charm beyond stories. How rich in lessons of wisdom and statesmanship, of culture and refinement, of goodness and Chris-

tian experience, of benevolence and self denial, of true living and high thinking, of aspiration and endeavor, of fidelity to truth, to country, to science, to human kind, are the pages represented by those names!

THE SCARABÆUS CLUB.

BY FANNY CHESEBORO'.

IT was a lovely day, but I was warm and tired. I had just settled myself in my favorite nook down by the lakeside, half hidden among the vines and alders that crept to the very edge of the sandy shore. There were lily-pads within wading distance, and I purposed to wade presently, beholding from my perch a glimpse of opening buds, when the sound of girlish voices came across the beach. I saw their owners presently: Marie, Gertie, May, and little Bess. They must have seen my big hat through the bushes as I came. The next moment they were all about me.

"We are going for young winter-green, Miss Alice! Shall we bring you some?"

"*Checkerleavins!* That's what the French Canadian children call it."

"Oh, yes! bring me some—but I'll tell you what I want more. Do you find laurel down there?"

"Worlds of it!" said Marie; and the next moment they were gone in a perfect whirlwind of energy.

I did not wade for the lilies. I forgot all about it. I am inclined to think I took a nap. The sun appeared to have gotten over much ground—or rather sky—in a very short time. I rose refreshed, and walked up to the house just as my girls came swarming up the narrow path, laden with the shining green leaves and perfect pink and white blossoms of the laurel. But evidently they had found another interest than flowers or checkerleavins.

"O, Miss Alice, see May's queer bug!"

"Not a *bug*, my dears," said I presently, "but a beetle, and I never saw one like it—three horns on the thorax."

"On the *what?*" said Bess, her black eyes shining.

"The thorax—this part of the beetle, below the head, is called the thorax. What a big shining fellow! He looks as if he had been varnished—such a glossy, rich brown."

Some one got a glass to turn over him; but we found that was not necessary. He did not seem able to crawl up the smooth sides of the dish in

which he had been placed, upon the corner of the piano. He might have spread his wings and flown away, I suppose, but evidently it did not occur to him to do that. He just "scrabbled" up the sides of the dish, his shining crab-claw legs working vigorously—and then he slipped down, and began again. I went to get my beetle treasures of the previous summer, to show to the children, who were absorbed in watching his antics.

"Now, May, see this elegant fellow, take him where the sun will shine on him, and use this magnifying glass."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed May. "Just look at his *thorax*"—May loved to use new words—"it's such a lovely color, like the neck of a peacock."

"Under a microscope, children, the handsome lines on his sheath-wings—you know I told you these outer covers were the cases of the thin wings beneath—well, these outer wings have handsome lines, as you see, without using the glass at all; but under a microscope, those lines are like fluted columns. You notice that all around these wings runs a bright copper-colored border. Outside the rich blue of the thorax is a rim of light green. Now, let me turn him over. There! did you ever see a more gorgeous dress than that? His legs are a vivid purple, while his body has ridges of green, with six circles of gold on each side, for a finish. Here, too, is what I suppose to have been a sting, something like that of a wasp."

"Was the creature alive when you caught him?" asked Marie.

"No! he was dead. A little six-year-old boy found and brought him to me. He was picked up in the dry bed of a brook. He is a Connecticut beetle. And so is this one, this combination of lustrous green, and pale brown with rich brown plumage. You can see the little feathers with your naked eye. Under a microscope they become quite imposing plumes. He had lost one of his sheath-wings when I found him, and one of his thin wings was folded up, and stuck out sideways. It looked something like a grasshopper's leg. Being very brittle, it soon got broken

off. Underneath is a combination of green and brown, with lines of the soft brown feathers intervening."

"Do you really like these things, Miss Alice?" said May, thoughtfully.

"I certainly do."

"We'll get you any quantity," said Marie impetuously. "May and I found that together. We'll give it to Miss Alice, May, won't we?"

"I'll tell you, girls!" said I, "we'll form ourselves into a club, and have a name and appropriate badges. I'll go upstairs and get some ribbons directly."

I found some, of cherry satin, and each member of the club was soon decorated with a bright badge; even May, who was twelve years old, did not feel above being delighted with the knot of cherry which I fastened to her shoulder.

"Now for the name! shall we call it the Beetle Club?"

"Father has a beetle that he drives wedges with — big iron wedges — into logs — I should always think of that," said May, laughing.

Then I told them of the Scarabæus, the sacred beetle of the Nile, and in what reverence it was held by the old Egyptians, and how they imitated it in gold, and gems, and of the costly necklace that I had seen of Scarabs, beautifully carved in precious stones, which a friend had brought from Egypt, and then I spoke of that priceless gem — the beetle which adorns the head of the god Osiris.

"Now shall we call ourselves the 'Scarabæus Club'?" said I.

"Yes! we should like that name very much!" cried all the young members in a chorus.

"The Scarabæus Club it shall be, then, and we'll see how many beetles we can find during the month I shall stay. When I go away, I'll get the scientific names for you — I may know some myself — and I'll have our specimens arranged properly in a case under glass, and the collection shall belong to the club. I will write down for you where each one was found, and by whom it was captured, and I do think you'll like it all very much."

So the work of The Scarabæus Club began. Through woods and fields, over mossy old pastures, and rocky ledges, and even along the sea beach, trooped our eager band, the children's bright eyes ever on the watch.

After carefully reading a description of the Hercules Beetle, I concluded that the fellow who was still climbing up and slipping back again, in his dish on the piano, was a veritable specimen. Since then I have seen the fine collection of colored drawings, under the guardianship of Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, at the Athenæum in Hartford, and I then found how superior a well-executed picture is to any printed description. My gorgeous beetle is not a Hercules Beetle at all;

nor do I yet know what he is as to his scientific name.

Days and weeks went on. One young girl sent me a rare beetle, bright green, with faint, irregular stains of wood-color. She had found it on a daisy while feeding her turkeys. If feats of strength could entitle him to the name, he might have been called the Sampson Beetle.

He was shut up in a paper box, but in two minutes we saw the cover slowly rising, and the small green head of Sampson looked out. His body followed in a twinkling, and we had to catch and confine him again. With shrewd cunning he lay quietly in the box while we covered him up, laying a small book on top to keep the cover down. Scarce could we take breath before book and cover rose before our very eyes, and again Sampson came out; not in the least daunted by the screams and shouts of the whole Scarabæus Club, whose feelings just then defied control. We caught him again, however, and remanded him to his prison, adding a second book to the weight already over him. Soon we heard him beating about; but two books were too much for his strength. That time he staid in.

May and Gertie afterwards took him out and tried to feed him with sugar. He despised such fare, having, as was presently proven, the instincts of a hyena. When returned to his box, he fell upon his companion, the feathery beetle, who had been dead a year, and when the box was suddenly uncovered he was found half imbedded in his feathered majesty's side. Startled from his unholy repast, he came rushing out, and then pretended to be dead himself, to the great amusement of the children.

Then we concluded to put him in solitary confinement, in a large wooden box, with a hinged cover. When we opened his dungeon, next morning, Sampson was *gone*. After much looking, we discovered a long hole near one hinge, through which he might have passed, though it was a very narrow crack indeed.

We of course gave up the idea of ever seeing him again. In the afternoon we were startled by a buzzing sound. A creature which appeared to be a huge bumble-bee was bobbing against the window glass. Gertie sprang after it in swift pursuit. I gave a hasty cry of warning. A bumble-bee is generally too hot for a little girl to hold, and Gertie reluctantly gave up the chase. A few minutes later, Hannah, a very self-reliant little member, who had lately been added to our club, quietly walked up to the window, with a determined look in her dark blue eyes, and grasped the supposed bumble-bee — and behold! Sampson! He had been whizzing about with all four of his wings spread, and nobody recognized him. Then did Marie beg to carry him home to show to her mother, and he was lodged in a strong new

paper box, with strict orders to his temporary guardian to put a weight on the box, or tie it securely with a string. Marie went even further; the box, with a weight upon it, was shut securely into a cupboard, and the door locked, and she went to bed with a sense of triumph. Judge of her consternation, when she opened the cupboard in the morning and found the box split down at the corner, and Sampson *gone*!

She related the misfortune to me almost with tears. I bade her be of good comfort. The cupboard was new, and there was probably no way for Sampson to get out of that. Weeks after he was found dead in a corner of the highest shelf. To-day he is the very jewel of our collection. The lovely green of his back seems transparent, or as though one saw it through water. It always reminds me of the green of the Niagara River as it slips over the fall between white spaces of foam. As yet we have not found his like in any collection. So we still call him the Sampson Beetle, and shall until we can find his scientific name.

Our club found about twenty-five beetles in all; among the rest a mate — the female probably — for my beautiful Connecticut specimen of the year before. The size was exactly the same, though the colors were less brilliant, and it had no sting. Hannah brought it, with another curious one, jet black in color, with small golden spots. These two her mother had found lying dead upon the sands of the Atlantic beach, within sight of Point Judith. A mate had also been found for the beetle of brown feathers. Though the second was much smaller, it was quite perfect, having a brilliant green head and thorax, with cream-colored sheath-wings. His brown plumage was, however, far less conspicuous than that of his larger mate. The body of the first had been reduced to a mere shell by the fierce onslaught of Sampson.

Six or eight of our most beautiful beetles were of one variety, *Phaneus carnifex*, and we found more of these than of any other kind. We had five males — the thorax of each specimen differ-

ing in shape and size, according to the length of his horn. One we named "The General," from his warlike appearance. He seemed to be almost standing erect upon his hind legs, and his coal-black shining horn was very long. The mates of these worthies were almost as handsome as the Brazilian beetles, which are so often set for jewelry. One of the males, whose horn was a glory to him, we exchanged for a queer-looking old beetle from China, of a dark greenish-brown color, bordered by a rim of yellowish-brown which encircled him completely. He was brown beneath, and shut in by a shell like that of a box-turtle. He had four very minute legs, huddled up close to his head, and two larger ones, much resembling paddles, mid-way between the others and the tips of his wings.

With this acquisition the Scarabæus Club ended the work of collection for the season.

As for finding beetles, we think it's prime fun. Why! Miss Alice met "The General," face to face, walking rapidly along the "Post Road," evidently bound for Newport. He was somewhat dusty with travel, but a sponge bath brought out the rich colors of his coat, and refreshed him generally. He gave up the journey to Newport; but he did attend Kingston Fair.

May placed a lively young fellow, a *Phaneus carnifex*, in a large-mouthed glass bottle, and she thought his tricks and manners, there exhibited, the funniest thing she ever saw in her life. He raced about, brandishing his antennæ in the wildest way — as to shape they resembled a pair of long-stemmed thistles, as much as anything, thistles past their glory and gone to seed.

The "Club" feel keenly that they don't know much about beetles as yet; but they propose to know more. The hard names will be remembered more easily, perhaps, for the trouble and delay they have experienced in finding them. Some of their specimens must surely be rare, when they are not found in other collections, with which their agent, Miss Alice, has compared them. In the summer of 1887 they hope to prosecute their labors with even greater industry.

A TALK ABOUT BRIDGES.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

WHEN was the first bridge constructed? and what was it made of? I am not able to answer the first question very definitely, but I think I know what the first bridge was made of. It was not of wood, nor of stone, nor of brick, nor of iron,

nor of rope. It was made entirely of monkeys — live monkeys. A troop of these animals in a South American forest came one day to a stream which was too wide for them to leap across. They climbed a high tree, where the first monkey selected a suit-

able branch, wound his long, powerful tail about it, and let himself hang head downward. The second monkey, running down the body of the first, wound his tail about its neck and shoulders, and let himself hang head downward. A third and a fourth added themselves in succession, and others after them, till the chain reached the ground. Then the lowest monkey, by striking his hands on the earth, set the living pendulum in motion, and increased this motion by striking again at each oscillation, till it swung so far across the stream that he was able to seize a branch of a tree on the other side. The line of monkeys now constituted a bridge, by which the remainder of the troop quickly crossed over. Then the monkey which (not *who*, as most people write it) had been the first volunteer in this engineer corps, unwound his tail from the branch and let go. What had before been the top of the pendulum was now the bottom; it swung across the stream, and dissolved into its original elements, and the whole troop went chattering on their way. This took place before the appearance of man upon the earth, and the long-tailed monkeys have been building such bridges ever since.

Between that primitive bridge of monkeys and the last and greatest of all bridges ever undertaken—the suspension bridge over East River, connecting New York and Brooklyn—there is apparently a wide discrepancy; yet the two are constructed on the same principle.

The first bridge recorded in history was built over the Euphrates at Babylon, in the reign of Queen Nitocris. The course of the river was turned, and its bed laid dry, till the foundations were built. The arches were of immense hewn stones, clamped together with iron, and the whole bridge was roofed over. It was thirty feet wide, and over six hundred feet long. No remnant of this great bridge has been discovered in modern times.

By a bridge of boats nearly a mile long Xerxes crossed the Hellespont near Abydos, with his immense army, on his expedition against Greece. A century and a half later (334 B. C.), Alexander crossed in the opposite direction, at nearly the same point, and by the same means, to invade Asia. Bridges of boats, called pontoon bridges, are in common use for the movements of armies. A row of boats is anchored in the stream, placed at regular distances apart and stretching from bank to bank. The prows all point up stream. Beams are laid across from boat to boat, and on these beams a flooring is laid.

Besides those used by armies, there are a few permanent bridges of boats. The most celebrated now in existence is that across the Rhine at Cologne.

There was once a floating bridge across the River Seine, at Rouen, which was about eight hun-

dred feet long, and was paved with stones, like a street. It was moored with immense chains, and rose and fell with the tide. But it cost a great deal of money to keep it in repair, and some time in the last century it was abandoned.

The greatest and most famous of all floating bridges was that built by the Roman Emperor Caligula, in A. D. 39. An immense number of boats was anchored in the bays of Baia and Puteoli, in two lines, in the form of a crescent, over three miles long. A flooring of planks was laid upon them, and covered with earth. Houses were built upon it, and fresh water was conveyed to them by pipes from the shore. When all was ready, the Emperor, accompanied by his court and a throng of spectators, rode in solemn procession from one end of the bridge to the other. He was clothed in costly robes adorned with gold and pearls, and wore Alexander's breastplate and a civic crown. At evening the whole bridge was illuminated with torches and lanterns, and Caligula boasted that he had "turned the night into day, as well as the sea into land." The whole court slept that night in the houses on the bridge. Next day there was another procession, in which Caligula rode in a triumphal chariot, followed by a train of other chariots. The insane emperor then made an oration in praise of his work, and wound up the festivities by ordering a large number of the spectators to be thrown into the sea.

Wooden bridges are of course not so durable as those of stone or iron, and are generally less important. Julius Cæsar built a famous one across the Rhine when he invaded Germany.

One of the most famous bridges in our country was that across the deep gorge of Genesee River at Portage, N. Y., erected in 1851-52. It was the largest wooden bridge in the world, and to build it required all the available timber that grew on two hundred and five acres of heavily timbered land. Its length was eight hundred feet, its height above the water two hundred and thirty-four feet. It was a vast network of square beams crossed in X shape, and was so constructed that any one beam, when it became unsound, could be taken out, and another inserted in its place. A few men were kept busy all the time replacing unsound timbers, for of course every beam would begin to rot sooner or later. This bridge, which carried a branch of the Erie Railway over the gulf, was destroyed by fire on May 6, 1875, and on the last day of the next July (eighty-six days) a train passed over the new iron bridge erected in its place. This new bridge is one of the most airy structures in existence. It is almost entirely of wrought iron, and weighs eight hundred tons. It has the same height and length that the wooden bridge had, and stands partly on the same piers.

Four or five miles from its mouth in Lake Ontario, the Genesee passes through another gorge,

two hundred feet deep, with nearly perpendicular rocky walls. Several attempts have been made to bridge it at this point, but all have failed. One of the first was a curiously constructed wooden bridge, a single Gothic arch of timber-work spanning the entire chasm. It was a beautiful piece of architecture to look at, but it lacked the very first merit in all architecture—strength to sustain its own weight. The enormous mass of timber began to press in the sides of the arch and throw up the top of it where the weight of timber was comparatively light. When this became apparent, the builders drew great rocks upon the bridge, and placed them over the point of the arch, to prevent it from being forced up. But it was all in vain. The bridge had been warranted for a year; and when it had stood just one year and one day, the arch finally gave way, and the whole thing rushed down to ruin. A gentleman who was driving across it when it began to fall, whipped up his horse and barely escaped. This took place about fifty years ago.

In 1757 a wonderful wooden bridge was built over the Rhine at Schaffhausen, by a Swiss carpenter named Grubenmann. It had two arches, one span being one hundred and ninety-three feet and the other one hundred and seventy-two feet. Where they met, their ends rested on a stone pier. This bridge did not possess the advantage of the one at Portage, described above; and when some of the bottom timbers rotted, it was necessary to lift the whole structure with jack-screws, before new ones could be put in. The bridge was burned by the French army, in 1799.

There are many fine wooden bridges in the United States, but none perhaps which are so famous or so curious as to claim particular description here. One of the finest is the railway bridge over Susquehanna River at Havre de Grace. It is three thousand two hundred and seventy-one feet long, and has twelve spans.

The longest bridge in the world is near Eszék, in Hungary. It crosses the River Drave and the marshes that lie on each side of it, a few miles from its mouth in the Danube. It is of wood, with stone piers, and was built in 1566, to be used by the Turkish armies entering Hungary. There is nothing remarkable about it except its length, eight miles.

Before we begin to talk about stone bridges, let us name the different parts of an arch, as nearly all stone bridges are arched.

The stones of which the arch is made are called *voussoirs*. The one at the top is called the *key-stone*, and this point is called the *key* or *crown* of the arch. The lowest stones of the arch are called the *springers*. The large three-cornered spaces above the sides of the arch are called *spandrels*. The walls or masses of masonry in the water, on which the arches are supported, are called *piers*. Those which are against the bank are called *abut-*

ments. The low wall which is built on each side of the top of the bridge, to keep people from falling off, is called the *parapet*. The distance between the ends of the arch is called the *span*. When you read that an arch is of fifty feet span, it means that a straight line between its ends would be fifty feet long.

An ordinary bridge must be prepared for the attacks of four enemies: first, its own weight; second, the stream that it spans; third, the people who use it; fourth, the weather.

It is sometimes a very nice problem to plan a bridge so that the weight of the stones will make it stronger, and not weaker. In order to be strong, an arch must have something immovable to brace its feet against, and its crown must be so heavy that it will not be pushed up into the air by the pressure of the sides.

Suppose two boys stand back to back, and spread out their feet, so that together they make a sort of letter A, or arch. Suppose they are near the side of a large room, where the first boy can brace his feet against the wall. He will now find it very easy to maintain his position so long as the second boy can maintain his. But the second boy, with nothing to brace his feet against, will find it very tiresome; no matter how hard he digs them into the carpet, they will be in constant danger of slipping away. But now we will put two more boys in a similar position, and place them so that the feet of the second and the feet of the third will come together and brace against each other. This makes all the boys comfortable except the fourth. We will add another arch to our bridge by putting in two more boys, and now they are all smiling except the sixth, who bites his lips and digs his heels into the carpet, and wishes we would hurry up with the next arch. So we put in two more boys, and then two more, till we have extended our bridge entirely across the room, and the last boy can brace his feet against the wall. This makes everything secure.

But suppose one of these arches is made of two small, light boys, and on each side of it is an arch of large, heavy boys. What will happen? Why, pretty soon the feet of the small boys will begin to give way and be pushed back by the feet of the large boys pressed against them, till the small boys are brought up standing, with their heels together as well as their backs, and the two arches of large boys will have settled down in the same proportion.

This will enable you to understand a difficulty that is sometimes met in building a stone bridge of several arches. Of course the two end arches will each brace one foot against the bank, which we may consider immovable. The piers may be so thick and heavy that of themselves they will sustain the pressure or "thrust," as it is called, of the other sides of the arches. But sometimes it is necessary to make the piers so high and narrow

that they cannot do this; and if one arch were built at a time, its pressure would push over the pier. If the arches are all of the same size and form, and we build them all at once, they can brace their feet against each other and be just balanced. But sometimes the formation of the bed of the stream is such that the piers cannot be placed at equal distances apart, and so the arches cannot be all alike. Sometimes the balance is maintained by making the short spans lower arches than the long spans. In a low arch the pressure is more outward than downward; in a high arch it is more downward than outward. In our bridge of boys you will find that if two large boys forming an arch stand nearly straight, spreading their feet apart only a little way, while the small boys forming the next arch have spread their feet far apart and brought their bodies nearer to the floor, the two arches will balance just as well as would two equal arches of equal-sized boys. You see every one of these boys is sustained by two things: the floor, and whatever he braces his feet against. The straighter he stands, the more he is sustained by the floor and the less by the wall or the feet of the next boy; the lower he gets, the less he is sustained by the floor and the more by the wall or the feet of the next boy. In other words, the straighter he stands (and consequently the higher arch he makes), the more the thrust of that arch is downward; while the lower he gets, the more its thrust is outward. In the bridge we can also put an extra amount of stone over the smaller arches; but here we must drop our comparison, for we don't want to put any big stones on the heads of small boys.

Sometimes an arch must be very high, to make room for the water to pass in times of flood, and yet it is desirable to have the top of the bridge as low as possible, so that it will not be necessary for teams or trains to go up or downhill in passing over it. This makes the masonry very thin and light at the crown of the arch, and the weight of stone in the spandrels might throw up the key. Occasionally this difficulty has been overcome by making the spandrels hollow—that is, by making large round or arched holes through them. This not only lightens them, but makes additional passage-way for the water when it rises high. A very pretty example of this is afforded by the Bridge of Pont-y-Prydd, over the river Taff, in Wales. Of two bridges previously erected at this point, the first was carried away by a freshet, and the second fell by its own weight, the masses of masonry in the spandrels throwing up the key. The present structure is a single span of one hundred and forty feet, and has three round openings in each spandrel. It has stood firm for a hundred and twenty years.

The piers of a bridge must stand parallel with the current, and should be as narrow as they can be with safety, so as to present as small a mark as

possible to its natural enemy, the stream. This is all the time trying to undermine them and to knock them over, and during a freshet it often hurls logs and masses of ice against them with tremendous force. For this reason they are made sharp at the up-stream end. Sometimes a separate breakwater of wood or stone is built for the protection of each pier; and these are often placed at a little distance from the piers, because if they rested against them, whenever they were struck by a log or a cake of ice the shock would be communicated to the bridge, and in time this would loosen the masonry.

Every load that is driven over a bridge has a tendency to shake it down, and the faster it is driven the more effect it has. When you drive a nail with a hammer, if you bring the hammer down slowly it does not drive it as far as when you bring it down quickly. If you make the hammer twice as heavy, *or* bring it down twice as fast, it strikes the nail twice as hard; if you make the hammer twice as heavy, *and* bring it down twice as fast, it strikes the nail four times as hard. Now, if the top of a bridge could be made absolutely smooth, as smooth as glass, and if the wheels of the wagons were perfectly smooth and round, it would make no difference how fast they might drive. But this can never be. The wheels must always meet obstructions. These may be the edges of paving-stones, or the ends of planks, or the pebbles of gravel; and whenever they do meet an obstruction, they first strike it and then mount and roll over it. Every such stroke is like the blow of a hammer on the bridge, and the effect will be according to the weight of the hammer and the rate at which it is moving. A load of three tons moving ten miles an hour will strike six times as hard as a load of one ton moving five miles an hour. Some bridges are so heavy and strong that no load which is ever likely to cross them will have any perceptible effect. But others cannot be made so, and hence the sign often seen, even on new bridges — “Ten dollars fine for crossing faster than a walk.”

The bridge's last enemy is the weather. The effect of this varies with the material and the climate. Some kinds of stone harden when exposed to the air, and other kinds soften. Some kinds are rapidly chipped away by frost, others are scarcely harmed at all by it. A stone which stands well in one climate, may crumble away in another.

The piers are generally built by means of coffer dams. Two rows of piles (logs or timbers sharpened at the end) are driven down around the place where the pier is to be. The two rows are two or three feet apart, and into this space is thrown straw and earth, which is tightly rammed down. This makes a sort of tight box in the water, the top being open and the bottom being the bed of the river. The box so made is called a coffer dam. The water is pumped out of it, and then the masons can begin laying the stones of the pier.

When the pier is built high enough to be out of water, the dam is broken to pieces and taken away.

The longest stone arch in the world is the Grosvenor Bridge, at Chester, England. It crosses the River Dee with a single span of two hundred feet.

There is another bridge at Chester which has a romantic interest. Chester is a very old city, and the wall built around it by the Romans is still standing. As you pass out at the North gate you find yourself on a bridge which spans a deep chasm hewn through the solid red sandstone. At the bottom of this chasm runs a canal. Look westward, and at a distance of about a dozen yards from the bridge you are standing on, you will see a small stone bridge over the same chasm, leading from nowhere to nowhere! If you were set down upon it, and should walk to either end, you would bring up against a blank wall. It is only about a yard wide, and has a light iron railing on each side, and the edges are overgrown with grass and weeds. This is the Bridge of Death. Long ago there was a prison on one side of the chasm, and a chapel on the other. Prisoners condemned to death were led across this little bridge to attend their last religious services in the chapel, and were then led back to execution. Both the prison and the chapel have now disappeared, and in place of one of them has risen a Blue-Coat School for boys; but the bridge remains, and the head master of the school is its custodian.

Venice has a more celebrated bridge with a similar history, the Bridge of Sighs. It spans one of the canals, and connects the ducal palace with the state prison. It is a covered way, of a single arch, high above the water. Prisoners used to be led across it (or through it) to receive their sentence in the judgment-hall of the palace. Byron's allusion to this bridge, in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," greatly increased its fame, and now every traveller who goes to Venice begins his next letter home with the quotation:

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand.

This reminds me of a little story. Once on a time, by some strange accident, a foolish man was sent to Congress. He had travelled a little in Europe, and he was ambitious of making one fine speech. I don't know what was the subject that he chose — perhaps it was a report from the Committee on Roads and Bridges, but, at any rate, with infinite pains he prepared a flowery speech and rose to deliver it. He began —

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs —

At this point a suppressed titter reached his ears, which disconcerted him, and he stopped. He began again —

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs —

He stopped again, for he heard the titter again; it was louder than before, and more widespread, and he was proportionately embarrassed. Still, he got up courage to make a third start —

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs —

Here the whole house burst into a roar of laughter and applause, and the poor fellow sat down and gave up the attempt.

Venice has more than three hundred bridges, the finest of which is the Rialto, a single marble arch over the Grand Canal, of ninety-eight feet span. This bridge received its name, *Ponte de Rialto*, "Bridge of the Deep Stream," from the fact that for a long time it was the only one crossing the Grand Canal, the broadest and deepest of the streams that wind among the islands of that romantic city. It was planned by Michael Angelo, and was built in 1588-91. It is said to have cost a sum which would be equal to half a million American dollars. The bridge is very steep; but this is less of an objection here than it would be anywhere else, for there are no horses or carriages in Venice. A pathway passes over the middle; on each side of it is a row of small shops (or "stores," as we should call them), and outside of these are two other pathways. These shops used to be occupied by goldsmiths and money-changers, and every day merchants and bankers met on the bridge to talk over business affairs. You will find allusions to this in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

In the Canton of Uri, Switzerland, the road of the St. Gothard pass crosses the River Reuss by a single stone arch of twenty-five feet span, rising a hundred feet above the stream. This is called the Devil's Bridge. It was built in 1830. Previous to that time the road passed over the old bridge, which is twenty feet lower. This was built in 1118. In 1799 the French and the Austrian forces met at this little bridge, desperate fighting ensued, and the stream ran red with blood.

The Romans built several stone arched bridges across the Tiber. The first of these, and the finest still standing, was the Ælian Bridge, now called St. Angelo's. It was built by Hadrian, near his Mausoleum, which in modern times has been used as a fort and is called the Castle of St. Angelo. The bridge received its present name from the legend that an angel once appeared at its entrance. As originally built, it had a sort of bronze roof or awning, which was supported by forty pillars; but this has entirely disappeared.

Another of the famous Roman bridges was at first called the Sublician, and afterward the Horatian. It was first built by King Ancus Martius, was composed of wood and iron, and had a

"draw," to allow of the passage of boats. It was destroyed and re-built several times, of various materials. It is said that some relics of it are still to be seen in the Tiber. The scene of Macaulay's poem of "Horatius" is laid at this bridge.

The Roman Emperor Trajan, in the first years of the second century, A. D., built an immense bridge across the Danube, near where the town of Nicopolis now stands. It had twenty arches, each one hundred and fifty feet high, with a span of one hundred and sixty feet. His successor Hadrian destroyed the bridge, to prevent the barbarians north of the Danube from using it to cross their armies and march against Rome.

Not far from Spalding, in Lincolnshire, England, near the famous Croyland Abbey, is a small stone arched bridge which is considered a great curiosity. It stands at a point where two streams unite to form a third, and is so built as to span all three.

Three half-arches meet over the central point of the junction of the streams. This bridge is a thousand years old. Against the parapet at one of the entrances, sits a battered stone statue of King Ethelbald. The pathways are so steep that only foot-passengers can use it.

Some of the finest stone bridges in the world are over the Seine, in Paris; but there is nothing so peculiar in their size or construction that we need to describe them here. There are also some noble stone bridges over the Thames, in London, the finest of all being Westminster Bridge, near the Houses of Parliament. This was completed in 1750. It is one thousand two hundred and twenty feet long, and rests on fifteen arches. Two things make its building memorable. It was the first structure of the kind for which caissons were used, and when it was nearly completed it was found that one of the piers was sinking, and the two arches resting on that pier had to be taken down and re-built. Before the re-building, the pier was sunk as far as it would go, by piling an immense number of cannon on it.

A caisson is a sort of floating box, sometimes made of timber and sometimes of iron, used instead of a coffer-dam for building piers.

The Chinese have built some remarkable bridges. There is one at Foochow which is called "The Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages," and is said to be eight hundred years old. The peculiarity of it is, that the stone is used as if it were timber. Instead of arches, there are hewn stones, three feet square and over forty feet long, laid across the tops of the piers, and on these are laid flat slabs of granite to form the flooring. On each side of the bridge, throughout its whole length, are small shops. It is a quarter of a mile long, and has forty piers.

At Ispahan, in Persia, there are three magnifi-

cent bridges over the River Zeinderud. The oldest of them is of brick, edged with stone, is about a thousand feet long, and rests on low stone arches. On each side there is a covered gallery, eight feet broad, several steps higher than the roadway in the middle. In cool weather one can walk on the roof of this gallery if he wishes. When it is too warm for that, the shade of the gallery is sought. For the hottest weather, when the stream is very low, there is a singular passage at the very water's edge. Imagine an arched door cut through every one of the piers, and stepping-stones in the water, on a line connecting these doors. You first pass through a pier, then on stepping-stones you cross the water under an arch, then pass through another pier, and so on.

There is a bridge which is a standing joke, across the Rhine, connecting the towns of Great Basel and Little Basel. Each town was to build half of the bridge. Little Basel erected beautiful stone arches, reaching from its side to the middle of the stream. Great Basel, ten times as populous and wealthy, met them with a ridiculously cheap wooden bridge. And there the incongruous thing stands to this day, to point the moral of taxation the world over — always the lighter burden laid upon the strong, and the heavier on the weak.

The first cast-iron bridge erected in England is over the Severn, at Colebrookdale. It is fifty-five feet above the water, with a span of one hundred feet, and was built in 1779.

The first wrought-iron bridge was invented by Thomas Paine, the man whose reputation as an atheist has so completely overclouded his fame as a statesman and his mechanical genius. This bridge was first put up at Rotherham, England. Afterward the materials were used in a bridge which still spans the River Wear at Sunderland. Stephenson speaks of it as a startling piece of engineering.

For a long time the greatest iron arch in the world was the central one of Southwark bridge, in London, two hundred and forty feet span; but this is surpassed by the very remarkable bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis, which has two arches of five hundred and twenty feet span each, and two of five hundred and fifteen feet. If you imagine some steel staves, put together with steel hoops, so as to make a barrel twelve feet long and sixteen inches in diameter, and then enough of these barrels fastened together end to end, just as gas-pipes are fastened, to make a tube about six hundred feet long, and then this tube bent to a curve so as to form an arch sixty feet high with a span of five hundred and twenty feet — you will have an idea of the peculiar feature of this bridge. Two of these immense curved tubes placed twelve feet apart, one within the other, as you have seen a double rainbow, and connected by iron braces,

form what is called a truss. There are four of these trusses to each span of the bridge. The whole cost of the structure was about nine millions.

The building of this bridge involved an incident which led to one of the prettiest engineering triumphs on record. When one of the great steel trusses had been floated out from the shore where it was built, and lifted to its place, it was found to be a trifle too long to fit. This subjected the engineer, Capt. James B. Eads (the same who is now constructing the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi), to considerable mortification, especially as several rival engineers were looking on jealously and apparently hoping for the failure of the work. To take down the truss, carry it back to the shore, shorten it, and float it out and raise it again, would have involved a large loss of time and money. Captain Eads ordered it to be left where it was, till he could think about it over night. The next morning he ordered the building of a light wooden trough close under the truss throughout its whole length, and then had the trough filled with pounded ice. You know iron, and almost everything else, in fact, contracts with cold and expands with heat. In a little while the cooling of the truss shortened it enough so that it fitted easily into the place prepared for it; and when the ice was removed and the metal became warm again, by its expansion it clamped itself up tighter and more securely than could have been done by any other means.*

Perhaps the most famous of all iron bridges is the Britannia Tubular Bridge, over the Menai Straits, which separate the Island of Anglesea from the mainland of Wales. It may be described as consisting of two square, wrought-iron tubes, each one thousand five hundred and thirteen feet long and about fifteen feet wide by twenty-five feet high, laid side by side so as to rest on two abutments and three piers of massive stone-work. The bottom of the bridge is one hundred and two feet above the water. The trains run inside of the tubes. The piers are continued in high towers above the point where the tubes cross them, partly for the purpose of giving the bridge greater steadiness by their weight, and partly to serve as watch-towers. The portions of the tubes which form the central spans were built on shore, launched with flat-boats under them, floated down to the piers, and then raised to their places by means of powerful hydraulic presses. The engineer of this bridge was Robert Stephenson, son of George Stephenson, who invented the locomotive. It was completed in 1850, and cost about three million dollars. There are one hundred and eighty-six thousand separate pieces of iron in the tubes, and seven million holes had to be made, to put in the rivets that hold them together.

There is an iron tubular bridge, similar to the one just described, across the St. Lawrence at

* This story, despite its scientific basis, has been questioned.

Montreal. It is called the Victoria Bridge; is two miles long, and cost over five million dollars. This also was built by Stephenson.

If a long iron bridge resting on piers were made fast to them, the alternate lengthening and shortening of the bridge, which is caused by the heat of summer and the cold of winter, would gradually push over the piers, and some fine day the whole would tumble into ruin. To prevent this, not only is the bridge not fastened to the piers, but small steel rollers are placed on the tops of the piers, and the bridge rests on these; so that when it lengthens or shortens the rollers turning allow it to slide back and forth harmlessly.

The Chinese have used suspension bridges made of chains, for centuries. In South America, they are made of ropes, and even of a tough sort of vine. These, however, are comparatively small affairs, though they frequently span tremendous chasms. The South American suspension bridges sway fearfully from side to side, so that it frequently requires more nerve for a stranger to cross them than it would to go over the same chasm in a balloon.

The first European chain bridge was built across the Tees, near Middleton, England, in 1741. It was seventy feet long and sixty feet high.

The largest and finest suspension bridges in the world are in the United States. The first one built in this country was put up in 1796. It had chain cables. Later they began to make them of wire, and now all large suspension bridges have cables made of small wires twisted together.

A small suspension bridge was erected across Niagara River, a short distance below the falls, in 1848. It is said that communication between the two banks was established by means of a kite. The kite was raised, and allowed to fly across the river. Then it was made to tumble, and by means of the string the first wire for the bridge was drawn across. Six years later this bridge was taken down, and one of the grandest bridges in the world was erected in its place. Two strong stone towers stand on the edge of each bank. Over the tops of these pass four cables, each of which is about a foot in diameter, made of small wires twisted together. The cables sag down in the middle, and their ends are anchored in the solid rock some distance back from the towers. The roadway, which is level, is hung between and below these cables, by means of small wire cables or ropes, which of course are longest near the towers and shortest at the middle of the sag. There are two roadways or floors to this bridge, one above the other. The upper one is for railway trains, the lower for carriages. The span, from the towers on one side to those on the other, is eight hundred and twenty-one feet, the height above the water two hundred and forty-five feet. There is a beautiful suspension bridge across Ohio River at Cincinnati, which has

a span of one thousand and fifty-seven feet. And a still larger suspension bridge has been built across East River, to connect the cities of New York and Brooklyn. It has a span of one thousand five hundred and ninety-five feet, and the floor is one hundred and thirty-five feet above the water. All three of these bridges were designed, and two of them were built, by the same man, John A. Roebling, who died in 1869.

A suspension bridge with a span of one thousand feet was thrown across the Ohio at Wheeling in 1848, but it was blown down, however, in 1854. One at Rochester, N. Y., was broken down by a heavy fall of snow in 1857.

The finest suspension bridges in Europe are at Fribourg, Switzerland, and Pesth, Hungary.

One of the most romantic things in connection with the subject of bridges was the formation of a religious order in the twelfth century, called "Brethren of the Bridge," whose object was to build bridges and establish ferries for the convenience and security of travellers. Their three most famous works were the bridges of St. Esprit, Lyons, and Avignon, all spanning the Rhone, and all consisting of stone arches. The two first named are

still standing. The third had a hard fate. Pope Benedict XIII., then holding his see at Avignon, had some of the arches broken down in 1385, for his own security. A few years later the inhabitants of the city blew up their end of the bridge, to free themselves from Benedict's garrison. In 1602 three arches fell for want of repairs; and in 1670 a freshet in the Rhone, bringing down immense masses of ice, completed the work of destruction.

But one kind of bridge remains to be mentioned—the natural bridge. Eight of these are known in the United States: one in Rockbridge County, Va., one in Walker County, Ala., one in Christian County, Ky., and five in California. The one in Virginia is the most famous, and has been often described. The largest is in California. It spans a branch of Trinity River, is three thousand feet wide, and has an arch twenty feet high, with a span of eighty feet.

Perhaps you will ask me if these natural bridges are not older than the monkey bridge described at the beginning of this article. I cannot answer the question. You must inquire of the next geologist you see.

SOME ITALIAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

BY GEORGE E. VINCENT.

XII.

ALFIERI.

IT is difficult to decide with what name to close these chapters. There is the sickly and melancholy Leopardi, who had more reason than most men for always looking at the dark side of things. He filled two or three volumes with his gloomy philosophy, but saved his reputation by some forty poems into whose beautifully polished lines he breathed his sufferings and passions.

Manzoni was a man of a far different type. Noble, manly, cheerful. His life was notably pure, and in this respect he presents a marked contrast to most Italian writers. He wrote several dramas, but his novels are his most important contributions to the literature of Italy.

Both these deserve places higher perhaps than Alfieri, but the life of neither affords so much that is interesting and singular as the career of Vittorio Alfieri.

Of most authors it is written "he was born of poor but respectable parents." Singular in this

as in almost everything else, Alfieri came into the home of wealthy parents on January 17, 1749. His responsibility for having rich parents is evidently so limited as to make this fact hardly an indication of his character, and the first few years of his life are not a surprise to those who know the influence of a rich and over-fond mother upon a precocious son.

Alfieri was at ten a decidedly spoiled child, and represented capitally the effect of "sparing the rod." A year at school in Turin seems not to have improved him much, and we find him sent away on a visit to a relative, who, having no children of his own, felt himself doubly capable of bringing up the son of others. There is no evidence that the object of this visit was accomplished, although some one must have inspired the lad to effort, since at the age of thirteen he entered a law-school for a few months. He lacked all power of application, and with the irresponsibility of an heir to a large fortune, he flung aside the musty law-books and eagerly devoured the French novels which were imported into Italy. At the age of fourteen Alfieri entered upon his own large

fortune which had been greatly increased by the property of a fond uncle.

The young Vittorio began an eager hunt for pleasure. He attended a riding-school, and acquired a passion for horses which was equalled only by his later preference for the society of ladies. The France of the novels was an alluring fairy-land to this rich young Italian, and he resolved to visit it. Once having made up his mind he could brook no delay, and started post-haste for Paris. He dashed through Italy, crossed the Alps and galloped up through France as though all Europe impatiently awaited his arrival.

He was sorely disappointed in Paris. His imagination, stimulated by the romances he had read, had built an ideal city which even the beautiful capital by the Seine could not approach. So the fiery young traveller jumps into his coach, the postilions crack their whips, and away he flies to Holland, where having no ideals to be shattered, he is not disappointed.

Here he met his first lady-love, who unfortunately was already provided with a husband. This gentleman in order to avoid all unpleasantness, simply went off to Switzerland with his wife, while the disconsolate lover lashed his foaming horses back to Italy.

As an antidote to his despondency, Alfieri was advised to read *Plutarch's Lives*. As a result the hot-headed young fellow fell "dead in love" with the Goddess of Liberty, and went posting all over the Continent in a fruitless search for her. He went over to England, where he again "fell in love" with a lady as he did in almost every court of Europe. Returning to Italy he again succumbed to the charms of a fair signorina, for whose amusement he wrote one scene of a tragedy. Afterwards he extended this to a full play, and it was put upon the stage.

Alfieri made up his mind suddenly to be a dramatist. At last he had an ambition, an aim in life. He threw himself with all the force of his impetuous nature into the work. He realized now his deficiencies; he deplored the neglected opportunities of his youth, and resolved to recover the lost ground. It was a mighty task. His travels had helped to corrupt his Italian which had never been remarkable; he had almost no power of application, and his mind wandered from his self-set lessons. In search of a pure accent he went to Tuscany where he read constantly the Italian classics, and worked on his dramas.

Some of his methods of subjecting his weak body to his overpowering will are as amusing as

they are pitiful. He would tie himself into his chair so that he could not leave his study without unfastening the complicated knots. The time this would require gave him an opportunity to overcome any sudden inclination to escape. Another practice to which he resorted was to shave half of his head, so that shame would prevent him from leaving his house for weeks at a time. When some one asked him how he managed to secure his education and improve his style so quickly and in the face of such difficulties, he gave an answer well worth a place in history: *Volli, sempre volli fortissemamente volli*—"I willed, I willed always, I willed with all my strength."

Alfieri was far from being a model man in most respects, but all would do well to imitate his wonderful mastery of self by sheer force of will.

After several years spent in study and in writing, Alfieri began travelling, if not at such a breakneck pace as at first, certainly with no loitering gait. It is said that he made a dash from Italy to London and back, merely to purchase some famous horses of which he had heard. For some time the dramatist resided in France, but his later years were spent in Florence, where he devoted himself assiduously to the study of Greek Literature and to the work of writing plays.

He died in 1803 from a disease which he treated with his own remedies, obstinately refusing the aid of physicians.

Alfieri proved a thunder-bolt in the clear and serene sky of Italian Literature. Before, all had been smooth, flowing and harmonious. Alfieri was harsh, rugged and fiery. He disdained the use of the figurative style, and showed little or no imagination. Italian dramatic literature had been weak and effeminate. Alfieri went at first to the other extreme, but in his later works the crudities of his style were modified. He infused vigor into the enervating drama of the times. In writing he chose old plots, as the names of some of his tragedies indicate: *Antigone, Virginia, Bruto, Saul*. The last was the most popular of his plays. His rugged unadorned style was singularly adapted to the primitive times and life of which he wrote. Beside his dramas for which he is chiefly noted, Alfieri wrote memoirs of his own life, and several poems; among them six odes on American Independence with which he deeply sympathized.

Many were the failings of this impetuous, fiery Italian, but we cannot but admire the man who from being a slave to self learned to rule his body with a rod of iron, and who raised Italian dramatic literature into a higher and nobler atmosphere.

SEARCH-QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST SEARCH-QUESTIONS.

201. James Thomson, 1700-1748; James Thomson, 1834-1882.
202. John Fox; George Fox was the founder of the Society of Friends.
203. Charles James Lever; Samuel Lover.
204. John Fletcher; Phineas Fletcher, cousin to J. F.; Giles Fletcher, brother to P. F.; Andrew Fletcher.
205. Ambrose Philips, "Namby-Pamby"; John Philips, author of "*The Splendid Shilling*."
206. Maria Francesca Rossetti; Dante Gabriel Rossetti; Christina Georgina Rossetti; Wm. Michael Rossetti; all children of Gabriel Rossetti, an Italian poet.
207. Rev. Frederick Wm. Robertson, the famous Brighton clergyman, and Wm. Robertson, the historian. Others of the name are James Burton Robertson, historical writer; James Craigie Robertson, historian; and Thomas Wm. Robertson, a writer of popular comedies.
208. Wm. Wordsworth; Christopher Wordsworth, brother to W. W.; Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln; Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrew's; The two last were brothers, and were nephews of Wordsworth the poet.
209. Arthur Arnold, novelist; Edwin Arnold, poet, brother to A. A.; Frederick Arnold, miscellaneous writer; Matthew Arnold; Dr. Thomas

Arnold, father to M. A.; Thomas Kercherer Arnold, educational writer.

210. Mrs. Frances Milton Trollope, novelist; Anthony Trollope, Thomas Adolphus Trollope, novelists and sons to Mrs. F. M. T.; Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope, novelist, wife to T. A. T.; Edward Trollope, writer on architecture.
211. Roger Baron.
212. Algernon Sidney; Sir Philip Sidney died in 1856.
213. Admiral Sir Charles Napier; General Sir Charles James Napier; Captain Henry Edward Napier; General Sir Wm. Francis Patrick Napier; the last is the most celebrated writer of the name. Other writers of the same name are John Napier, Macvey Napier and Mark Napier.
214. Henry Home, Lord Kames; John Home.
215. Frederick Locker.
216. Wm. Tytler; Alexander Fraser Tytler; Patrick Fraser Tytler.
217. Herbert Spencer.
218. James Montgomery was the author of the hymn; Robert Montgomery was a religious poet of more pretensions than worth.
219. Charles Robert Darwin; Erasmus Darwin.
220. Albert Richard Smith; *Alexander Smith*; Mrs. Charles Smith; *Horace Smith*; James Smith; *Hannah Smith* ("*Hesba Stretton*."). The italicized names are the most important.

THE WOODPECKER.

BY CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

THIS said that when the world began
The birds digged with their little beaks,
And made the ruts where rivers ran.

The Woodpecker alone refused
His help; poor, foolish, pretty bird,
He tossed his head as if abused!

* The French word for rain.

So, now, through life condemned to ill,
He digs in wood, nor e'er may drink
Except the drops fall in his bill.

And that is why he prays for rain;
"*Pluie, Pluie*,"* he cries, then taps the wood,
And, "*Pluie*," he cries aloud again.